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CONTENTS.

Alessandro.—*Hope Lesart*, ... 69
Anglican Clergyman, Diary of.—*Edited by Orby Shipley*, ... 50, 189
Anglican Orders, Practical View of.—*George M. Searle, C.S.P.*, . . . 1
Arnoul the Englishman.—*Francis Aveling, D.D.*, 11, 170, 321, 461, 602, 755
Artist's Proof, An.—*Mrs. Wilfrid Ward*, ... 155, 298
Assent (Religious) and the Will.—*Thomas J. Gerrard*, ... 145
Belief, The Function of the Will in. *Thomas J. Gerrard*, ... 145
Bonnefois, Mlle. Jeanne Marie.—*Countess de Courson*, ... 669
Bush Happening, A.—*M. F. Quinlan*, 639
Canon (Muratorian) of Scriptures of the New Testament.—*Louis O'Donovan*, ... 368
Catholic Allegiance to Elizabeth.—*Louise Imogen Guiney* . . . 577
Celibacy of the Priesthood.—*Abbé Felix Klein*, ... 384
Children (City), Fresh Air for.—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.*, ... 236
Church (The) and Nationalism.—*H. P. Russell*, ... 512
City Children, Rural Homes for.—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.*, ... 236
Clovelly (West-Country Idylls).—*H. E. P.*, ... 735
Columbian Reading Union, The, 140, 285, 430, 573, 718, 862
Comet (Halley's), Return of.—*George M. Searle, C.S.P.*, ... 289
Controversial Novel, Birth of the.—*Agnes Repplier*, ... 30
Current Events, 131, 275, 417, 563, 710, 853
Dublin a Century Ago.—*H. A. Hinkson*, ... 629
Elizabethan Catholics and their Allegiance.—*Louise Imogen Guiney*, . 577
Faith, The Will in the Act of.—*Thomas J. Gerrard*, ... 145
French Home Missionary, A.—*Countess de Courson*, ... 669
French Red Cross Nurses.—*A. M. F. Cole*, ... 522
Fresh Air for City Children.—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.*, ... 236
Friend of the Little Sisters, A.—*Katharine Tynan*, ... 214
Foreign Periodicals, 123, 267, 408, 556, 699, 843
Gardner's St. Catherine of Siena.—*Vida D. Scudder*, ... 452
Halley's Comet, Impending Return of.—*George M. Searle, C.S.P.*, . . 289
Ibsen, The Moral Ideas of.—*Charles Baussan*, ... 785
Irish Writers, Neglect of.—*Katharine Tynan*, ... 83
Italian Schools, Religious Teaching in. —*R. E.*, ... 433
Jehu Day, Knife-Grinder, (West-Country Idylls).—*H. E. P.*, . . . 443
Jesuitism and the Law of Prayer.—*Cornelius Clifford*, ... 39
Lavarone in Austrian Tyrol.—*E. C. Vansittart*, ... 531
Loneliness of Priests.—*Louise Imogen Guiney*, ... 166
Mediæval Piety, The Romance of.—*Katherine Brégy*, ... 306
Modern Society, The Neighbor in.—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.*, . 347, 743
Modern World and the Sacramental Life.—*Cornelius Clifford*, . . 227
Muratorian Canon of New Testament Scripture.—*Louis O'Donovan*, . 368
Nationalism and the Church.—*H. P. Russell*, ... 512
Neighbors in Modern Society.—*William J. Kerby, Ph.D.*, ... 347
New Books, 100, 246, 392, 536, 679, 829
Novel (Controversial), Birth of the.—*Agnes Repplier*, ... 30
Old Manor House (West-Country Idylls).—*H. E. P.*, ... 595
Orders (Anglican), A Practical View of. *George M. Searle, C.S.P.*, . . 1
Papal Protection, The Principle of.—*H. P. Russell*, ... 512
Passing of Tommy, The (West-Country Idylls).—*H. E. P.*, ... 93
Patriarch of Mendip, A (West-Country Idylls) —*H. E. P.*, ... 207
Pink Lemonade, A Bear, and a Prodigal, —*Jeanie Drake*, ... 376
Prayer, Law of, and Jesuitism.—*Cornelius Clifford*, ... 39
Priesthood, Celibacy of.—*Abbé Felix Klein*, ... 384
Priest in Recent Fiction, The.—*Cornelius Clifford*, ... 655
Priests, The Loneliness of.—*Louise Imogen Guiney*, ... 166

Quebec and Its Early History.—*Anna T. Sadlier*, ... 488

Red Cross Nurses, French.—*A. M. F. Cole*, ... 522

Religion (Mediæval), The Romance of.—*Katherine Brégy*, . . . 309

Religious Teaching in Italian Schools.—*R. E.*, ... 433

Romance and Religion.—*Katherine Brégy*, ... 309

Sacraments (The) in Modern Life.—*Cornelius Clifford*, ... 227

St. Catherine of Siena.—*Vida D. Scudder*, ... 452

Saints and Animals, The.—*Katharine Tynan*, ... 803

Science—or Superstition?—*Thomas F. Woodlock*, ... 721

Scripture Canon of New Testment (Muratorian).—*Louis O'Donovan*, . 368

Tree of Help, The.—*Claude M. Girardeau*, ... 817

Tyrol, A Corner of the Austrian.—*E. C. Vansittart*, ... 531

West-Country Idylls—*H. E. P.*, 93, 207, 443, 595, 735

Whippoorwill Sang Among the Abenaki, When the.—*W. C. Gaynor*, . 794

Who is My Neighbor?—*William J. Kerby, Ph D.*, ... 347, 743

Will (The) in Religious Assent.—*Thomas J. Gerrard*, ... 145

Wolf of Seraghtoga, The.—*W. C. Gaynor*, ... 500

York.—*Ellis Schreiber*, ... 356

POETRY.

Centenary, The, 1808–1908.—*Francis A. Foy*, ... 235

Indefatigable Christ, The.—*Cornelius Clifford*, ... 391

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Apple of Eden, ... 655
Assertio Septem Sacramentorum, . 258
Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, ... 539
California, The Mother of, . . . 684
Canon and Text of New Testament, . 536
Catholic Church (The), the Renaissance, and Protestantism, ... 537
Catholic School System in the United States, ... 548
Catholic Who's Who, ... 543
Christ Among Men, ... 688
Christ and the Gospels, Dictionary of, 404
Christianisme et l'Extrême Orient, 108, 259
Christologie, ... 264
Christ, The Life of, ... 402
Church and Empire, ... 262
Church (The) of the Fathers, . . . 697
Communion, Ministry of Daily, . . 689
Converts to Rome in America, Distinguished, ... 251
Cords of Adam, ... 688
Crise (La) du Liberalisme et la Liberté d'Enseignement, ... 540
De Toute Son Âme, ... 838
Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels, . 404
Dieu et l'Ordre Naturel, ... 110
Draught of the Blue, A, ... 121
Economic History of the United States, 113
Economics for the Household, . . 114
Economics, History of, ... 553
Education of our Girls, The, . . 103
Father Alphonsus, ... 655
Fathers of the Desert, ... 396
Foi et Systèmes, ... 265
Francmaçonnerie en Italie et en France, 693
Garden of Allah, The, ... 655
Great Secret, The, ... 262
Grégoire de Nazianze, ... 542
Guibert de Nogent, Histoire de sa Vie, 542
History of Nations, The, ... 119
Industrial America, ... 113
Industrial Education, ... 113
Inquisition, The, ... 246
Intimations of Immortality, . . . 111
Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of France, . . 692
Jesuits in North America, History of the, ... 255
Jesus Christ, L'Enfance de, . . . 402
Jesus Christ Sa Vie et Son Temps, . 402
Lake, The, ... 655
L'Âme d'un Grand Chrétien Esprit de Foi de Louis Veuillot, d'après sa Correspondence, ... 842
Lord of the World, ... 396
Mankind and the Church, ... 261
Many Mansions, ... 248
Marriage, Law of Christian, . . . 392
Marriage Legislation, The New, . . 393
Martyrs (Les) de Gorcum, . . . 395
Maryland, The Land of Sanctuary, . 256
Matrimonial Legislation, The New, . 833
Mediums, Behind the Scenes with the, . 106
Mexico and Her People of To-day, . 682
Missionary's Notebook, A, . . . 842
Modernism, Catechism on, . . . 685
Modernism, Doctrine of, and its Refutation, ... 686
Modern Medicine, Makers of, . . 832
Modern Prometheus, ... 655

Mon Mari, ... 840
Moral Theology for English-speaking Gountries, ... 547
Naomi's Transgression, ... 693
Navarre and the Basque Provinces, Castles and Chateaux of Old, . . 681
"Ne Temere," A Commentary on the Decree, ... 394
Nietzsche, The Philosophy of, . . . 398
Nun, The, ... 679
Organ Accompaniment, Modern, . . 105
Parerga, ... 248
Pentecost Preaching, ... 688
Petals of a Little Flower, The, . . 122
Philosopher's Martyrdom, The, . . 111
Philoshphiæ Scholasticæ Summula, . 264
Philosophia Naturalis, ... 263
Pioneer Priests of North America, . 832
Political Economy, ... 112
Popes and Science, The, ... 830
Pope (The), Is he Independent ? . . 694
Pragmatisme, Le, ... 835
Priest and Parson ; or, Let Us Be One, 697
Priests Studies, The, ... 253
Princess Nadine, ... 262
Progrès (Le) du Liberalism Catholique en France sous le Pape Leon XIII., . 109
Quivira, ... 836
Rambles in Erinne, ... 249
Reaping, The, ... 407
Redemption, ... 838
Regina Pœtarum, ... 250
Return of Mary McMurrough, The, . 116
Rome, Museums and Ruins of, . . 115
Rosmini-Serbati, The Life of, . . 553
St. Athanasius, ... 543
St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland, . . 396
St. Christopher, Breaker of Men, . . 692
St. François de Sales, ... 542
Ste. Mélanie, ... 395
St. Jerome, Life of, ... 263
St. Pierre Damien, ... 395
Saints, The Coming of the, . . . 118
St. Vincent de Paul, History of, . . 396
Scotland, Ancient Catholic Homes of, . 112
Secret of the Statue, The, ... 251
Socialism, Characteristics of Modern, . 544
Socialism, Fundamental Fallacy of, . 100
Socialism, Inquiry into, ... 103
Social Questions and Duties of Catholics, 398
Songs and Sonnets, ... 407
Spectrum of Truth, The, ... 829
Spirit and Dust, ... 836
Spiritual Retreat, A, ... 555
Story of Ellen, The, ... 115
Summa Apologetica de Ecclesia Christi, 110
Supreme Court of the United States, No. 143. The Municipality of Ponce vs. The Roman Catholic Church in Porto Rico, ... 550
Tertullian, de Præscriptione Hæreticorum, ... 542
Theologie Dogmatique, Leçons de, . 117
Tribulations d'un Vieux Chanoine, . 696
University Teaching, ... 697
Vatican, Secrets of the, ... 114
Verite, La Notion de la, ... 264
Veuillot, Louis, L'Esprit de, . . 842
Weight of the Name, The , . . . 403
World in which We Live, The, . . 400
Young Malefactor, The, . . . 401
Young Man, What can he do ? . . 107

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A PRACTICAL VIEW OF ANGLICAN ORDERS.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

ONE of the chief difficulties in the way of many Anglican clergymen, and one which prevents their asking to be received into the Catholic Church, has of course been the knowledge that their orders would not be recognized by us; that they would be considered as mere laymen, and would have to be reordained if they were to act as priests. It is hard, no doubt, even for an unmarried man to give up the idea that he is a priest, if he has officiated as such for years; but for a married man it is still harder; for though, theoretically, he might be ordained with us, practically it is impossible. It is, therefore, no wonder that this point causes them much trouble. They hardly see why we should treat them in a different way from that in which one of the Eastern schismatic priests would be treated. He would not have to be reordained; why should they?

The arguments of Pope Leo, and indeed of our theologians generally, do not seem to them convincing. They cannot see why the Apostolic succession of a sacrificing episcopate and priesthood should not go on, in spite of mistaken views about it entertained by those actually concerned in its transmission. They may be forced to admit that those so concerned did not intend to transmit such a thing; for there is every indication that many, and probably the great majority of them, agreed with the thirty-first of their "Articles of Religion," in which it is stated that "the sacrifices of Masses, in the which it was com-

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monly said that the Priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."

Still, this does not seem to them to destroy utterly their claim to valid ordination. They have an inner line of defense to which they can retreat; namely, that just as we acknowledge that even a Jew or an infidel may validly baptize, even though he does not believe in any real change effected by the act, if only he seriously intends to perform a Christian ceremony, so the Calvinist bishops, who abhorred the idea of the Mass, still might validly ordain mass-priests, by simply intending to perform Christian ordination. The ordaining Anglican bishop says: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God." Even though the bishop is entirely mistaken as to what that office and work is, a High Churchman might still say that the true office and work are produced by his words, just as regeneration is produced in baptism by the Jew or infidel who gives it, but does not believe in it at all. The same, of course, may be said of the corresponding words in the order of consecration of a bishop.

The words specifying "the office and work of a priest" (or a bishop) were not in the Ordinal of Edward VI., as our Anglican clergy are aware; still they may persuade themselves that the office and work were, or at any rate had been, well enough understood without expressing them, and that it really makes no difference whether they are expressed or not. A candidate is present to be made priest or bishop; every one knows what he is there for. The bishop, by words which can be conceived as having sufficient sacramental efficacy, makes him a priest or a bishop; what difference, they may say, does it make what the individual consecrating bishop thinks a bishop or a priest is? He may regard a priest as merely a preacher, or parochial visitor; a bishop simply as one appointed to oversee the priests, and to make new ones; but even so, it may still be urged, why should his misconception or ignorance invalidate the ordination or consecration which he gives, if the unbelief or indifference of an infidel baptizer as to the effect of baptism does not destroy that effect?

There is, however, really a wide difference between the cases; between that, for instance, of a medical man who offers to baptize an infant in a difficult confinement, and has no objection to doing whatever the Church believes can be done, and that of a reforming bishop who detests the very idea of the Sacrifice of the Mass, and arranges everything expressly to eliminate that idea. Of course the ordinations of such a reforming bishop are excellent in the opinion of one who believes that the Holy Sacrifice is a "blasphemous fable," unknown to primitive Christianity; but our modern Anglicans have no such belief. To them, then, it ought to seem clear that such a bishop distinctly intends *not* to do what the Church really does. To quote the words of Pope Leo's Encyclical: "If the rite be changed with the manifest intention of introducing another rite not approved by the Church, and of rejecting what the Church does, and what by the institution of Christ belongs to the nature of the Sacrament, then it is clear that not only is the necessary intention wanting to the Sacrament, but that the intention is adverse to and destructive of the Sacrament."

However, we need not hope to produce any impression on those whom the Encyclical and the arguments of Catholic theologians in general have not convinced. Let them still hold, if they wish, that a heretical bishop, by using what seems to him a sufficient form to make what he thinks a proper priest and to *avoid making* a mass-priest, can and infallibly will make a mass-priest of the candidate in spite of his own intention, or that of the candidate, or of any others present.

There is, however, another point to be considered. It is this. They will probably agree that this result could not be produced by even the head of their church, that is to say, the King or Queen of the realm, without the assistance of some real bishop. And why? Because the King or Queen has no holy orders. They will also, we believe, admit, that a Jew or other unbaptized gentleman, could not be made a priest by all the bishops in the world. And why? Because he has not received the Sacrament of Baptism, which is necessary as a foundation for that of Order.

Well then, if in the line of Apostolic succession on which any particular Anglican clergyman depends for the validity of his orders, there should be a break somewhere, by the one ordained not having been validly baptized, or by the ordainer not having been validly consecrated, ordained (or perhaps even baptized), the line of succession stopped just there, and did not come down to the clergyman who claims it. He will admit that this is, theoretically at any rate, true; but will urge that no Catholic priest can be absolutely sure of these points. It is always possible that an infant may be invalidly baptized, by some mistake, inattention, or want of care, and may afterward seek and obtain promotion to the priesthood, or even the episcopate.

There is no doubt that such a thing may happen; we may say that it probably has happened. There is a proverb that "accidents will happen, even in the best regulated families." But when the family is well regulated; when, as in the Roman (or in the Greek) Church, the true belief has been held as to the effect and the importance of baptism; it is not unreasonable to suppose that our Lord, who is the originator of the Sacraments, and of course not subject to what He Himself has established, will supply the defect, not only for the person invalidly baptized himself, but also for all others who might be affected by such invalidity, if he were afterward ordained. That is to say, he would be made a Christian, capable of receiving the Sacraments, and, if need be, able to produce and administer validly those belonging to his order.

But suppose that the family is not well regulated; and this, it seems, our present "high" Anglicans must and in fact do admit with regard to their own church, even now, and still more so for two or three centuries in the past. Suppose that the whole idea of the church has been degraded; that it has become a sort of mere moral police employed by the State to keep people decent and orderly; that the idea of any supernatural effect produced by its Sacraments has, for a long interval, largely, at any rate, disappeared. In such a state of things, is there going to be any great care taken about baptizing validly, especially about having sufficient water run on the infant's skin, when hardly any one believes that it makes any difference whether it so runs or not?

That "high" Anglicans *now* take care about such things is of no consequence, except for the building up of a church in the future. They can, of course, secure valid baptism for all the infants and others in their charge; these or others can be validly ordained by resorting to some bishop whose succession is not open to doubt; these in turn can in the same way be validly consecrated. There is no doubt that the high Anglicans *can* form a church with valid orders, and with the other sacraments; and if they can persuade all the clergy to follow this line, a real Anglican national church *can* be formed, for which corporate reunion with Rome might be possible. But all this does not affect the present state of things, or the ecclesiastical status of any Anglican clergyman who has not taken these special precautions; as some of them actually have. Others, that is to say the Anglican clergy generally, have to depend on what they have received from centuries of heresy or indifference concerning the efficacy or utility of the Sacraments themselves.

Let us suppose then, as seems highly probable, that quite a large proportion of the members of the English Church for the last three centuries never were validly baptized. Modern High Churchmen will hardly admit this, especially if young themselves, and accustomed to better things; but it is nevertheless only too probable that, a hundred or even fifty years ago, invalid baptisms in the English Church were not uncommon. Why indeed, as we have said, should a clergyman take great care about the matter or the form of baptism, if he regarded it as simply a ceremony? It would be at the best like a rubric, which of course ought carefully to be observed; but even careful priests may fail in these when no special end is to be accomplished by them, and imperilled by want of care.

Let us suppose, then, that a definite percentage, say ten per cent, or one-tenth of the whole number of Anglican boys, were at any particular epoch (say two hundred years ago) invalidly baptized. There is no reason why the same percentage of candidates for orders should not be in the same boat, and therefore invalidly ordained, and the same percentage of bishops invalidly consecrated, simply on account of this want of baptism on their own part. This would very probably be increased by the really non-episcopal character of their consecrators. But let that pass for the present. We have, then, at this epoch, or a little after it, one-tenth of the supposed bishops who are not bishops at all.

How, then, about the Apostolic succession, so far as it depends on them?

Anglicans may claim that there is a safeguard in the other bishops who assist at the consecration of new ones.

And it does seem that, on mathematical principles, their case might be much strengthened by the presence of these other bishops; that is, if it was sufficient for the validity that only one of the others should be a real bishop. For the probability of the invalidity would be, if three were present, that of *all three* not being real bishops; that is to say, the third power of one-tenth, or one-thousandth, according to the theory of probabilities. In other words, it would be 999 to 1 that the new bishop was a real one, even if it were only 9 to 1 for any *one* of the consecrators, as we have supposed.

This seems quite plausible. And it might and does count in favor of the validity of Roman consecrations, in which the assisting bishops actually do say "*Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*" with the consecrator; but in the Anglican form of consecration, the assistants say (by the rubric) nothing at all at the moment of consecration. Even if they should do so now, that would not help the past. So, even if the intention of the church is to have the assistant bishops really co-consecrators with the principal one, the Anglican rubric seems very probably to bar them from such participation in the work, or rather from individual sufficiency for it.

It seems, then, rather an unsafe thing to depend on. We can hardly safely assume the new Anglican bishop, even if certainly baptized and ordained, to have more than the 9 to 1 in his favor that his consecrators had. But inasmuch as the chance of his being, by a valid baptism, a possible subject for consecration, is only 9-10, the actual chance for his being a real bishop is only 9-10 of 9-10, or 81-100.

And so, after say ten steps like the one already taken, we find the probability in favor of the bishop finally consecrated (two or three centuries later), to be the eleventh power of 9-10, as 81-100 was the second power; which is a little less than ⅓. In other words, it is two to one that he is not a bishop at all, though it was nine to one for the first ones from whom he began his succession, that they were bishops.

Even if the Anglican insists that the assisting bishops are really co-consecrators, so that there is no material reduction of the probability of a valid consecration on the part of the consecrators, still the probability will never rise, of course, above that of the subject being (by baptism) a possible one for it. And if our Anglican is willing to admit a probability that his theory is wrong, the chance (on this admission) of valid consecrations will go on decreasing, though not so rapidly. If, for instance, we use the factor 95-100 instead of 9-10 at each consecration, we shall have, at the tenth step, about ½ instead of ⅓; that is, it is about an even chance that the last one consecrated is not a bishop; not so bad as two to one, but still a very uncomfortable figure.

And, beside what has hitherto been said, we must remember that valid ordination to the priesthood is commonly held in Catholic (and we think also in Anglican) theology as a necessary prerequisite to episcopal consecration. The probability of an invalid ordination, as well as of an invalid baptism, must, therefore, be considered in a candidate for the episcopacy; and as there is only one bishop concerned in an ordination, the probability of his not being a real bishop comes in with its full force, instead of being diminished by the presence of others, as it might be in a consecration, as we have seen.

The whole matter forms rather an intricate problem of probability, which might be discussed in general formulas with the three probabilities, namely, that of invalid baptism, that of error in our Anglican's theory, and that (in his mind) of the priesthood being necessary in a candidate for the episcopacy, as a basis. But it is plain enough, from what has been said, that the effect of these probabilities is quite serious. As to the first, straws showing which way the wind blows are common enough. A convert friend, formerly an Anglican clergyman, has informed me that he saw one of his confrères "baptize" a child merely by putting his hand in an empty font, and waving it over the child's head. Imagine such an event in a Catholic Church!

The difficulty and the danger at the root of the whole matter seem to have been, and to be even now, a want of thorough appreciation among Anglicans, and, of course, also among Protestants generally, of certain principles applying to questions like this, which are taught to all the Catholic clergy at the beginning of their studies in moral theology. These principles show when we may take chances, and when we may not.

They are as follows: When it is merely a question of a law, which is to be obeyed simply because it is a law, not because of any bad consequences evidently liable in every case to follow a disobedience of it, we ought to be fairly certain of the existence of the law, and of its application to the actual case in hand, if we are to be bound to obey it. This applies principally to moral laws pointing out such or such an action to be right or wrong, but about the existence or scope of which there is some controversy even among good, careful, and thoughtful people; and it has a still more special application, if the law is a merely human one, having no necessary connection with morality. There are innumerable cases in these lines occurring in daily life; Protestants have got into the habit of despising the discussion of them, and calling it "casuistry." This is probably mainly due to their not having confessionals, where advice on such points would be often asked, and must be given. Of course some cases are clear, but others are not. For instance, you see a person drop a valuable article on the street; it is clear, of course, that you cannot lawfully pick it up and put it in your pocket; if you take possession of it at all, it must be to give it to the person whom you saw drop it. But the question may occur, whether you are bound to pick it up at all, or to notify the person of his or her loss; and if so, in any case, how much trouble you would be obliged to take in order to do so. Any obligation in the matter is plainly one of charity, not of justice; for it is supposed that you were not in any way the cause of the loss. If by doing so you would lose a train which you need to take, would you have to lose that train? Or would not a less inconvenience excuse you? Most people would probably say that you need not bother about the matter at all.

Or, let us take the matter of a human law, which is to be kept simply for its own sake, not for any penalty attached to it. Such laws may well exist, and do exist in the Catholic Church. I know, for instance, that I ought to abstain from meat, not only on Fridays, but on fast days; but I don't know whether this is a fast day, or not, and there is no one at hand who can certainly inform me. Must I take what might be called the safer part, and abstain, or can I have what is called the benefit of the doubt?

The general rule, in both of the kinds of cases just treated, is that the law must make itself reasonably clear; at any rate, that if no one seems to know what line to follow in them, you *can* have the benefit of the doubt.

But there are other matters, very distinctly and clearly separated from those which we have considered, where these principles will not apply at all. If you see a barrel of some black substance, and are not sure whether it is coal or gun-powder, and the question is whether you shall throw your live cigar stump into it, there is no benefit of the doubt for you there. The obligation is clear and certain not to destroy your own life, nor the lives of others, and does not allow you to take chances. Or, suppose you have a bill which you are certainly bound to pay; it is plain that you must not pay it with money which may probably be counterfeit.

The distinction, then, is quite plain between these two kinds of cases; those in which the obligation is uncertain, because the law itself is uncertain, and those in which there is no doubt at all about the obligation, so that one must choose the safest means for its fulfilment. Of course there are a number of distinctions to be made in working out these principles thoroughly into practice. But in the case we are now considering we need not go into all these.

The case, practically, is just this, for a "high" Anglican clergyman. He does not need, for the present purpose, to consider whether he is really in heresy or schism; it is plain enough that these things do not of themselves invalidate his ministerial functions. But according to his own belief, invalidity in his priesthood would. He would strongly object even to having a minister of some sect having no claim at all to valid orders in his pulpit, even though the sermon he was to preach were perfectly orthodox; and much more would he object to having such a minister officiating in his confessional or at his altar.

And the same rule ought to apply to himself. As long as he is occupied in a ministry in which, according to his own view, valid orders are necessary, he is called upon continually by a most certain obligation to prevent the loss of souls or to promote their welfare in special ways not open to an unordained layman. A real priesthood is necessary to discharge these undoubted obligations which he has taken on himself; if there is any doubt about his priesthood, he cannot discharge these obligations satisfactorily, any more than he can pay his grocer with a probably counterfeit bill. And how can he stand at the altar, and consecrate the Blessed Sacrament, and distribute it to his people, especially when they are dying, when there is a considerable probability that his orders are invalid, and therefore that it is not the body of Christ at all?

This is a very serious and practical matter. Those who do not believe in the transmission of these supernatural powers by valid episcopal consecration and priestly ordination may, of course, regard the whole question whether this transmission has been properly attended to in any particular case, even in their own, as of no consequence whatever; they do not believe that any one can exercise these powers, or can be rightly requested or obliged to do so. But one who does believe in them must regard the matter as one coming very near to his conscience, if he is going to undertake to use them himself.

There are some, it would seem, who imagine that, in order to use these powers, it is quite enough to pretend to have them; or that they will be given to those who would like to use them, at any rate, if they belong to some respectable Christian organization. They seem to think that all that needs to be done is to dress up in the vestments that were formerly used, and go through the old ceremonies, and everything will be just as it was before. But of course such as these do not really believe in any apostolic succession at all.

We do not appeal to such. But we do appeal to those whose belief in the succession is sincere and genuine to consider seriously the matter in the practical aspect in which we have tried to present it. We can assure them that no priest of the Roman Church would dare to stand at the altar or to enter his confessional with a doubt as to the validity of his ordination even remotely approaching what must attach to that of any Anglican who has received it in the ordinary Anglican way. Practically, it is not a question of Parker, or of Barlow, or merely of formularies or ceremonies; we may even concede, for the argument, that the intention has been all that was needed, incredible as that may seem. It is simply the obvious want of any care about the whole sacramental system, and of any belief in it, prevailing for so long a time in the English Church, that has made the survival in it of valid orders extremely improbable, and their renewal impossible, except by applying, if not to Rome, at any rate to some Church where they have been undoubtedly preserved.

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ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN.

*AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

CHAPTER XVI.

HAVING once asserted himself in the manner described in a previous chapter, having shaken off the trammels in which his memory of the past had bound him and poured out the stimulant of excitement and sensible pleasure upon his conscience, Arnoul found it easy to pursue his new course. Not that he had no misgivings; but he managed to find palliating circumstances, if not positive arguments against them, in some of the scraps of learning that he had picked up. And certainly the whole spirit of the party to which he had attached himself was calculated to encourage him. For it was a spirit of personal liking or whim as against authority of any kind, of criticism opposed to obedience, and pride of intellect against humility of soul. Logically pursued, it ended no one could quite tell where. Adopting its unspoken principles, Arnoul pushed them for himself to their practical conclusions. He was his own master. So he practically gave up going to any lectures at all, unless he hoped for some brilliant display of dialectic that might add to his morbid love of excitement.

King Henry had left Paris for Boulogne, after having spent something over a week in visiting the principal sights that the city had to show. There had been a great dinner given in the enormous Royal Hall of the Old Temple. It was the talk of the University as well as of the town. The three kings had been seated together, Henry giving place to Louis, and taking his seat on his right hand: while the King of Navarre sat upon his left. Then came twenty-five dignitaries, some of them dukes, and twelve bishops seated with the barons. It was re-

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marked that some of the bishops were placed among the dukes. Eighteen countesses—among them Sanchia, Countess of Cornwall, who, with a great train of nobles and gentlemen, had come over from England to meet her royal sisters, and the Countesses of Anjou and Provence, with their mother Beatrice—had their seats at the board. And there was an innumerable company of knights. The hall was hung with tapestry, and the shields of the order were displayed upon the walls. Moreover, it was a fish day.

These things did not prove of much interest to Arnoul who had other and more pressing affairs on hand now to occupy him. There was Maitre Barthelemy, for instance, and Jeannette. Also there was Ben Israel. He had—he must not forget it—to raise some ready money. He had an appointment to meet Barthelemy beyond the Chateau de Vauvert that very day. Well, he would keep it, but he must see Jeannette first. Barthelemy was a strange man, to be sure! What had he meant by saying that he read fortune and advancement in the lines of his face? And what was all the jargon about the numbers? Perhaps he would learn that afternoon when he went with Louis.

It was early when they set out so as to be back in time before the gates were closed. They followed the road along the Clos des Francs Murcaux and passed Notre Dame des Champs, lying snugly amidst its smiling fields.

Through the spaces in the trees the haunted chateau showed upon their right. Then they made a long detour and found themselves behind the triangular enclosure of the chateau and standing before a low building of rough stone and plaster that was almost entirely hidden among the trees. The house is not marked on the plan of Charles V.; neither does it figure upon the earlier one of the time of Philip Augustus. Either it was built some time between the two dates, or, what was more likely, it was so unimportant a dependency of one of the great establishments of Paris that it had its existence indicated only in the musty title deeds of the land upon which it stood. But, whatever was the case, certain it was that, up to the year 1257, it was the habitation and the laboratory of Maitre Barthelemy, clerk, alchemist, and astrologist.

The wooden door opened slightly to Louis' low knock, and the enormous egg-shaped head of the occupant of the hut appeared in the aperture. Seeing who it was that demanded admission, he opened the door wider and bade them enter. He closed it again, and barred it with a heavy wooden beam as soon as the two clerks were within.

A singularly unpleasant and acrid odor filled the building. It came, apparently, from a pot or kettle that was seething and steaming over a fire in the corner. When the lads became accustomed to the semi-darkness of the room, they were able to take notice of some of the furniture it contained. It was a fearsome medley. On a large table, standing in the centre under an aperture in the roof that was partially closed with a thick, dressed sheepskin, was pinned down a large parchment covered with mysterious drawings. A rough pair of compasses lay upon it, and ranged beside these were an empty crucible, two phials full of some dark liquid, a human skull, and a flat dish containing a heap of yellow powder. From perches sticking out into the room at all angles and heights from the floor hung bunches of dried herbs and roots, skins, bones, and little parchment packets sealed and labelled—the entire paraphernalia of a magician's stock in trade. In a conspicuous position hung what looked not unlike a withered and shriveled hand. It was, so Louis whispered with awe to Arnoul, a mandrake, possessed of strange qualities and mystical properties. And everywhere on the floor were vessels filled with powders and liquids, unwholesome looking masses of spongy subsistence, crucibles, alembics, retorts. The owner of this strange collection stepped about cautiously among the crucibles, looking not unlike a great cat as he picked his way to the fire and gave the pot a stir with a wooden ladle. He was still clad in rusty black; and, in the half-light, looked more solemn and serious than ever. He motioned his visitors to a seat; and, having sniffed suspiciously at the stench coming from his brew, came gingerly over to the table and stood beside them looking down upon the parchment.

"I have prepared," he whispered, modulating his nasal voice to a purring tone, in keeping with his mysterious surroundings. "I have prepared a scheme of the nativity of our good friend Maitre Arnoul. It is as I foresaw. His orb is, without doubt, in conjunction with the most potent Mercurius which, according to the teaching of the divine Pythagoras, is a name of the Tetrad. And Mercurius is but a semitonium from both Luna and Venus, from which is to be read a dissonance in the harmony of the celestial spheres. But Tetractys is also—as say Aristotle his Ethics—impetuosity, most strong, Bacchus, and masculine. And Plutarch hath it that it signifies the soul; for, says he, it consists of mind, science, opinion, and sense."

"For the love of God," whispered Arnoul to his companion, "what does the sage mean?"

"Hush!" That was all the reply Maitre Louis deigned to give. Barthelemy went on unheeding.

"The Tetractys is the mean betwixt the Monad and the Heptad, equally exceeding and equally exceeded in number."

Arnoul could stand it no longer. "Maitre," he called out to the astrologer, "what is the meaning of these strange words? I do not understand! I cannot comprehend! What is a Monad? I have never heard of a Tetrac— What is it?"

"You should not interrupt me," said Maitre Barthelemy solemnly. "In mystic rites the pupil and the worshipper should hold himself in a state of reverence and awe. It is so prescribed. The words I use have mystical power and may not be changed. However, a part I may reveal for your weakness: know that the Monad is the unit of all number. The sublime Tetractys is the number four. The Hebdomad is that below the octave, or eight. And the Decad is ten—the beginning of a reborn series. I proceed with my prognostication. The Monad, being the mother of all numbers, is continent of all the powers; and the Hebdomad, motherless and a virgin, possesseth the second place in dignity, since it is not composed of any number within the Decad. Therefore, since the Tetrad or Tetractys lies the mean between the unbegotten Monad and the motherless Hebdomad, it thus comprehends all powers, both of produced and of productive numbers."

At this point in the learned exposition of his art, the pot in the corner began to bubble furiously and boil over, the liquid as it fell upon the coals beneath igniting in pale blue spurts and flashes. The alchemist hurriedly dropped the compasses with which he had been measuring distances upon the parchment; and, interrupting his speech, made for the corner.

He lifted the heavy vessel from the fire, and setting it down on the floor, began again to stir it with his ladle. The fumes were filling the chamber with an abominable odor. Arnoul was choking, and the tears were starting to Louis' eyes. But Maitre Barthelemy did not seem to notice it, and continued from where he stood, bending over the vessel and stirring the unwholesome contents.

"Your life, young sir, is cast in the Church. You will come to great dignity and high honors such as few ever reach. You are a clerk of Paris?"

Arnoul answered in the affirmative, rubbing his smarting eyes the while with the back of his hand.

"And of England?"

"From Devon," coughed the boy.

"Good! Your advance lies in England. It is there that the starry harmony will most resound. It is so written in the heavens. Are you yet a bachelor?"

"No; I am only a scholar. As yet I but follow the readers in the schools."

"Never mind," said the man, straightening himself again. "What is to be, will be. It is written in the stars. You will come to a canonry, at least, or a bishopric. Perhaps you will even rise to the sacred purple." He laughed a dry, sarcastic laugh as he spoke, and again bent over the caldron. "But there is death written too," he muttered to himself. "Death violent and sudden. Death creeping up behind, wreathed in the gay flowers of life. And for whom? The stars say not. It may be for him. May be for me. Shall I pour the lifeless water into the globe and make him see? Shall I force his eyes to pierce the veil of destiny, and read the future that is to be—nay, that already is—? Or shall I summon the spirits to my aid? That empty skull—! But, no; why seek to know or teach? 'Tis enough for my purpose that he needs my art. He will come again—again."

The mutterings were lost upon the two students, but they sat bolt upright with a start as the man straightened himself again, striking against a pendant cluster of human bones that hung behind him as he did so. The dismal rattling was uncanny, and seemed to communicate itself to all the hanging objects as they swayed to and fro in the narrow space. The parchments shivered together like dry leaves in a wind, and the heavier things swayed pendulously back and forth as if suddenly endowed with life. The man was still smiling as he steadied the rattling bones.

"Yes; you will undoubtedly live to be a cardinal, or a bishop at least, young sir. 'Tis written in the timeless book of fate, across the face of the night that cannot lie. But never refuse honors, Maitre Arnoul, when they come! Refuse nothing!"

He beckoned Louis to his side, and bade him look into his brew. The two stood whispering together in the far corner. Arnoul's brain was in a whirl. Here was a new sensation. He was to be a bishop—perhaps a cardinal! What did the man know of the future? He said it was fixed and certain. He was right there. Of course it was fixed—planned out and settled from the beginning of all things. The lad let his mind work along the line of least resistance, speculating vaguely. The past was phantom-like with its array of bloodless spectres. Even the present seemed but an unreal part of one great *Now* in which past and future both met and blended. How strangely Maitre Louis and Sir Guy fused into one character—and Sibilla and Jeannette were merged in one, too. And the oppressive odor? Was it the incense of St. Mary's or the flowers Jeannette carried in her hand? Was he already receiving the homage of the crowds that pressed forward to meet him?

The alchemist threw a handful of powder into the cooling vessel; and a yellow flame flared up from the mixture. The thick atmosphere was clearing slowly, as the fumes filtered out through the aperture in the roof. He heard a voice speaking softly and as from a far distance.

"It is done, Maitre Louis. Never before have mortal eyes save yours and mine looked upon the great result! And I have spent my life in the achievement! Surely, it cannot fail me now! There can be naught wrong with the ingredients—naught amiss in my calculations! It will be cool ere long and we can put it to the test."

"Come!" the voice was louder and more natural. "We shall drink to our experiment in the sublime liquor of gold itself." The alchemist reached up to a shelf for a flask half full of a deep amber-hued liquid as as spoke. "This is the true distillation of life, the product of the alembic of the sages! I had it—the secret—from Maitre Albert himself, when he was at Cologne. Drink!" And he poured out the golden liquid into three cups. "It might be the elixir of life!"

It choked and burned. Arnoul's head swam under the influence of the potent spirit. He was walking on cloud, on light air, and the road led to the mitre or to the sacred purple! He was without a body, floating spirit-wise through the circumambient ether! He had put off the cloying vesture of flesh, and soared triumphantly in undreamed-of realms! He saw the goal clear and unmistakable before him in a swimming vapor of gold and amber and pink—!

The two students remained, sipping the fiery distillation and talking with their extraordinary host, until Arnoul bethought him that the gates of the University would soon be closed, and there was the danger of being shut out until the morning. He turned to Louis.

"Come," he said. "We had best be going, if we would be home to-night. I crave your pardon, Maitre Barthelemy, but the gates will be shut if we do not set out at once."

The master magician smiled. Arnoul might go as soon as it pleased him; but he had need of Louis.

"Must you return at all?" he asked in his dry, nasal voice.

"Undoubtedly," replied the lad, thinking of his assignation with Jeannette.

"And you also?" asked the alchemist of Louis.

"No"; replied the scholar, with a half-apologetic glance at his companion. "No; it is not—it will not be necessary, I think. I can tarry until the experiment is completed."

"It is well," said the man approvingly. "You will remain. And you, young sir, when there is need, you will return hither. I have philtres which—but you understand. I am ever at your disposition."

The boy acknowledged his courtesy with an inclination of his head. Notwithstanding the charm of mystery that hung about the place, he was impatient to be gone. Jeannette was waiting for him. Barthelemy lifted the heavy wooden bar, and pulled the door open gently, inch by inch. He peered out through the narrow opening as it swung silently upon its hinges, until, satisfied that no one was within sight or hearing, he had it quite open and allowed Arnoul to pass.

As the young man turned to salute him, he put both his hands upon his shoulders and looked steadily into his eyes. The boy saw the huge, egg-shaped head before him, and felt the pressure of the hands upon his shoulders; but what he was most conscious of was the fascination of those steady eyes. They pierced and burnt as it were with a pain almost physical; and, what was more, he felt his own eyes growing fixed and heavy before them. With an effort he looked upon the ground.

Maitre Barthelemy laughed his dry laugh. "You will come again," he said sharply. "Until then—honor! Go forward and prosper! Farewell!"

He watched the clerk's figure out of sight, and then, entering, closed and barred the door again.

"And now, Maitre Louis, that we are alone and have that for which the philosophers have ever striven and labored almost within our grasp, let us fortify our souls again with the golden liquor!" He filled the cups afresh; and, as they drank, he busied himself in removing the parchment, skull, and other objects from the table, and putting an alembic of clay in their place, all the while keeping up a running commentary upon what he was doing.

"We shall place this preparation that has cost me so much care in the retort, and heat it, like the furnace of Nabuchodonosor, seven times. And indeed, it might be the three children in the furnace, for there are three brains from the Provost's gallows, as well as the bones, dissolved in the strong acids as I did but now explain to you. And, if I am right" —the man was fairly shaking now with excitement and hope, while Louis' eyes and drooping lip expressed his fear and suppressed terror—"if I have made no mistake, in a few moments you shall see the true essence of life issuing from the worm of the still."

His trembling hands ladled some of the contents of the fetid caldron into the alembic. A great slab of stone was set upon the table, and the brazier lifted upon it, the clay bowl of the still being plunged into the glowing coals.

"Blow!" commanded the master, handing Louis a pair of bellows. He took a bellows himself, and both men directed them upon the fire. Little by little the temperature was raised and the steam began to pour from the worm in heavy, oppressive clouds. The charcoal was glowing with a white heat. Master and pupil were intent, rapt, saying no word, the sweat pouring from their brows, their gaze bent alternately upon the mouth of the worm and the flaming glare of the brazier. Suddenly the master cried aloud. The steam had changed from grayish white to blue. Now it came forth from the orifice in bursts of fire. Whatever it was, this essence of life, it was consuming itself as soon as it was born of the heat and the human members.

"Water!" cried the magician. "Water, for the love of God! Plunge the worm in water, or all is lost and the labor of a lifetime spent in vain!"

Louis dropped his bellows and did as he was bid. The tube was now dipping under the surface of the water, and, besides the steam and smoke that bubbled up to the surface, they could see a waxy, viscid mass falling slowly to the bottom of the receptacle. They worked at the bellows as if for dear life, sweat pouring down their cheeks, breath labored and catching. At last Maitre Barthelemy cried: "Enough!" The distillation was ceasing; and they laid aside the bellows. Slowly the fire cooled; the glowing alembic lost its whiteness; the distillation stopped passing over. The two men were shaking like aspens. Their faces were white and hard and drawn, though the sweat was still dripping from them. Only, Maitre Barthelemy's mouth worked spasmodically. Again his trembling hand reached and fumbled for the phial; and a third time they quaffed the potent spirit. The chamber was growing dark by now, for little of the fading light filtered through the half-open aperture above them. The alchemist drew the skin entirely across it and lit two candles, placing them upon the table, one on either side of the worm of the alembic. He stared down upon the few gouts of wax-like substance that had formed together and become congealed at the bottom of the water.

"At last!" he exclaimed, in a voice almost choked by his emotions. "At last the toil of years and the labors of a lifetime bring their reward! Look, Louis! Look! There lies the veritable elixir of life, that all the world has searched for, and in vain! Within the palm of my hand I shall hold that for which kings would give their very crowns—!"

"But are you sure, Master—?"

"Sure!" He hissed the word through his clenched teeth. "How could I have failed? Life is but fire and warmth. When life wanes we grow cold and die. And there in those few precious drops have I imprisoned the very principle of fire itself! No longer does it soar! Look how quietly it rests beneath the water in its unaccustomed form! I have changed the elemental fire into an earth and bound it down within that celestial food that shall give to me unending life!"

It seemed likely enough to be true. Whatever it was that had been issuing from the worm of the still in spurts and flashes of flame had congealed into that reddish-brown substance and sunk to the bottom of the vessel. Was it imprisoned fire? The very font and principle of life? The elixir that could conquer sickness and old age, and give enduring vital powers to the worn-out organs and frayed tissues of mortal men?

Maitre Barthelemy, rolling back his sleeve, plunged his arm elbow-deep into the water and drew forth a particle of the precious substance. He held it in the palm of his hand.

"At length," he said, apostrophising it, and seemingly oblivious even to the presence of his disciple. "At length, O ancient mystery! art thou given to the true seeker after knowledge! At length human eyes behold thee, thou very quintessence of life!" And he gazed lovingly at the morsel resting upon his bare palm.

Freed from its contact with the water, the waxen substance quickly dried, giving off a pungent smoke that curled upwards towards the roof.

"A lifetime spent in seeking," went on the master in his rhapsody. "The four quarters of the world ransacked for the ingredients! But at last—! Ye Gods! How the imprisoned fire burns and strives upwards towards it empyrean source—! God in heaven!" The cry was wrung from him by the intense heat. The blue spirals of vapor trembled and curled, writhing above his open palm like living things born of the yellow wax. Suddenly they burst into a fierce flame. The whole substance flamed and flared, sending off clouds of suffocating smoke. The man screamed aloud in his agony, striving to cast the new-found elixir of life from his hand. It was burning, eating, gnawing into the living flesh, and he could not rid himself of it. His sufferings were terrible to look upon, as he writhed, shrieking in his pain, his hand on fire with the villainous substance he had made. Louis seized a vessel of water and dashed it over the unfortunate man's burning flesh. And he sank upon the bench groaning and crying, stupid with the agony, holding the mutilated member before his eyes.

The place was full of the pungent, choking smoke, the smell of charred flesh. The student tried to comfort him, to assuage his suffering, bringing cloths and oil from a jar that stood by. But the alchemist moaned and rocked his body to and fro. He did not seem to see Maitre Louis' horror-stricken face or to hear his commiserating words. Only the imprisoned fire ran pulsing, throbbing through his veins, and he held up his maimed hand before his unseeing eyes. The labor of a lifetime had been in vain—the long voyages, the weary journeyings in Spain and Africa, the colloquies with the Arabian alchemists, and the poring over strange writings of forgotten lore; all his own work—the nightly vigil and the patient investigation—useless and without reward. The fiery principle of all living things had been for an instant wrested from the treasure-house of Nature, only to reassert its potency and to destroy. The elixir of life was an agency of death; and he sat there groaning, holding up his scorched and twisted hand, and rocking his body to and fro.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Lord of Moreleigh had business in Exeter. All the castle knew it before he set out; for, when Sir Sigar rode abroad he rode in state befitting his station; and grooms and pages had been rushing about the courtyard and stables from early morning until the time of his departure, making ready his train. He rode with two men-at-arms before him and two behind. A squire and a page completed his retinue. All these wore gay clothes, upon some portion of which the arms or device of the Viponts figured prominently. His own garments were in sombre contrast with those of his escort. The yellow leather jerkins and bright steel caps of the retainers, and the blue and red of the page's suit served to accentuate the black silks and velvet that set off his own well-proportioned figure to so great an advantage. But for an edging of dark fur about his dress and collar, and the dull gleam of gold in chain, buckles, spurs, and rings, which he displayed upon both hands, he was clothed entirely in sable. He sat erect upon his magnificent charger, a heavy hand upon the rein, for the mettlesome beast fretted at the dignified pace at which he rode. The brows were drawn together as usual over the piercing eyes and his lips tight locked in a haughty and disdainful smile.

His business done, he rode to the Benedictine monastery, over which his sister presided as the Lady Abbess. Now, if there was one person in the world for whom Sir Sigar Vipont had an unmitigated respect, and, at the same time, a salutary fear, it was his sister the Abbess. As children she had ruled him with a rod of iron, for she was by some years older than he, and had the dogged and overbearing spirit of the Viponts just as strongly, if not more developed than her brother. Her training in the cloister had robbed her of nothing of her strong character, while it had taught her to keep herself thoroughly in hand under any and all circumstances. Where Sir Sigar flared up to an unreasonable madness when he was crossed, the Lady Abbess preserved a placid demeanor and unruffled countenance, that made her all the more terrifying to those upon whom her wrath happened to fall. Sir Sigar was undisciplined. The Abbess Matilda was discipline personified.

The Lord of Moreleigh certainly hoped, as his squire knocked upon the monastery gate, that the Abbess had not heard of his latest outbreak. But he was outwardly calm and unconcerned as he bade his attendants await him at the outer hostel, although he was anything but certain of the manner of his reception.

His brotherly salutations were cut short by the Abbess' matter-of-fact, incisive tones. She had heard.

"Sigar, you're a fool! How often shall I have to tell you that you're ruining that girl of yours by the absurd way you're bringing her up? The idea! Poor, motherless child, in a castle like yours! With a father like you! With—"

"But Matilda—"

"Don't 'but' me, Sigar! I won't have it! Blessed Saints! It's more than ruining Sibilla. It's a scandal. That's what it is. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why! all Exeter's talking of your shameless treatment of the poor girl—"

"Matilda! Sister! Give me leave—"

"Be silent, Sigar! May I not speak in my own Abbey? It's too bad your not being able to control your temper. One of these days evil will come of it, be you sure. As to Sibilla, you must send her here to me. You are not fit to bring up a young girl like Sibilla. She will grow up like you, absolutely incapable of self-control. Or, worse still, you will break her spirit altogether, with your abominable goings on."

Vipont wilted visibly as his sister spoke to him. She was a little woman, with plump, apple-red cheeks and large gray eyes.

The black Benedictine habit made her look taller than she really was; but, standing before her brother, it was easy to see that she was head and shoulders shorter than he. Her face, framed in its square of white linen under the flowing veil, was quite calm while she rated him; whereas Vipont's expressed anything but placidity. He was inwardly fuming, but he stood so in awe of his masterful sister that he kept his annoyance within due bounds. He spread his hands out in a deprecatory gesture, and made several attempts to speak; but the Abbess took no notice and continued roundly taking him to task.

"I would ask you to remember," she said severely, "that all this is exceedingly unpleasant for me. There should be no cause for talk in any brother of mine. You have your duty to your sister as well as to Sibilla to remember."

"I assure you, Sister—" essayed the knight with a nervous catch in his breath.

The Lady Abbess cut him short. "I want none of your assurances, Sigar. I know what your promises are worth. What you are to do is to send Sibilla to me. I shall look after the girl, since you are quite unfit to have her. She shall come to me here—"

"But, Sister, I don't think she will come."

"Not come? But I say she shall come. You are to do exactly what I tell you and send her here to me at once. I will have no excuses. Blessed Saints! Am I to tell you twice that I wish a thing done?"

"Nay, Sister! 'Tis not I; 'tis Sibilla you have to reckon with. You may say what you please—I may say all I can—but Sibilla will not budge unless she wants to."

"Tut! Tut!" exclaimed the Abbess. "A nice way to have brought your child up, forsooth! Where is your parental authority? Where is her filial obedience? You must *make* her come."

"I cannot," said the knight.

"Then I shall," retorted the Lady Abbess. "I myself shall go to Moreleigh and bring her back with me."

"You will fail."

"Fail? Not a bit of it! Do you think I can't manage a chit of a girl like Sibilla?"

"I tell you, Sister, she won't come."

"And why not, pray?"

"She would not leave Moreleigh and me."

"You!" snorted the Abbess. "You! A fine father, indeed! The creature's not a fool, is she?"

Vipont frowned. "I will not have Sibilla spoken of so, even by you, Matilda."

"Tut, man! You know perfectly well what I mean. Am I not her aunt? A nice person you to defend her name after beating her with a riding whip!"

"I beg of you, Matilda!" Vipont wilted again.

"Oh! I heard all about it. St. Scholastica! The town rings of it. They talk of it in taverns yet. No. I shall see niece Sibilla, and bring her back with me to Exeter. In the Abbey, at least, she will be safe and sound. The sisters are not beaten with riding whips."

Vipont writhed, muttering that the girl would not leave Moreleigh for the dull life of a cloister. The Lady Abbess had sharp ears. At the word "dull" she turned upon her brother again, still smiling, but with an ominous flash in her clear gray eyes.

"Dull? The Abbey dull? She will not find time to be dull! There are matins and Masses and vespers to be at. There will be the reading of holy books to fortify her mind. I warrant me she has no learning. How should she have, poor maid, in a rough keep like Moreleigh, with none but soldiers and stable boys and rude peasant women?"

"You would not make a nun of her, Matilda?"

"A nun? Stuff and nonsense! What a fool the man is, to be sure! Yet she might do worse than be a Benedictine. Listen to me, Sigar. This Sibilla of yours has grown up like some wild thing. She needs discipline. She knows nought but of Moreleigh and men. She must mix with women of her own rank and station. Her mind must be enlarged. She must be trained to be worthy of the position she will some day take in the world. The world— Stop! I have it! The very thing!"

The Lady Abbess rubbed her plump hands together and allowed a broader smile to spread over her rosy face as she pieced together a scheme for her niece's education. Her brother saw the change in her countenance—there was a faint resemblance to Sibilla when the Abbess smiled like this—and heard the new inflection in her voice with much relief. His brows relaxed.

"She will go to the court, or, better still, abroad. You are right, Sigar, for once in your life. 'Twould be too sudden a change to coop her up here. She must travel. Now don't contradict me! Don't argue the point! I say she must travel; and travel she shall."

"But, Matilda, Sibilla cannot travel abroad alone!"

"And who said she should travel alone? Certainly not I."

"I cannot take her."

"I should hope not, indeed! That would be a pretty way out of the difficulty."

"And you—"

"I stay where I am; but Sibilla—Sibilla shall go afaring in the train of some great lady. I shall find the one to take her. She shall see the world. She shall learn—"

"She won't go."

"You madden me, Sigar! She will go. Trust a girl to miss such a chance!"

"You are wrong, Matilda. You are wrong."

"I have made up my mind," the Lady Abbess asserted blandly, her lips coming together with a snap. "She shall do as she is told!"

Vipont shrugged his shoulders. "Very well then, Matilda," he said, "manage it if you can; but you will soon find that you are mistaken."

"Send the child to me," commanded the Abbess, "and I shall talk to her."

"I shall bring her with me when next I ride to Exeter."

"Good! It is all arranged. Blessed Saints! Will the girl dare to refuse me? I should think not indeed!"

Notwithstanding which protestation on the part of the Lady Abbess, the persuasion of Sibilla was no easy task; and nearer three years than two elapsed e're she was finally packed off on her travels in the train of the "great lady" whom her aunt had persuaded to chaperone her.

Her plans for Sibilla had put the Lady Abbess in a good temper. For the remainder of the interview she was in the best of humors with herself and with her brother. His brow cleared as they spoke together, and before long he looked quite a different man. The heavy lines that his habitual frown had drawn between his eyes and at the corners of his mouth were not indeed gone, but they were smoothed away to faint pencilings as he smiled. His eyes, too, lost their worried, brooding look, and sparkled frank and clear as he became more animated; for, if he feared the Lady Abbess and her sharp tongue, he loved his sister Matilda none the less. Seen thus, he was a handsome man, splendidly set up, noble in his bearing and gesture, utterly different from the overbearing, morose, and self-centered master of Moreleigh.

When at length he turned to go, the Abbess once more spoke of Sibilla.

"You will bring the child without fail, Sigar?" she asked.

"Without fail, Matilda; though I doubt me that you will be able to persuade her."

"Tut!" said the Abbess. "Leave that to me. Good-bye, Sigar! Keep your temper in hand and let us have no more talking of Vipont among the serfs and pot-boys. Blessed Saints! You were ever unruly. You need your sister to manage you! A good ride to you; and a speedy return—with Sibilla!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

While the untoward events recorded at the laboratory of Maitre Barthelemy were taking place, Arnoul had hurried back from the sinister neighborhood, keeping as far as was possible from the Château de Vauvert. He had passed through the gate of the University in time and without challenge, and had made his way to his own lodging.

Although he was overwrought by the events of the afternoon, and above all by the strange predictions and counsels of Maitre Barthelemy, which undoubtedly had a strong effect upon his mind, he was careful to see that his most gaudy dress was properly adjusted, his short cloak jauntily hung from the shoulders, his newest headgear set off to its best advantage, and his weapon carefully concealed, before he sallied forth again to keep his tryst with Jeannette at Messire Julien's tavern.

But once having entered the wine house, and found himself under the spell of the girl's bright eyes, he speedily forgot both vaticination and advice, and gave himself over entirely to the pleasure of the moment. It was a pleasure he had been looking forward to all the day. Now he had come to make an evening of it; and he intended to enjoy life while it lasted, careless of the vague stirrings of a conscience that even the alchemist's words had still been able to evoke.

And so the wine flowed. Wit, repartee, and jest were bantered about. The falling of the dice was as music in his ears, Jeannette's smile a thing to live for. The company was composed, for the most part, of the regular habitués of the place, with most of whom Arnoul had long been on the best of terms.

The hours sped on, measured out by the emptying of the wine cups and the falling of the dice. The warm blood of youth flowed, coursing, exhilarating. The tavern was becoming noisy. Jeannette's eyes sparkled, he thought, like twin stars as she leaned towards him. Her lips were as rose-red petals of June flowers. She toyed with a silver ornament hanging around her throat that shone, a flickering disc of light, upon her bosom. He had seen it before he remembered; but to-night it interested him as it had never done. What were those cabalistic signs scratched upon it—those scrawls and dashes and perforations? It was a type of Jeannette herself. He put out his hand to grasp it, but the girl drew away and, with a little shrug, hid it in her breast.

"No, my Englishman! You must not touch my talisman. Not to-night! You have seen it often before; and I can tell you no more about it now than I told you then. You would discover nothing of its meaning by looking at it."

"Let me have it," he begged. "Perhaps there is some sign, some cipher, we have overlooked. Do you remember nothing of its history?" He fumbled at her throat to get possession of the disc.

"Nothing other than I have told you. I have had it—and worn it, so, ever since I was a child—ever since I can remember. Let go, Arnoul! You disarrange my dress! Let the bauble be, since you cannot read its meaning! Let it be, for to-night at least."

They took no notice, either of them, of the others in the tavern. They might have been alone, for all the heed they paid to any save themselves. Some one spoke at his elbow: "How now, Maitre Englishman? Where is your crony, Maitre Louis, this evening?"

"You are not likely to see him here to-night. I left him without the wall at the Château de Vauvert." He gave the answer roughly, scarce turning his head; and the speaker, satisfied with it, though annoyed at the manner in which it was given, turned away with a muttered: "All right, Englishman! A civil answer costs no more than a rough one! You might at least be civil!"

Jeannette Blanches Mains leaned forward towards Arnoul. She whispered, a sort of terror in her voice: "Where did you say Louis was?"

"Behind the haunted Chateau," said Arnoul carelessly.

"And with—? With—? Whom is he with?"

"With, Jeannette? What do you mean? If you talk like that, I shall begin to be jealous of you! But, no; I cannot be jealous of poor Louis!"

"Louis! I hate him!" Jeannette showed her hatred in her face as well as spoke it.

"And Barthelemy—?"

"He is with Barthelemy then?"

"Yes; but what of that? You have not fallen in love with Barthelemy, have you?"

"No." The girl was shaking, manifestly ill at ease, and Arnoul wondered.

"What of Barthelemy?" he asked.

"I am afraid of him. He is so uncanny; and yet I am drawn to him somehow. I never feel safe when he is about. I don't know why; but it is true. And he seems to hold me with his eyes whenever I see him. I fear for Maitre Louis."

"Jeannette! Barthelemy is nothing to you, is he? You have never even spoken to him. Louis I might be jealous of, did I not know that you will have nothing to do with him. But Barthelemy—it is too absurd!"

"I dislike him, Arnoul. Yet I am strangely drawn to him. What it is I cannot tell. Oh! I fear him, Arnoul! I fear him!"

"There is nothing to fear, Jeannette. I will never let him so much as say a word to you, if you do not wish it. You need never fear! No one shall dare to frighten you while I am near to defend you. God's death! Do you think I would not challenge every clerk in the whole University for you, Jeannette?" His hand mechanically sought the concealed dagger; but, with a laugh, he withdrew it again. Then he caught her hands in his own and dropped his voice suddenly to a whisper, heedless of the nods, the smiles, the coarse comments of the others in the tavern. After all, if he took notice at all, what did the others matter? His life was his own and his doings. He would live for himself and now! And the girl's fear and animation held him in their thrall. He was intoxicated with the sparkle of her eyes, with the tear trembling on her cheek, beguiled by the sensuousness of her full red lips. All the hot flames of passion flared up, surrounding, bathing, engulfing, carrying him away. He was aghast at their very fierceness. Yet he drew closer and ever closer to her. The fumes of the wine had not so clouded his brain but that he saw the passion in her face and felt the answering pressure of her hands. The dice fell and rough voices sounded in the tavern; but his mind was in a whirl and he heard nothing save her whisper in his ear.

A low knock sounded upon the door. No one heard it. Then the hinges creaked as the door slowly opened and a voice, pregnant with forebodings, came from without:

"I seek Arnoul the Englishman. Is he within?"

Through the doorway, in the dark street, a glimpse of a white habit showed ghost-like. Silence fell like a pall upon the revellers. Jeannette grasped the lad's hands convulsively, apprehensive, fearful, and then let them drop. She had gone pale and trembled. Her great eyes stared out into the darkness.

Arnoul himself, flushed with the wine, rose unsteadily to his feet.

"I am he," he made answer; and he moved towards the door. "What wouldst thou with me?"

"Hence, then," spoke the vibrant voice. "All the long day and night have I sought thee through the streets of Paris. I have gone from our cloister to the Abbey of St. Victor, and thence, by devious ways and with much seeking, to thy lodging near St. Austin's Convent. There they told me that I might find thee here. Hither am I come; for there are tidings, urgent tidings, that brook no delay—tidings from thy home in Devon. I have come to seek and acquaint thee with them."

Like a wan ray of light, struggling through clouds, the words broke through upon the boy's brain. What was it—home—the voice had said? The thought lost itself among the others: Home, Barthelemy, Jeannette, Sibilla, Guy. He staggered unsteadily across the threshold into the dark night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BIRTH OF THE CONTROVERSIAL NOVEL.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.

> "When we leave out what we don't like, we can prove most things."
> —*Mark Pattison.*

"HOW cutting it is to be the means of bringing children into the world to be the subjects of the Kingdom of Darkness, to dwell with Divils and Damned Spirits."

In this temper of pardonable regret the mother of William Godwin wrote to her erring son; and while the maternal point of view deserves consideration (no parent could be expected to relish such a prospect), the letter is noteworthy as being one of the few written to Godwin, or about Godwin, which forces us to sympathize with the philosopher. The boy who was reproved for picking up the family cat on Sunday—"demeaning myself with such profaneness on the Lord's day"—was little likely to find his religion "all pure profit." His account of the books he read as a child, and of his precocious and unctuous piety, is probably over-emphasized for the sake of color; but the Evangelical literature of his day, whether designed for young people or for adults, was of a melancholy and discouraging character. The *Pious Deaths of Many Godly Children* (sad monitor of the Godwin nursery) appears to have been read off the face of the earth; but there have descended to us sundry volumes of a like character which even now stab us with pity for the little readers long since laid in their graves. The most frivolous occupation of the good boy in these old story books is searching the Bible, "with mamma's permission," for texts in which David "praises God for the weather." More serious-minded children weep floods of tears because they are "lost sinners." In a book of *Sermons for the Very Young*, published by the Vicar of Walthamstow in the beginning of the last century, we find the fall of Sodom and Gomorrah selected as an appropriate theme, and its lessons driven home with all the force of a direct personal application. "Think, little child, of the fearful story. The wrath of God is upon them. Do they now repent of their sins? It is all too late. Do they cry for mercy? There is none to hear them. . . . Your heart, little child, is full of sin. You think of what is not right, and then you wish it, and that is sin. . . . Ah, what shall sinners do when the last day comes upon them? What will they think when God shall punish them forever?"

Children brought up on these lines passed swiftly from one form of hysteria to another, from self-exaltation and the assurance of grace to fears which had no easement. There is nothing more terrible in literature than Borrow's account of the Welsh preacher who believed that when he was a child of seven he had committed the unpardonable sin, and whose whole life was shadowed by fear. At the same time that little William Godwin was composing beautiful death-bed speeches for the possible edification of his parents and neighbors, we find Mrs. Elizabeth Carter writing to the distinguished Mrs. Montagu about her own nephew, who realized, at seven years of age, how much he and all creatures stood in need of pardon; and who, being ill, pitifully entreated his father to pray that his sins might be forgiven. Commenting upon which incident, the reverent Montagu Pennington, who edited Mrs. Carter's letters, bids us remember that it reflects more credit on the parents who brought their child up with so just a sense of religion than it does on the poor infant himself. "Innocence," says the inflexible Mr. Stanley, in *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*, "can never be pleaded as a ground of acceptance, because the thing does not exist."

With the dawning of the nineteenth century came the controversial novel, and to understand its popularity we have but to glance at the books which preceded it, and compared to which it presented an animated and contentious aspect. One must needs have read *Elements of Morality* at ten, and *Strictures on Female Education* at fifteen, to be able to relish *Father Clement* at twenty. Sedate young women, whose lightest available literature was *Cœlebs* or *Hints Towards Forming the Character of a Princess*, and who had been presented on successive birthdays with Mrs. Chapone's *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*, and Mrs. West's *Letters to a Young Lady*, and Mrs. Hamilton's *Letters to the Daughter of a Nobleman*, found a natural relief in studying the dangers of dissent, or the secret machinations of the Jesuits. Many a dull hour was quickened into pleasurable apprehension of Jesuitical intrigues, from the days when Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, stoutly refused to take cinchona—a form of quinine—because it was then known as Jesuit's bark, and might be trusted to poison a British constitution, to the days when Sir William Pepys wrote in all seriousness to Hannah More: "You surprise me by saying that your good Archbishop has been in danger from the Jesuits; but I believe they are concealed in places where they are less likely to be found than in Ireland."

Just what they were going to do to the good Archbishop does not appear, for Sir William at this point abruptly abandons the prelate to tell the story of a Norwich butcher, who for some mysterious and unexplained reason was hiding from the inquisitors of Lisbon. No dignitary was too high, no orphan child too low to be the objects of a Popish plot. Mrs. Carter writes to Mrs. Montagu, in 1775, about a little foundling whom Mrs. Chapone had placed at service with some country neighbors.

"She behaves very prettily and with great affection to the people with whom she is living," says Mrs. Carter. "One of the reasons she assigns for her fondness is that they give her enough food, which she represents as a deficient article in the workhouse; and says that on Fridays particularly she never had any dinner. *Surely the parish officers have not made a Papist the mistress!* If this is not the case, the loss of one dinner in a week is of no great consequence."

To the poor hungry child it was probably of much greater consequence than the theological bias of the matron. Nor does a dinnerless Friday appear the surest way to win youthful converts to the fold. But devout ladies who had read Canon Seward's celebrated tract on the *Comparison between Paganism and Popery* (in which he found little to choose between them), were well on their guard against the insidious advances of Rome. "When I had no religion at all," confesses Cowper to Lady Hasketh, "I had yet a terrible dread of the Pope." The worst to be apprehended from Methodists was their lamentable tendency to enthusiasm, and their ill-advised meddling with the poor. It is true that a farmer of Cheddar told Miss Patty More that a Methodist minister had once preached under his best apple tree, and that the sensitive tree had never borne another apple; but this was an extreme case. The Cheddar vestry resolved to protect their orchards from blight by stoning the next preacher who invaded the parish, and their example was followed with more or less fervor throughout England. In a quiet letter written from Margate (1768), by the Rev. John Lyon, we find this casual allusion to the process.

"We had a Methodist preacher hold forth last night. I came home just as he had finished. I believe the poor man fared badly, for I saw, as I passed, eggs, stones, etc., fly pretty thick."

It was all in the day's work. The Rev. Lyon, who was a scholar and an antiquarian, and who wrote an exhaustive history of Dover, had no further interest in matters obviously aloof from his consideration.

This simple and robust treatment, so quieting to the nerves of the practitioners, was unserviceable for Papists who did not preach in the open; and a great deal of suppressed irritation found no better outlet than print. It appears to have been a difficult matter in these days to write upon any subject, without reverting sooner or later to the misdeeds of Rome. Miss Seward pauses in her praise of Blair's sermons to lament the "boastful egotism" of St. Gregory Nazianzen, who seems tolerably remote; and Mr. John Dyer, when wrapped in peaceful contemplation of the British wool-market, suddenly and fervently denounces the "black clouds" of bigotry, and the "fiery bolts of superstition," which lay desolate "Papal realms." In vain Mr. Edgeworth, stooping from his high estate, counselled serenity of mind, and that calm tolerance born of a god-like certitude; in vain he urged the benignant attitude of infallibility. "The absurdities of Popery are so manifest," he wrote, "that to be hated they need but to be seen. But for the peace and prosperity of this country, the misguided Catholic should not be rendered odious; he should rather be pointed out as an object of compassion. His ignorance should not be imputed to him as a crime; nor should it be presupposed that his life cannot be right, whose tenets are erroneous. Thank God that I am a Protestant! should be a mental thanksgiving, not a public taunt."

Mr. Edgeworth was nearly seventy when the famous *Protestant's Manual; or, Papacy Unveiled* (endeared forever to our hearts by its association with Mrs. Varden and Miggs), bowled over these pleasant and peaceful arguments. There was no mawkish charity about the *Manual*, which made its way into every corner of England, stood for twenty years on thousands of British book-shelves, and was given as a reward to children so unfortunate as to be meritorious. It sold for a shilling (nine shillings a dozen when purchased for distribution), so Mrs. Varden's two post-octavo volumes must have been a special edition. Reviewers recommended it earnestly to parents and teachers; and it was deemed indispensable to all who desired "to preserve the rising generation from the wiles of Papacy and the snares of priestcraft. They will be rendered sensible of the evils and probable consequences of Catholic emancipation; and be confirmed in those opinions, civil, political, and religious, which have hitherto constituted the happiness and formed the strength of their native country."

This was a strong appeal. A universal uneasiness prevailed, manifesting itself in hostility to innovations, however innocent and orthodox. Miss Hannah More's Sunday-Schools were stoutly opposed as savoring of Methodism (a religion she disliked), and of radicalism, for which she had all the natural horror of a well-to-do middle-class Christian. Even Mrs. West, an oppressively pious writer, misdoubted the influence of Sunday-Schools, for the simple reason that it was difficult to keep the lower orders from learning more than was good for them. "Hard toil and humble diligence are indispensably needful to the community," said this excellent lady. "Writing and accounts appear superfluous instructions in the humblest walks of life; and, when imparted to servants, have the general effect of making them ambitious and disgusted with the servile offices which they are required to perform."

Humility was a virtue consecrated to the poor, to the rural poor especially; and what with Methodism on the one hand, and the jarring echoes of the French Revolution on the other, the British ploughman was obviously growing less humble every day. Crabbe, who cherished no illusions, painted him in colors grim enough to fill the reader with despair; but Miss More entertained a feminine conviction that Bibles and flannel waistcoats fulfilled his earthly needs. She believed this of England's subjects, whether in Ceylon or Surrey. Her converted Ceylonese presents the Bible to his countrymen with these reassuring words:

"This is the boon which England sends,
It breaks the chains of sin;
Oh, blest exchange for fragrant groves:
Oh, barter most divine!"

("'Give me yer land, and I'll give ye th' Bible,' he says. 'A fair ixchange is no robbery,' he says.") In Miss More's stories and tracts the villagers are as artificial as the happy peasantry of an old-fashioned opera. They group themselves deferentially around the squire and the rector; they wear costumes of uncompromising rusticity; and they sing a chorus of praise to the kind young ladies who have brought them a bowl of soup. It is curious to turn from this atmosphere of abasement, from perpetual curtsies and the lowliest of lowly virtues, to the journal of the painter Haydon, who was a sincerely pious man, yet who cannot restrain his wonder and admiration at seeing the Duke of Wellington behave respectfully in church. That a person so august should stand when the congregation stood, and kneel when the congregation knelt, seemed to Haydon an immense condescension. "Here was the greatest hero in the world," he writes ecstatically, "who had conquered the greatest genius, prostrating his heart and being before his God in his venerable age, and praying for His mercy."

It is the most naïve impression on record. That the Duke and the Duke's scullion might perchance stand equidistant from the Almighty was an idea which failed to present itself to Haydon's ardent mind.

The pious fiction put forward in the interest of dissent was more impressive, more emotional, more belligerent, and, in some odd way, more human than *Cœlebs*, or *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.* Miss Grace Kennedy's stories are as absurd as Miss More's, and—though the thing may sound incredible—much duller, but they give one an impression of painful earnestness, and of that heavy atmosphere engendered by too close a contemplation of Hell. A pious Christian lady, with local standards, a narrow intelligence, and a comprehensive ignorance of life, is not by election a novelist. Neither do polemics lend themselves with elasticity to the changing demands of fiction. There are, in fact, few things less calculated to instruct the intellect or to enlarge the heart than the perusal of controversial novels.

But Miss Kennedy had at least the striking quality of temerity. She was not afraid of being ridiculous. She was undaunted in her ignorance. And she was on fire with all the bitter ardor of the separatist. Miss More, on the contrary, entertained a judicial mistrust for fervor, fanaticism, the rush of ardent hopes and fears and transports, for all those vehement emotions which are apt to be disconcerting to ladies of settled views and incomes. Her model Christian, Candidus, "avoids enthusiasm as naturally as a wise man avoids folly, or as a sober man shuns extravagance. He laments when he encounters a real enthusiast, because he knows that, even if honest, he is pernicious." In the same guarded spirit, Mrs. Montagu praises the benevolence of Lady Bab Montagu and Mrs. Scott, who had the village girls taught plain sewing and the catechism. "These good works are often performed by the Methodist ladies in the heat of enthusiasm; but, thank God! my sister's is a calm and rational piety." "Surtout point de zèle," was the dignified motto of the day.

There is none of this chill sobriety about Miss Kennedy's Bible Christians who, a hundred years ago, preached to a listening world. They are aflame with a zeal which knows no doubts and recognizes no forbearance. Their methods are akin to those of the irrepressible Miss J——, who undertook, Bible in hand, the conversion of that pious gentleman, the Duke of Wellington; or of Miss Lewis who went to Constantinople to convert the Sultan. Miss Kennedy's heroes and heroines stand ready to convert the world. They would delight in expounding the Scriptures to the Pope and the Patriarch of Constantinople. Controversy affords their only conversation. Dogma of the most unrelenting kind is their only food for thought. Piety provides their only avenue for emotions. Elderly bankers weep profusely over their beloved pastor's eloquence, and fashionable ladies melt into tears at the inspiring sight of a village Sunday-School. Young gentlemen, when off on a holiday, take with them "no companion but a Bible"; and the lowest reach of worldliness is laid bare when an unconverted mother asks her daughter if she can sing something more cheerful than a hymn. Conformity to the Church of England is denounced with unsparing warmth; and the Church of Rome is honored by having a whole novel, the once famous *Father Clement*, devoted to its permanent downfall.

Dr. Greenhill, who has written a sympathetic notice of Miss Kennedy in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, considers that *Father Clement* was composed "with an evident wish to state fairly the doctrines and practices of the Roman Catholic Church, even while the authoress strongly disapproves of them"—a point of view which compels us to believe that the biographer spared himself (and who shall blame him?) the reading of this melancholy tale. That George Eliot, who spared herself nothing, was well acquainted with its context is evidenced by the conversation of the ladies who, in *Janet's Repentance*, meet to cover and label the books of the Paddiford Lending Library. Miss Pratt, the autocrat of the circle, observes that the story of *Father Clement* is, in itself, a library on the errors of Romanism, whereupon old Mrs. Linnet very sensibly replies: "One 'ud think there didn't want much to drive people away from a religion as makes 'em walk barefoot over stone floors, like that girl in *Father Clement*, sending the blood up to the head frightful. Anybody might see that was an unnat'ral creed."

So they might; and a more unnatural creed than Father Clement's Catholicism was never devised for the extinction of man's flickering reason. Only the mental debility of the Clarenham family can account for their holding such views long enough to admit of their being converted from them by the Montagus. Only the militant spirit of the Clarenham chaplain and the Montagu chaplain makes possible several hundred pages of polemics. Montagu bibles run the blockade, are discovered in the hands of truth-seeking Clarenhams, and are hurled back upon the spiritual assailants. The determination of Father Dennis that the Scriptures shall be quoted in Latin only (a practice which is scholarly but inconvenient), and the determination of Edward Montagu "not to speak Latin in the presence of ladies," embarass social intercourse. Catherine Clarenham, the young person who walks barefooted over stone floors, has been so blighted by this pious exercise that she cannot, at twenty, translate the Pater Noster or Ave Maria into English, and remains a melancholy illustration of Latinity. Indeed all the Clarenhams are ignorant even of their own superstitions, which we might expect their chaplains to have taught them, were it not that these reverend gentlemen (Jesuits to a man) seem never to have studied the catechism. Their knowledge of their priestly functions is distressingly vague, and they are unaware that five o'clock in the afternoon is not a customary hour to communicate.

Any little deficiencies in theology, any little ignorance of canon law, are more than atoned for, however, by depths of Jesuitical intrigue. When young Basil Clarenham shows symptoms of yielding to Montagu arguments, and begins to want a Bible of his own, he is spirited away to Rome, and confined in a monastery of the Inquisition, where he spends his time reading "books forbidden by the Inquisitors," and especially "a New Testment with the prohibitory mark of the Holy Office upon it," which the weak-minded monks have amiably placed at his disposal. Indeed the monastery library to which the captive is made kindly welcome, seems to have been well stocked with interdicted literature; and, after browsing in these pastures for several tranquil months, Basil tells his astonished hosts how their books have taught him that "the Romish Church is the most corrupt of all churches professing Christianity. Having accomplished this unexpected but happy result, the Inquisition exacts from him a solemn vow that he will never reveal its secrets, and sends him back to England, where he loses no time in becoming an excellent Protestant. His sister Maria follows his example (her virtues have pointed steadfastly to this conclusion); but Catherine enters a convent, full of stone floors and idolatrous images, where she becomes a "tool" of the Jesuits, and says her prayers in Latin until she dies.

No wonder *Father Clement* went through twelve editions, and made its authoress as famous in her day as the authoress of *Elsie Dinsmore* is in ours. No wonder the Paddiford Lending Library revered its sterling worth. And no wonder it provoked from Catholics reprisals which Dr. Greenhill stigmatizes as "flippant." To-day it lives by virtue of half a dozen mocking lines in George Eliot's least-read story; but for a hundred years its progeny has infested the earth—a crooked progeny, like Peer Gynt's, which can never be straightened into sincerity. A controversial novelist who should attempt to state his opponent's principles with candor, and to rebut them with fairness, would make scant progress. It is his part to set up the opposition arguments like nine-pins, and to bowl them over at short range with unconvincing ease. It is his privilege to give himself as many points as he likes in a game where he controls his antagonist's tactics. He may be very much in earnest, but his methods are dishonest; and his charity has been stretched to its utmost bounds when he blandly invites us to "compassionate" those whom he has deliberately made odious or idiotic.

I say "he," but in good truth it is generally "she." It is generally a woman who handles fearlessly themes of which she is profoundly ignorant, who censures most where she has least authority, and who thinks to do her Master's work "by scrambling up the steps of His judgment throne to divide it with Him."

JESUITISM AND THE LAW OF PRAYER.

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

IT has been observed more than once, by those who are not otherwise ungenerous in their appreciation of the undoubted services rendered by the Society of Jesus to the post-Tridentine Church, that our present widespread insensibility to what may be called the liturgical aspects of Catholicism is the unlovely product in great part of Jesuit ideas. The existence of the insensibility is not likely to be questioned. It is one of the admitted, if minor, scandals of the time. One does not need to be a profound ecclesiologist in order to recognize it; but if one's reading of the past is too perfunctory to enable one to pronounce upon its significance, either to the individual conscience or to the world at large, there are certain enactments made recently by Pius X. in reform of our admitted laxities in Church music; there is the grave tribunal known at Rome as the Congregation of Rites; and, if such evidence be accounted too technical, or, it may be, too remote from the purpose of our own parochial economies in worship to enable one to lay its lesson to heart, there is the abiding protest of our actual liturgical books.

It is in these last, in our Roman Vesperals, our Pontificals, our Breviaries, in our venerable and most wonderful Mass Book, that the least pragmatical will obtain glimpses of certain well-nigh forgotten obediences of the orthodox soul at prayer that once seemed too sacrosanct in their origin, too ecumenic in their development, too humanly Catholic in their healthy balance of symbolism and spirituality ever to have been permitted to fall into disuse. And yet, between the Church of the pre-Reformation period and the Church of our own day, not only has a change of practice intervened in this grave matter, but a change in psychological tendency as well. Not a little of the change can be explained as the outcome of a more critical experience on the part of the Church's pastorate of the deeper and more tragic contrariousness of the heart of man. Moods, no less than modes, have altered. As is often verified in the case of one whose character has deepened without hardening under the stress of failure or sorrow, the honest student feels that the same spiritual fibre is there, the same persistent ego and personality, the same ineluctable prepossessions about God, and the ordinances which Christ has devised for the individual soul; but none the less much has been transformed.

The Church of the fifth century is psychologically not more removed from the Church of the fifteenth than is the Church of Caraffa's day—the reformer Pontiff who first accurately gauged the extremer tendencies latent in the Ignatian ideal—from the busy argumentative, school-building, "mission-giving" Church of the present time. While the contrast may be detected in a hundred breathless activities to which the earlier epoch was a stranger, it is in the liturgy, as it has survived in theory, while being confusingly altered in practice, that one may best appreciate some of the more spiritual consequences involved in the transition. There are few things, of course, upon which the reflective mind will be less prone to dogmatize than upon a problem like this.

The questions involved in it are too far-reaching, too many-sided, and, let us add, too delicate likewise, to enable any single scholar, however widely informed his readings in ecclesiology may have made him, to take in all its bearings at a glance. But if the trained expert is bound from the nature of the case to cultivate an attitude of caution, what shall be said of the untrained, yet not necessarily unread, apologist in the street? He, too, we imagine, would do well to maintain a policy of discreet aloofness in such bewildering encounters, and leave views and generalizations to the theological wits who are able to enforce them. No prejudices are safe where historic theories are involved, save those that are derived from the Holy Ghost.

It may be admitted, then, that a more dispassionate survey of the data actually available will possibly tend to shift the blame from Jesuit shoulders to more impersonal factors in the complex problem. Many things have happened since that memorable juncture in the fortunes of the youthful Order when Paul the Fourth sent Cardinal Pacheco to Lainez and his disaffected companions to urge upon them the necessity of making the public recitation of the Breviary binding in the Jesuit Rule.

The anti-liturgical instinct displayed by Lainez on that occasion soon passed into a tradition which no amount of after-pressure could modify; and the drift of popular Catholicism during the next two centuries only served to emphasize the significance of it as an initial breach with the historic past. Not for the merit of their services only to the cause of Christian education, but for the indefatigable resourcefulness with which they strove to keep alive the piety of the towns-folk through southern and central Europe, were the Jesuits everywhere recognized as leaders. Not being charged with the cure of souls in the old canonical sense, it became a kind of necessity with them to create in the minds of those to whom they ministered a craving for the supranormal in their religion which should yet be decent and loyal and true. A policy of that sort, it need scarcely be said, could hardly help blunting the sensibilities of men to the older and more leisurely forms of prayer; and when one takes into account the other forces at play during the period under review, one can see how inevitable it was that the change, which the great liturgiologists of the present generation are doing their utmost to counteract, should prove as portentous as it is now seen to be.

Yet in all this the Jesuits were but obeying an instinct which will be admitted on reflection, we think, to be both orthodox and wise. They established themselves in what they believed would turn out to be important centres of city life. Their churches were roomy and modern looking, built rather for preaching and hearing confessions than for the statelier functions of the liturgical year. A school of architects, recruited in some instances from their own very versatile ranks, sprang up to aid them in carrying out their ideas. The churches thus erected, collegiate for the most part, as they were, soon engendered a style that reflected the questionable taste of the day. The Jesuits were dangerously "popular," in a word. The note of their instructions was "popular" likewise. Their orators were facile in discourse, moderate and seldom grandiose in tone, familiar yet dignified in manner, and always actual in the treatment of their theme. The easy devotions which they encouraged had the supreme advantage of being "understanded of the people"; with the saving difference that the "people" in this instance meant the middle and upper classes. If the form of Scripture was allowed to disappear in these provisions for the more general heart of Catholicism, the substance of Scripture, at least, was retained, and retained, too, in its most central and efficient sense. Europe was taught to hold hard by the doctrine of the Mass. No Order, however revolutionary, could afford to forget that; and it is to the credit of the great Society, that, so far from even seeming to forget it, its members thrust it prominently into the foreground, making frequent Communion and practical devotion to the Blessed Eucharist the be-all and end-all of a Christian life. Not all orthodox men could have an hourly interest in Christ's Vicar, but there was no one who could not live in constant relationship to the great mystery of Christ's Presence on the Altar and the overflowing mercies of His now daily Mass. For whatever other achievements their partisans may praise them, this one alone reveals their worth; as it also reveals the sometimes neglected secret of their own and the Church's strength.

With the history of the Society as a whole, and the tortuous policies associated with its name, we have no concern here. Its members may have pursued devious ways; they may have scandalized Protestant Europe by a most perverse and uncompromising allegiance to certain questionable theories of morality; their *esprit de corps* may have degenerated into partisanship; their devotion to the Papal claims may have been vitiated all unwittingly by the controversial bias, the narrowness, the sectarianism of the Pharisee. All this may be admitted for the sake of argument, even while we are perfectly aware that a more reasonable, perhaps a more human, interpretation of the facts is possible, a more scientific reconstruction of the *disjecta membra* of their story. One may even go further, and allow—again for the sake of argument—that they have perceptibly lowered the prestige of the elder religious bodies of Latin Christianity; that they have acted as a drag-weight upon the proper initiative of the diocesan clergy; that they have been a secret vexation to the episcopate whose powers they have belittled by specious arguments in theology, and whose prerogatives they have nullified by quiet intrigue at Rome; that they have, all unconsciously, loved credit and influence and the friendship of the great as less disciplined orders have loved ease and material well-being; that they have endeavored, by undenoted yet mysteriously effective ways, to make themselves the hinge of St. Peter's world, a sort of new and black-robed cardinalate, in fine, and become, as Clement XIV. long ago said of them in the famous Brief which he issued for their suppression, a menace to the peace of the Church.

It is no paradox to maintain that much of this may be colorably true; and yet must this challengeable body not be too sweepingly condemned; because, as every commentator on their Institute, from Suarez and Orlandini to the author of the little *Catechism of the Vows*, will warn you, their actual ideals may turn out, upon analysis, to be identical with the ideals of the New Testament itself, while no serious departure from the spirit of their Rule has ever been juridically proved against them. Read in the light of these cautions their ambition takes on a certain character of evangelicalism; and their influence is of the sort that any society of good priests would be able ultimately to exercise that knew how to insist upon the substance, rather than the accidents of Catholicism, and that could distinguish between the soul and the body of its ordered system of prayer. It is in this wonderful sureness of intuition—call it mere cleverness or by the worse name of astuteness, if you will—in this clear and untroubled sense of the instant need of things, that the real secret of Jesuit success has ever lain. Their attitude towards the liturgy, therefore, so far from being a difficulty to be explained away, becomes rather a signal illustration of a two-fold law which the student may see at work in the public prayer of Christianity, as developed out of its half-Jewish, half-Gentile surroundings from the very beginning. It is the law of permanence, on the one hand, in all central and dogmatic meanings, and, on the other, a very human, yet slowly evolved self-adaptability to circumstance in things of lesser moment.

Like many another outward sign of present-day Catholicism, the Church's liturgy and the attitude of her own children towards it in the face of hostile criticism, have been much misunderstood. To the student of origins that liturgy largely exists as a most curious but valuable survival out of which he constructs a strange semi-apocalyptic "beast," which is neither wholly Christian nor wholly pagan, but which typifies, with more or less accuracy, the kind of Catholicity that was evolved from the jarring elements of the Roman Empire from the second to the sixth century of our era. The cruder and more popular expression of this view may be found in Gibbon; the more speciously scientific presentment of the same may be consulted in writers as unrelated in subject-matter as are Mr. J. G. Frazer, the author of *The Golden Bough*, and Professor Percy Gardner in England, and Professors Harnack, Dobschütz, Wehrnle, and other exponents of the Ritschlian school in the Germany of our day.

Yet, in spite of all this, the liturgy will be found, after due investigation, to be an institution that reflects, in many unsuspected ways, the long life-story and the ultimate significance of gospel Christianity itself. Existing in its most meagre form as a mystical and many-voiced body of literature and ritual coming down to us by well-ascertained stages out of a very remote past, it has this unique quality above all other monuments of religious antiquity, that it arrests the most various and opposite types of men. Poet, historian, antiquarian, ecclesiologist—each alike is interested in its flowing testimony; and no sincerely Christian inquirer, whatever his confessional antecedents may be, can be wholly insensible to the potency of its spell. Grave and musical as the phrases of the old *Versio Itala* in which it enwraps its transcendent meanings, mysterious as the rites to which it never fails to adapt the inevitable word, it may be described as a stately synthesis of sacramentalisms, the rounded and ceremonious obedience of a vast apostolic brotherhood or army of souls made perfect, because they have been careful to remember the evangelical injunction, *thus shall ye pray!*

The bare archæology of such a subject is full of interest, not for the student only, but for the general reader as well. One has but to consult the works that the Church of the present time owes to the industry of that remarkable group of scholars represented by M. Vacandard, Mgr. Batiffol, and the Abbé Chevalier in France, Mgr. Duchesne in Rome, and, most of all, by Abbot Cabrol and his Benedictine collaborators in the exiled community now happily established at Farnborough in the Isle of Wight, to realize how serious and how single-minded is the movement which may be said to have begun anew in our own day, and which seems deliberately to aim at recalling to the collective consciousness of Catholicism the beauty and spiritual significance of much that the griefs of the post-Reformation period and the graver anxieties of the long Napoleonic crisis compelled the Church to forego. Yet it is not precisely to the liturgy as viewed from the scholar's standpoint that we would appeal in support of our contention that in the law of prayer one may expect to find fresh and present evidence of the truth of Catholicism considered evangelically as *The Way*. To be of any value the argument ought to proceed contrariwise. It ought to show that it is in what Catholicism has retained, not in what it has suffered to fall into abeyance, that its essentially evangelical character, its true and Christ-like pragmatism, in a word, appears.

And this, surely, it ought not to be difficult to do. There are three enjoined obediences in his creed with regard to which even the twentieth century Catholic feels that he must hazard his all. They are his Baptism, his use of sacramental Penance, and his feeling for the Sunday Eucharist. If, when death knocks sharply at the door of life, he seems to betray an equally grave concern for the Sacrament of the Last Anointing, that fact will not really weaken the point of the argument. The least instructed layman knows that if he must choose between an Unction and an Absolution, he ought, if he be in grievous sin, to seek the Absolution first. It is in the three sacraments we have instanced, therefore, that Catholicism appears most persuasively to reveal, not merely the outward and historic significance of the liturgy, but its inward character and ethos as well. The liturgy, in so far as it is distinguishable from the Mysteries at least, may, indeed, be looked upon as an aftergrowth; but in its more sacred aspects it has always been regarded as ancillary to these, and derives the chief burden of its message from these, almost as the body, in the Aristotelian concept of corporeity, exists for and finds its meaning, or true "entelechy," in the soul.

And what is true of the liturgy is truer still, and in a much more recondite sense, of the Sacraments or Mysteries in their own order. They have never existed for themselves; have never been an end in themselves; but have served always as instruments, or *Ways, for the soul in its progress through Christ to the Father. Sacramenta propter homines!* The clue to all the liturgical variations to which antiquity bears such ample witness really lies in that sensible and supremely Catholic phrase. It links the apparent antinomies of our earlier past with those more familiar modifications to which we alluded in our introductory remarks as constituting one of the minor scandals of the time. No doubt there is a sense also, in spite of the fact that there has never been a proverb in current use to lend it point, in which it is hardly less true to say: *Sacramenta propter ecclesiam.* Baptism is certainly not administered for the sake of the recipient alone, but for the sake of the Church also, which must be built up through such ordinances *unto the full measure of the stature of Christ.* Nor, again, is the admission of the individual believer to the privilege of Holy Communion a matter beside the concern of the faithful at large, seeing that *we all, being many, are one Bread, all we that partake of that Bread.*

It is possible, of course, to lend a false emphasis to an idea of this kind, and so to work confusion and disedification. Some such misconception, indeed, would seem to have lurked behind the rigorisms of the earlier Frankish and Irish Penitentials,* against which, as being essentially uncanonical in character and origin, the humaner Churchmen † of the ninth century were compelled to protest in vigorous terms; just as a parallel notion, derived in part, no doubt, from an analogously perverted reading of antiquity, lent color a thousand years later to the unlovely pretensions of Jansenism.

Both sides, however, if wisely counterweighed, will help the sincere inquirer to understand the curious fortunes that have befallen the liturgy of Baptism. The simplest and most elementary of rites, as it is depicted for us in the Book of the Acts, it becomes, within the next three centuries, not only in Palestine and in Egypt, but in Rome itself, and throughout the most matter-of-fact portions of the Western Empire, an elaborate and exceedingly complex obedience, or cult, a series of ceremonialisms giving meaning and substance and liturgical content to the most important divisions of the Christian year. If concern for the proper training of the adult candidate for Baptism did not inspire our present season of Lent, it furnished, at any rate, some of its most striking characteristics. How profoundly spiritual these characteristics are, how pragmatical, how obediential, a glance at the Lenten Masses of the Roman

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* *v. g.* The *Pœnitentiale Columbani*, the work of St. Columbanus. It is discussed with much learning by Wasserschleben in *Die Bussordnungen der Abendländischen Kirche*, Halle, 1851; and is perhaps not the least interesting of its class.

† The Council of Châlons, A. D. 813, c. 38, insists that Scripture and earlier ecclesiastical tradition must furnish the norm in these matters. Modus enim pœnitentiæ peccata sua confitentibus aut per antiquorum institutionem, aut per sanctarum scripturarum auctoritatem, aut per ecclesiasticam consuetudinem imponi debet, *repudiatis ac penitus eliminatis libellis quos pœnitentiales vocant quorum sunt certi errores, incerti auctores.* Quoted by Smith and Cheetham *in loc.*

Missal will reveal. Outside of the *Canon*, which has a history of its own, they constitute one of the oldest, as they are also one of the richest and most stimulating portions of the greatest prayer book that Christianity has known; and if we would measure their spiritual compass and capacity for triumph, we must reckon, if we can, the ethical distance that lies between the ruder religious notions peculiar to the semi-pagan populations of sixth-century Europe and the ideals that gave character to the Middle Age. The various scattered conceptions of a pre-paschal obedience, which gradually chrystallized into our present Lenten discipline, played no small part in that tremendous change; and if they are still retained in the Roman liturgy, surely we may believe that it is because they are intended to speak further victories even for the modern soul. How long this quasi-primacy of Baptism lasted—for in reality it all but amounted to that—it would be difficult within precise limits to say. So long as there were adult candidates for initiation into Christianity in numbers sufficient to make a difference in the moral atmosphere of the time, we may be sure that these mysterious rites loomed large in the life of the Church. When the note of Catholicism became a plain geographical achievement instead of a divine tendency, when faith came in and pagan darkness went out, the transition—allowing always for the obvious inertia of an institution like the liturgy—would doubtless tend to make itself felt at first by reading a new and wider meaning into the elaborate ritual of former days, and then by a gradual curtailment of the less obvious words and ceremonies of the rite itself.

The process thus roughly indicated in historic outline covered, in all probability, a space of close upon a thousand years. Taking its rise in the already elaborate ceremonial for which Justin Martyr is so specific a witness,* it moves forward with an increasingly poetic preoccupation with the sacramental idea lying at the heart of all its mysterious ritual, until it reaches its apogee during the critical years that intervene between the close of the fourth century and the beginning of the fifth; a period as prolific in ethnic, as it certainly was in religious, change. With the disappearance of the Cathecumenate, however, the chief reason for its liturgical prominence was taken away. The old, orderly, civilized groups, for whom Cyril of Jerusalem labored in the East and Augustine wrote and preached in the West, the *audientes* and *competentes* whose hearts were searched and tested by organized instruction and austere delays, gave place to a new class of candidates when the fall of the Western Empire brought the rude barbarians of central and northern Europe under the sudden spell of the Church. The franchise of Latin Christianity was thus, indeed, mercifully widened; but the change naturally reacted upon a liturgy which was still intelligible enough and fluid enough in conception to be actual to all those who waited upon its dramatic intervals from celebration to celebration throughout the year. The reforms introduced by Pope Gregory the Great gave sureness as well as dignity to what survived out of a past to which, both as patrician and as Roman Pontiff, he could not but look back with a pathetic sense of loss. The unity aimed at two centuries later by Charlemagne, who strove to build up for Catholicism a purer, if not a statelier, world out of the very ruins over which Gregory had mourned, gave further, and perhaps more picturesque, definition to the fragmentary groups of exorcisms, unctions, and prayers that now remained, even though the immediate appositeness of many of them had disappeared.*

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* *Apol.* I. c. lxi. Edinburgh Edition.

Thus it came to pass that the soul of the rite lived on, weaving for itself, amid the changed conditions of the slow-coming modern world, those simpler but hardly less effective, externalisms familiar to the believer of to-day.† Yet who, that has ever watched with Catholic eyes even the most perfunctory performance of the now shrunken ceremony, will say that it has lost one jot or tittle of its really vital meaning? The initial challenge; the laying-on of hands; the exorcisms; the breathings; the symbolic renovation of the life of sense; the triple renunciation of Satan and all his works and pomps; the profession of faith; the re-affirmed will to be baptized in Christ; the guarantees, made vicariously or in one's own person, according to circumstance; the oil; the saving water; the chrism; the white garment; the proffered light; they are all there. They are not dead survivals; but integral portions of a living sign; and the feeling of the Catholic in this regard must be gauged, not by the brief quarter of an hour consumed in their application, nor by the perfunctory and sometimes graceless behavior of sponsor or of priest, but by the after-care with which the new creature thus born to God is kept by the Church's ministrations from assoilment at the hands of the world.

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* *Cf.* Alcuin's Letter to Odwin, *Epp.* 134 [261].

† *Cf. Les Origines Liturgiques.* Par Dom Fernand Cabrol. Paris, 1906. Pp. 167 and *seqq.*

As we have already pointed out in a previous paper in this series, it is the costly sensitiveness of the Catholic conscience with respect to that most actual, perhaps most imperious, of questions, the proper Christian education of the child, that furnishes the most illuminating commentary on the significance of infant baptism to every loyal follower of Jesus Christ in this as in every other challenging age. Baptism is thus the foundation and the fair beginning of all the subsequent obediences in the Christian life; and the liturgy in which the sound form of it has been safeguarded from the perversions of envious time is precious in our eyes as being charged with such rememberable tokens and vehicles of all that it entails. Nor is it precious only as the sentimentalist might prize it, but for the evidence it affords to the candid inquirer that, *ministering or being ministered to, we are still with Christ in the Way.*

How the same truth may be gathered from the apparently incoherent story that attaches to the liturgical development of Penance and the Eucharist we hope to show in the articles that follow.

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PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF AN ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN.

CHOSEN AND COPIED BY ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A.

PART I.

IT may be useful to preface the following Diary with a few preliminary remarks.

It would be incorrect to think that the doubts, which eventually led to my leaving the Church of England in 1901, presented themselves suddenly only a year or two before that step was taken. During the preceding five or six years, I had been steadily, though at first quite unconsciously, moving in a Catholic direction. Questions connected with the nature of authority in matters of faith; with the position of St. Peter in the New Testament, and of his successors in the history of the Church; and with the controversy concerning Anglican ordinations, had occupied my mind more or less continually for years. But, whenever doubts about Anglicanism arose in my mind, as they did from time to time in connection with these questions, there was always an Anglican friend or teacher at hand, ready with an apparently satisfactory explanation. So matters went on during the whole period of my Anglican ministry; and so they seemed likely to go on to the end.

Towards the close of the year 1899, however, various circumstances united to bring matters with me to a head. Some were purely personal and, to all appearances, were quite unconnected with the "Roman Question," although I can now see that they played their part in setting one free from some of the ties which bound one most strongly to Anglicanism.

Two things ought, perhaps, to be mentioned:

First: I had almost unconsciously been gaining a deeper and clearer conception of the Church as the Body of Christ, a spiritual organism acting with the authority of her Divine Head; and with this had come to me a more profound realization of the sacredness of Catholic truth, and the necessity, before all things, of believing the Catholic faith.

Secondly: The controversies, which began anew to agitate the Anglican world about the year 1897, and which have not even yet died away, forced upon my notice the real character of Anglicanism in a manner which could not be gainsaid.

The following extracts serve to illustrate the struggle to which these considerations gave rise. One circumstance, which caused the struggle to be longer and more painful than it need have been, cannot be alluded to in these pages, except vaguely in one or two passages, under the term of "personal influences."

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My doubts becoming still more pressing, I wrote to a prominent member of the English Church. He replied in a courteous and considerate manner at some length, in substance to the following effect. He reminded me of certain Anglican books by Bishops Forbes of Brechin and Hamilton of Salisbury, of *Tract Ninety* and *Eucharistic Adoration*, and bade me to consider, or re-consider, their position. He then added several points for me to estimate:

1. That the Reformers were (unlike our two Archbishops, who are not) theologians and knew the value of terms; and they always, in the great Reaction, stopped short of heresy.

2. That the Church of England was honest in her appeal to primitive antiquity, our fundamental position; and hence, we are justified in choosing a catholic interpretation for our formularies, when they are ambiguous.

3. Granted that much is unsatisfactory in the Church of England, is the confusion worse now than it was during the Great Schism of the West?

4. Assuming that things are as bad with us as may be possible, where are we to go? The East is beyond our reach; do we better ourselves with Rome? Proving Canterbury wrong goes but a short way to proving Rome right.

5. We do not get rid of corruptions by going to Rome—for instance, the refusal of the Eucharist to children is a late corruption.

For myself (he added), I feel that there are difficulties everywhere. Here, I can hold and teach what I believe to be the Catholic faith. What more do I want?

* * *

I also wrote to a sometime convert clergyman, now a priest, Father P——. He refrained from coming to see me, as he did "not wish to be indiscreet." He adds: I would just make one remark; when you feel practically convinced, do not hold back, as if waiting for a speculative completeness in the proofs, for a perfect answer to every objection, such as can never be found outside pure mathematics. One reads oneself into an unreal state of mind, in which things lose their proportion. After one becomes a Catholic, many an imaginary difficulty disappears, or retires into its proper place.

* * *

The following is a letter from Canon M——, to whom I had written:

I have received your touching letter, and have read it with the deepest interest. I see that God is prolonging your agonies of waiting and of mental conflict, adding this new element of distress from the side of relationship, in the natural order. Few of those who have had to break through their strongest ties of affection, can have had more to go through than yourself. May He who sends these trials enable you to bear them. Certainly He will give the corresponding grace, for He only desires to give you the glory of struggling for Him.

You favor me greatly, in telling me of your intention to make a profound reconsideration of your religious position. Such an examination must evidently be obligatory on all who are not in the One Fold which our Lord constituted; although the majority of those who belong to the ninety-nine unsound systems, which surround the one true system, do not come to realize their obligation.

The best friends you can go to are the Jesuits. Any priest, indeed, will be able to give you important information on exact points of Catholic belief. But there are few priests in England, and so many faithful souls taking their time, that you might be disappointed elsewhere.

I think you said that you had St. Francis de Sales' work on controversy. Therein the saint treats all the great questions which divide the different churches; the nature and marks and authority of the One Church of Christ; the eight Voices of the Church, etc. It seems to me that such an examination as you propose must concern itself rather with *great lines* on its positive side; that it must only go into details here and there, by way of answering objections. Even details must be reduced at once to great principles. The Church is an enormous and complex organization. It speaks slowly; seems to let abuses run on, as Almighty God certainly does. The Council of Trent, for instance, was the grand vindication of Catholic truth after the great Rebellion of 1520–1540. But the evils against which it was reacting go back two centuries earlier. So the consequences of its action took a hundred years to develop.

All this reminds me of one of our greatest arguments for Catholicism—our saints. There is our ideal. On that we humble ourselves for the awful imperfections which we have not the courage to root out in ourselves. The Established Church of England, on the average, has no notion of sanctity. One man is as good as another. I know well that you do not think this. But you, and the like of you, are in the Established Church, without being of it.

* * *

An Anglican clerical friend also wrote to me, in terms which I have greatly abbreviated:

The rapidity (he says) of your last moves toward Rome, has been a shock to me; but they must have been still more severe to yourself. I cling to the hope that the prayer you express on my behalf may fall in double measure on yourself, and keep you in the church of your birth. Whatever others may say or think of your action, I am convinced of the honesty of it; though, if it leads you to forswear your own past life, I cannot but grieve sincerely, and should think you terribly mistaken.

Already there are rumors of some of our bishops refusing to be led by any Anglican papacy; and three (well-known) bishops will have none of the recent Archiepiscopal "Opinions." This, at any rate, is hopeful.

You say that you are going to study the question. Study it, then, not so much in books, as in the lives of such men as (four Anglican clergymen since deceased), who were catholic to the core; and who fought and toiled, and into whose heritage we have entered. Shall we refuse to do the same for those who come after us?

Can we expect, in our short lifetime, to undo the work of centuries? Can we, do we, desire that God's chastening hand shall be entirely removed from us, and that no blot shall still remain upon our beloved branch of the church? . . . Do not shut your eyes to those eternal blessings which you have enjoyed in the Church of England.

* * *

Not long afterwards I resigned my curacy, but remained in the town until the close of the month, in order: 1. To be as near as possible to a friend who was dying; and 2. To be able to explain to the bishop the reason of my resignation. Towards the end of the month I spent a few days in B——. On the Sunday I felt much perplexed where I should worship. I found that there was an eight o'clock celebration at St. ——'s, and I went there. It was some years since I had been at such a service. Worship was impossible to me. Only by a violent act of faith could one bring oneself to believe what the service was. The English Communion Service, when enveloped and confused in Catholic ritual, may look like the Mass; but, when rendered as one believes the Reformers intended it to be said, one sees that it is an "institution" or a "communion," and nothing more. I could use none of my accustomed Eucharistic devotions, and did not venture on a "thanksgiving" after my communion, for I could not tell what I had received. Six people were present. On my way home, I turned into St. Patrick's Catholic Church and lit a candle and said some prayers, feeling much more at home than in St. ——'s. The church was well filled, and crowds were receiving Holy Communion.

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My birthday—rather a sad one. Father P—— was to preach next day at St. ——'s; so, early in the forenoon, I went round to the presbytery to leave a note for him. I met a priest at the west end of the church, who said that the father had already arrived, and was at that moment in the house. He took me in. When I gave him my name, the priest became all at once intelligent, and asked if I had "been already received into the Church." I replied "not yet"; but that I had come to talk to Father P—— about it. I was nearly two hours in conference with the father. He approved of the way in which I had approached the great question: 1st. The discovery of the untenability of regarding the English Church as catholic, or safe; and 2d. The investigation of distinctively Roman claims. It is rather disappointing to me to find how few doubts one has to discuss. It was a very interesting talk, and I came away much happier. To feel that one has a friend on the other side, makes the voyage across less terrible.

* * *

Three days later I had another interesting talk with the same father. He makes my own position clearer to me. I feel I am now at a point which leaves nothing more to be said. I know well enough what an Anglican would say, and what a Catholic would say. I know that the responsibility of deciding rests with myself alone. My mind is practically made up. My experiences at my last two communions show me better than anything else how I stand.

* * *

In the same week I had my interview with the bishop. I was shown into his study. Towards myself he was most kind and sympathetic, stroked my knee and purred over me, quoted Scripture and proposed to engage in prayer. He advised me to see Canon ——, in Oxford, not to be rash (they all say that), to be anxious after truth (who could be otherwise, if honest), to be sure I had it, and not merely what I thought was the truth.

* * *

The last remark, however, encouraged me, though not in the way the bishop intended; for it has been the truth I have been searching for all the time. So long as I believed that I had truth in the Anglican Church, I tried to be a faithful member of that communion; but my search for truth showed me that the truth has been in my own mind and not in the church. Who is to tell me what is truth? Nearly every one in the Anglican Church has a different idea of what the truth is; all is conflicting and uncertain. I can get no clear answer from them. Rome, on the other hand, does give a clear answer, and puts before me a definite, systematized body of doctrine. I can, with ordinary patience, discover what she believes and teaches. I may accept it, or reject it; but, at any rate, I can know what I am accepting or rejecting; whereas, one might study all one's life long and never arrive at the knowledge of what the Anglican Church believes and teaches. Hence, the probability is in favor of Rome. If it is necessary that we must have the truth, there must be some earthly teacher inspired to show it to us. The Roman Church claims to be this. The evidence she produces in support of her claim is sufficiently strong to support a matter of faith. No rival disputes her claim—except, indeed, individual private judgment. Therefore, believing in the providential ordering of things, I feel justified in making my submission to the Catholic Church.

* * *

Read Newman's *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, without in the least understanding its main drift, though not without edification on many collateral points of controversy. I also read *Inquiry into the Principles of Church Authority; or, Reasons for Recalling My Subscription to the Royal Supremacy*, 1854, by Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce, which I fairly mastered.

* * *

Went over to have a talk with ——. He was most kind and sympathetic, though, he said, he had never had any similar difficulties in his own religious life. He would not be able, I feel, to help me further than by his sympathy and kindness; for, like so many Anglicans, he has never really grasped the catholic conception of the Church.

* * *

To-day I came across a book by Mr. Mallock, a treatise on the present state of Anglicanism, *Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption*. It echoed my ideas: "Rome, or Nothing." I spent hours, both forenoon and afternoon, over the book, of which I had never heard, but took up accidentally. It appealed to me, and seemed the expression of my own sentiments. I made many quotations—almost an analysis of the whole work. On my way home I called on a friend, and he gave me Mr. (now Bishop) Gore's "Answer," as he called it, to Mr. Mallock's book, published in the *Pilot*, May 12, 1900.

* * *

I feel that Mr. Gore's views, as to the process one must go through in search of religious truth, omit altogether the Catholic Church as a living authority. If all that our Lord intended to do by His foundation of the Church was to leave men in the position described in the article, I feel that He came in vain; or, at the most, that He founded a religion for University professors and such like persons, but one far beyond the reach of the poor and uneducated. Honors at Oxford or Cambridge would be an indispensable requirement for admission into such a Church, and for attaining the knowledge of even elementary religious truth.

I feel, too, that Mr. Gore has a religion of his own. This he has carefully thought out to his own satisfaction, and adjusted with much care to what he thinks are the needs of the age, the English temperament, the spirit of the time, etc. But it is Gore's religion, not the Catholic faith. If there be any authority in it, it is that of the author only. He has been described to me as a "prophet." Could I take him to be an infallible oracle, I might then take my religion from him, as many do; but, if I am to believe *that* of any one, I prefer to believe it of St. Peter's successor.

* * *

My friend took advantage of this opportunity to give me a homily on the method of attaining to truth in religious matters, on the lines of the article in the *Pilot* by Mr. Gore. But I objected that Gore's severely intellectual process was such as to put the knowledge of truth beyond the reach of the poor and ignorant. He replied that the poor were "wonderfully helped" to see the force of truth, for instance, Eucharistic teaching, or the catholicity of the English Church. I said that I had not found this to be the case. This reduced my friend to saying that "some poor," at any rate, were brought to believe in these things—an undeniable proposition. He admitted, however, when pressed, that private judgment was at the basis of things in the English Church.

My friend seems to have become more and more a disciple of Gore's, and to endeavor in all things to submit to Gore's teaching. The latter is the pope of the new party, and a reference to him seems to settle everything. Meanwhile, it is grievous pain to me to think how much I am annoying and disappointing all these good people.

* * *

Father P—— had given me an introduction to Canon ——. I called at his house. We talked for quite an hour. He was very kind and nice; but, beyond assuring me of his prayers and sympathy and readiness to be of service to me, the Canon did not advance things in my mind. He took me into his chapel, where we spent a few minutes before the Blessed Sacrament.

* * *

I find a difficulty in carrying on an argument, as on equal terms, with men whom I have been for years accustomed to look up to as my instructors. This places me at a disadvantage, because I shrink from making a retort, even when I have a good rejoinder. The question, said one such of my instructors, is, whether to be content with a position which is all "ragged ends," and yet true; or to desire a position where everything is beautifully rounded off, and yet is not true. One ought to be content with the position which one feels is best adapted for one by God.

Accepting the superficial aptness of the epigram, I cannot feel that this goes to the root of the matter. I put up with the Anglican "ragged ends, etc.," so long as I believed in the catholicity of the English Church; but the situation is entirely altered when one ceases to believe in her catholicity. And I fear that I am coming to see that the truth may be on Rome's side, in those points where she differs from England. In that case, the completeness of her system, its attractiveness and practicality, instead of being snares, are signs of her being the True Church.

* * *

Had a long talk with ——. He is distressed at my having ceased from communion. I think my reasons are as follows:

1. Had some one in my condition come to me, and acknowledged what he thought of the English Church, I should have felt that I ought to refuse him absolution and communion. Therefore, I deal with myself as I should deal with another.

2. If the English Church is tainted with heresy and schism, as I more than suspect she is, then, even granting the validity of her orders and the reality of her sacraments, I have scruples about communicating with her.

This is, of course, a miserable state of things, and it has great dangers.

* * *

At 9 P. M. I went to have my talk with P. Q., as suggested by ——. I felt that certain facts in the reign of Queen Elizabeth would not decide me one way or the other. However, to show that I had an open mind, I went. It was a pleasure to talk with P. Q. Nothing he said distressed me, because his position is so different from my own. I felt that his difficulties in accepting Rome had no connection with me. I made notes afterwards of what he said.

1. His own religious position. He is strong (with Dr. Pusey, in the past) on the rights of a National Church, which was the position deliberately taken by the Church of England at the Reformation.

2. High-Churchmen, he held, are too anxious to make out that the Prayer Books of 1549 and 1552 had the sanction of Convocation; and they attach too much importance to the plural in the Article, touching the "Sacrifice of Masses," though we are entitled to the benefit of the doubt, inasmuch as the plural and not the singular is used. He has no objection to my saying I thought that Father (now Abbot) Gasquet's and Mr. Edmund Bishop's work, *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer*, was the most sensible book on the history of the Prayer Book I had read. The facts, he said, are correct; but they are used with a strong bias.

3. My old "Catholic" position in the Church of England is "quite untenable." It is honestly held by many High-Churchmen; but has never been held by himself, and he knows no one now, even in Oxford, who holds it. It is excluded from argument by the action of the Church of England at the Reformation; and its suppression is aimed at by the High-Church prelates of the present day.

4. He declared that, from time to time, he has strong inclinations to go over to Rome; feels that he would be happier there, and more comfortable, and sure that he was in a church which actually did hold the Catholic faith. But he is constantly held back by certain historical facts, which convince his reason that Rome has added to the deposit of faith.

5. He does not care to be pressed as to the Anglican doctrine on the Sacrifice of the Mass; maintains that the beliefs of our Reformers only concern us, inasmuch as they contribute to a state of things in the past which we inherit now.

* * *

These talks with Anglicans, though they sometimes distress me and never convince me, are yet profitable because they help me to see things more clearly—such as the High-Church position as it is in itself, so far as any Anglican position can be clearly seen; and my own position; and the issues before me.

I agree with one result of my last talk, namely, the untenability of the so-called "Catholic" position in the Church of England. But, unfortunately, I still believe as true the various distinctive doctrines which go to make up that position. I accepted them on authority. It was not an adequate or a competent authority, as I now see. Still, it was all I could then get; and I believed my teachers were the authorized exponents of Catholic truth.

Now, if I am to remain in the Church of England, it must be by taking up the "Anglican" position. This would mean to me the reconstruction of my whole creed upwards from the bottom. It would mean the abandonment of any real notion of authority in matters religious, and the adoption of private judgment as the only guide.

This, to me, would be a violent proceeding. It would be the destruction of the whole process of religious development which has been going on, quietly and steadily, in my mind for some twenty years. If I am to do this, I know that I shall go in time to the extreme position in the other direction—Agnosticism.

To accept the Roman theory of authority, on the other hand, would be to place the keystone upon the arch.

The most impossible step for me to take would be, to return to the "Catholic" position in the Church of England. It seems wonderful to me now, that one can ever have believed it to be tenable.

One more avowal has to be made in this relation: It seems to me, that we have all the "corruptions" in kind or degree of Rome, without any of the security of her position. As long as I believed in the Church of England, I felt one must put up with these practical corruptions; but it needs faith in the church to make them tolerable, or to make us tolerant of them; and when faith goes, one cannot countenance them. No doubt great practical corruptions exist in Rome; yet, if we believe Rome to be the One True Church of Christ, they will be no more an offence to me, than the even worse practical corruptions of Anglicanism were, while we believed in the Church of England.

* * *

I now felt that I must put an end to my indecision as quickly as possible. On the advice of a friend, I went into retreat, under ——, for this purpose. As far as I can remember, the conductor dwelt mainly on two points:

1. The historical evidence against the "Papal claims." He was entirely destructive, refuting (as it seemed to me) one by one the arguments I had found in their favor, but making no attempt to give me anything positive in their place. I cannot recall anything he said to establish an "Anglican" position on which I could rest.

2. He insisted that pride, wilfulness, and other moral faults and failings must be at the root of my dissatisfaction with the Church of England. As I was painfully anxious to avoid acting from such motives, it was not difficult for him to reduce me to a condition of mental inability to make any sort of decision for myself. His representation of history seemed to give me grounds for seriously doubting all that I had read or considered about "Papal claims."

* * *

After coming out of retreat, I set to work and put into writing the conclusions at which I thought I had arrived. Reading later on what I then wrote, it now seems strange to me that Anglicans, such as those with whom I had lately conferred, and to whom I showed the result of my thoughts, should have been pleased with it, and have considered it gave satisfactory reasons for remaining in the Church of England.

* * *

"Not doubting for a moment," writes a Catholic priest, "your good intentions (in making a retreat), I cannot altogether think you acted wisely, *not* in having withdrawn yourself from controversy to prayer, but for having chosen to do so under the direct influence of one who has already prejudged the case at issue." On the other hand, one Anglican clergyman hopes that the result of my retreat may lead me to remain in our branch of the Catholic Church, marred though she is with so many imperfections. Another complains that my letter, written on announcing my intention to make a retreat, had to do with an ideal of the church, rather than with one's individual relation to our Lord. He adds the criticism, that a great act of faith, such as is involved in accepting "Papal claims," has no parallel in the New Testament, where faith is always a personal relation. "You ought to go into retreat with a New Testament, and believing in the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to make a good communion. The responsibility of *that* rests with the church, not with you, unless you believe you are in mortal sin." A third writes thus: "If you were already convinced that the church was co-terminous with the Latin Communion, and that the whole church was teaching us that the Papal claims were true, there would not be any place for inquiry. But, as you have no such conviction, the whole argument begs the question under consideration.

* * *

The following extract from a letter of a Catholic priest will indicate a partial and, thank God, a temporary retrocession only, on my part, under the combined influences of personal persuasion and controversial argument. But the letter shows more: it shows the charity with which a Catholic priest can write and the tenderness with which he can deal with one who had caused him disappointment. "Of course" (he writes) "I am glad that you have found your peace of mind, though I may have doubts of its continuance. I believe that you have missed a great grace which was offered to you; and I only hope that there was nothing culpable, or of self-interest (as regards the world, I mean) in the way you came to the conclusion at which you have arrived."

* * *

In spite of all, in writing of a friend, distracted like myself with similar doubts as to the catholicity of the Church of England, I admit I still feel equally with him, that the Anglican body seems to be a city of confusion, unable to attract, to influence, or to inspire us. Above and beyond this religious *débris*, rises before us the edifice of Rome, like the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, having the glory of God. To both of us she appears as the most beautiful and ideal object of intellectual contemplation we ever hope to see in this life. Were the question to be settled by ideals, one could not hesitate between the two churches; the advantage is all on the side of Rome. For myself, I feel placed under obligations to test this ideal, in order to see whether or not it be true. Before long, however, he (my friend) will probably have passed, like Christian and Hopeful, "in at the gate"; whilst I shall only be able to look in after him, and with divine envy wish myself in company with him. I now feel that everything in life is, in comparison, commonplace and dull and stupid; that my existence will very likely be stranded in shallows, or wrecked upon rocks; and that I am practically beginning a new career full of danger, uncertainty, and effort.

* * *

Perhaps it would be well, at this point, to group together a few extracts from the diary which give my impressions of St. Peter's, as they help to indicate the direction in which my mind was moving. Five years and a half passed between the date of the first visit mentioned in these quotations and the last:

May 1: My first day in Rome. My first visit was naturally to St. Peter's; and there my first acts were to salute his statue and to pray at his Confession. The "threshold of the Apostles" was the goal of my pilgrimage. Of St. Peter's, from an æsthetic point of view, I formed no opinion; for I did not go there as a sightseer. To me everything else gave place to the fact that it contains the tomb of the Apostle—"Where Peter is, there is the Church."

* * *

April 21 (Two years later): It made me very happy to find myself once more at the "threshold of the Apostles." As I assisted at Mass at St. Gregory's altar, it was very strongly borne in upon my mind how steadily and persistently the Roman Church has pursued her own course, in spite of all opposition and attack; and how undauntedly she has worked out her own development on her own lines, notwithstanding all adverse criticism. In this she has been so unlike the Church of England, which is always carried about by every wind of doctrine. For instance, Anglicanism is just at present in a worse than usual state of confusion, because a certain man made a disturbance in a certain London church on a certain Good Friday. It would require many such men to frighten Rome. Near the altar, at which Mass was said, stands the monument of Pius VII., who guided the Church through one of the most critical periods of history in modern times. St. Peter's seems built for eternity; and the simple ceremonies of Low Mass are the product of centuries of steady, harmonious development. By comparison we Anglicans are upstarts of yesterday.

* * *

June 1 (Three years later): To St. Peter's. Had much to pray about at the Confession. On former visits one had few or no misgivings about one's religious and ecclesiastical position; but, since I was last here, "the waters have come in, even unto my soul"; and now I seem to be drifting along without rudder or guide.

* * *

It is now settled that I am to take up work again at ——. I daresay I shall labor there with as much, or as little, heart as elsewhere. I have had to deal with several kinds of personalities in my several chiefs. Now I am going to have one who, amongst his admirers, bears a reputation for sanctity—probably the most trying of them all. As to details of work, or matters of ritual, I feel utterly indifferent; doing one thing saves one from doing another.

* * *

Some of my reasons for resuming work in the Church of England may be briefly given as follows:

1. My Anglican advisers had raised objections to the Roman claims, to which, at the time, I found no sufficient answer.

2. The Church of England, allowing men of all religious opinions, and even of none, to act as her ministers, I did not see why I had not as much right as they had to minister in her name.

3. My Anglican friends were anxious to see me at work again, in hopes that active parish-work would dispel doubts which they persisted in regarding as merely speculative. That I felt unable to become a Roman Catholic was the one thing that seemed to satisfy them. Into my views regarding the doctrines and practices of the Church of England none of them even inquired.

* * *

X——, one of my more intimate friends, and myself are still much alike in our religious condition; and as he is about the only person who knows all about me, and as I am the only person who knows all about him, we are delighted to discuss matters and to enjoy one another's intelligent sympathy. Some of our conferences have been very strange; and it is perhaps as well that no third person was present to remember and repeat our utterances. He is in the same state of mind that he was in six months ago—sure that Rome is right and we are wrong; that the Church of England is not catholic; that his main argument for being an Anglican is that he is one. He seems to have taken no steps to arrive at any solution of his difficulties.

* * *

Y——, another of my intimates, was to be received to-day, in the afternoon, I suppose. I sent him a little missal, and could not suppress the thought: "We went through fire and water, and Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." At evensong it seemed to me that the first lesson was appropriate to my case: for, like Jonah, I rejoiced in the shadow of the Anglican gourd which had now perished, leaving me exposed to the vehement east wind, and the sun beating on my head, whilst Y—— goes into peace and shelter. Yet the question still remains: Are this peace and shelter true and right? I know he is sure they are. I fear that I never can have this assurance.

* * *

Again amongst some of my friends, A——, B——, and C——. Called to see A—— and had tea with him. Had to listen to much High-Anglican conversation, with a strange aloofness from it all. "Round-table conferences," etc., seem to have little interest with me now. Somehow A—— has lost his influence over me; his religion now seems hard, narrow, and opinionated.

On the other hand, B—— is a man who has grown wonderfully on me during the summer. He is more learned and scholarly than the other, and is too wise to dispose of Rome in A——'s offhand way. He has himself felt the attraction of the Roman theory too strongly for that; whilst he has been kept back by the same arguments which have weight with me.

I find C—— changed since the autumn—less buoyant and optimistic, and more alive to the seriousness of the situation. He confesses that after nearly a decade of years of zealous and unceasing work at St. ——, on "Catholic" lines, he is bound to admit that "the faith" has got but little hold over his people. He teaches and admonishes, and the people seem to accept his teaching for a time; but, on the least provocation, they are ready to throw up all of it. For instance, if a St. ——'s young person marries a non-St. ——'s young person, it is always the influence of the non-St. ——'s young person, of either sex, which proves the stronger. He owned to feeling discouraged—a great thing for him to allow. He said that a common friend of us both is quite alive to the fact that the tide is ebbing; but he consoles himself with the belief—can this be literally true, or is it a figure of speech?—that the end of the world is at hand. I feel that if any man could make things succeed in a parish, it would be my friend, C——; therefore, his failure is the more ominous. St. —— is emphatically a "one-man-show." Whatever succeeds there has been due to C——'s natural and sterling qualities; and were he to leave, his work would all fall to pieces.

* * *

Joined a friend and went with him to hear —— preach as select preacher. I remember his first attempt at a sermon at a Theological College at which I was a student. How familiar the sermon seemed. The same old themes—the glories of England; the rich promise of the future; so many more grounds for hopefulness than there were twenty years ago; the responsibility of being at the University and belonging to this country—it is an empire now; the use one may make of life, etc. Just what University preachers preached to us fifteen years ago. I seemed to know exactly what was coming, as if I had heard the whole sermon before. And there my friend who accompanied me and the others were drinking in all they heard with the same simplicity as we had done in our undergraduate days. One wonders how —— can dare to preach such stuff.

* * *

The last of a series of Sundays which will always stand out as the strangest Sundays of my life. During these past months everything I trusted in has given way, and I now find myself without fixed convictions at all. I think I have a simple creed which consists of a single article: I believe in ——: my friend lately received. At any rate I am tolerant of every one and everything. If there is such a thing as a Catholic Church, or a Catholic faith at all—in the sense in which one used to employ the word catholic—they are equivalent to the "Roman Catholic" Church and faith. Much that we held as catholic has no place in the Anglican Church, and can only be held legitimately and honestly by those who accept the Papal position.

When my guides gave me good reasons for refusing to accept the Papal position, they unconsciously destroyed the whole "Catholic" position as I understood it. The former is the basis of the latter. Those Anglican clergy who are endeavoring to catholicize the English Church may be either heroic or foolish; but they are attempting the impossible. The question now to be worked out in my mind is—whether there be any Catholic faith, or Church. I do not consider myself as a member of any church. There is no Church of England. There is only an aggregate of individuals who call themselves a church, without unity, or cohesion, or any idea of submission to any authority. Indeed, I believe that I am more genuinely Anglican at present than ever before, because I have no principles and no convictions.

* * *

After lunch my friend X—— held forth about ecclesiastical topics in his usual revolutionary manner. He does not "go over," because he does not want to. He rejoices in others going. He maintains that the work of the Catholic Movement in the Church of England is to prepare people for returning to the real Catholic Church. We Anglicans have no mission, no bishops, no jurisdiction, and we have no business to go and make Anglicans of the heathen. Y——, X——, and myself are illustrations of three different positions. Y——, by becoming a Roman Catholic, has placed a foundation under the superstructure of his faith; X——, not having become one, is trying to keep up his superstructure without a foundation; and I—I have neither foundation nor superstructure.

* * *

Called to see a High-Church friend, alluded to before, with whom I have taken counsel. He regards my present indefiniteness in religious matters as natural and not deplorable. He calls it the "Liberal Catholic" position. This sounds well, and ought to console me. Nevertheless, this dignified title does not make me feel happy, nor does it supply the place of a definite religious position, such as I enjoyed before my troubles began.

* * *

Weekly meeting at the parsonage. Long discussion between the incumbent and his curate over the services in the church. It was amusing to watch the method by which the former got his own way—so considerate, so earnest, so soothing, so roundabout. It was the everlasting question, over and over again: how to teach people what they do not want to learn, and get them to come to services different from any to which they have been accustomed. The failure of the attempt to catholicize England is dawning on the chief; but his curate still believes that one has only to teach strongly, to have choral celebrations, and to work hard, in order to win people to the Catholic faith.

* * *

Heard from AA——. He encloses a letter from ZZ——, who has lately "gone over," and is now studying in Rome. ZZ——'s letter is a beautiful one; but it contains no fresh arguments—or reasons. It contains much that I once felt and still feel. AA—— appeals to me for help. I am in an awkward position, having so little to say on the subject. Who am I, that I should recover a man of his leprosy? However, I wrote just what I believe to be true, neither more nor less—a much feebler "apologia" than others would make; but I cannot assume a hopefulness and confidence which I do not feel.

This correspondence with AA——has again stirred up all the mud, filling me with scruples as to my motives in deciding to take practical work again in the Church of England. Did I allow personal considerations, fear of temporal consequences, and the like, to count for too much in arriving at that decision? Scruples like these will always remain with me, I suppose. It is miserable to go about and mix with people feeling one has something to conceal, or rather, something which it would do no good to make public. It is the first time in my life that I have experienced anything of the kind.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

ALESSANDRO.

BY HOPE LESART.

ALESSANDRO—the strength of the sea in the erect, superb carriage of his body, tanned to a glowing warmth by the sun of Southern Italy—Alessandro, as I remembered him of old, met me as I stepped off the puffing, snorting little train. Two years had made no perceptible change in the joyous figure before me.

I rejoiced that Alessandro should be the first to welcome me, somehow it seemed a good augury of the future. My content increased as the minutes flew by, for did I not find my rooms in old Giuseppe's house waiting for me—the very rooms I had occupied two years before. Giuseppe, one of the few men spared by the cruel sea, had passed the number of years allotted to man, and was yet as hale and strong as a man of sixty. The old man's joy at my return well-nigh equalled my own, though it was much more voluble.

"The Signora is pleased to be content with little," he courteously said. "Had Maria not gone to the saints, things would be much better. Or," he added regretfully, "had she only left me a daughter. Man is not made to care for himself."

"But you are an exception," I answered. "Few women can keep house and cook as you can."

"The Signora is kind; but—it is not man's work."

"You should have married again, Giuseppe. It is hard to live alone."

"To marry twice! The Signora is pleased to jest." The old brown eyes looked reprovingly into mine, and I felt duly humbled.

The little town had a strangely peaceful look to one who had fled from the turmoil of a great city. Among all the changes of two years, however, Alessandro alone remained unchanged. He had not married, and I wondered why. He had thought once of emigrating—of going to America—and had asked my advice.

"No, no"; I cried eagerly, "you must not go. You would not be happy. It would be worse than the very worst that you could imagine."

He nodded gravely and accepted my decision, and ever since I have felt a moral responsibility for his welfare. It was just after this talk that I thought how suitable it would be for him to marry Annunziata. That Annunziata had other views I soon discovered, and when she married Marco Santo, I felt more heartbroken for Alessandro than he felt for himself.

Alessandro's sturdy, blunt-prowed boat, with its enormous sail, that to my land-faring eyes looked dangerously risky, was beating out to sea. The sky was dull and lowering, the waves, as they broke at the foot of the old sea-wall, held a sullen menace in their roar. The little street had lost its glowing color, and to-day looked gray and old. A group of women chatting by the fountain caught my eye, their brilliant garments making a riot of color against the dull day. Annunziata, her dark eyes eloquent with joy, hurried forward to meet me.

"And the bambino is well?" I asked, after her own many inquiries.

"Yes, Donna Lisa; he is well and *so* beautiful!"

"You have forgotten to tell me his name," I began.

"The Signora must pardon. The joy of seeing her again made me forgetful. The name is Marco Stefano Lucia Speranza."

I gasped—then inquired faintly: "Why Lucia?"

"Because he was born on the *festa* of Santa Lucia; Marco, because it is his father's name; and Stefano—Marco wished Stefano because it was he who made possible our marriage. You remember, Signora, he took him in his boat when no one else would." The dark eyes overflowed for a second at the thought of those unhappy days. "And Speranza is because we—Marco and I—desired him to have your name."

I murmured my thanks. "But what do you really call him?" I queried.

"We call him Speranza. There is no other of that name in *la città*."

"Tell me of Marco—he is still a shoemaker?" I asked.

"Yes, Signora." Then rapidly, in her native tongue: "Look at that water, that sky, there—" making an excited gesture in the direction of the women, gazing across the gray stretch of sea. "They are all suffering, praying for their men—mine is on land."

"But there is danger and suffering on the land, Annunziata."

"I know," she assented gravely. "Only—the sea is cruel, he is hungry—always."

I left her, promising to see my namesake very soon. Such a cheerless day! I half made up my mind to leave it, to go inside and devote myself to letter-writing. Then I remembered my wide window looking over the gray sea. I was in no mood for such companionship, so I kept on, past the shabby houses with their high steps, not minding where I went, only keeping my eyes fixed on the white-capped mountains.

The storm clouds had scattered before I turned my back to the hills, and when I reached home Giuseppe was standing in the doorway, his bronze-brown eyes twinkling merrily from under his wild thatch of hair.

"The Signora has a visitor," he announced with much ceremony.

"And it is—?" I inquired carelessly.

"Alessandro, Signora. He said he would wait for the Signora's return."

I found big Alessandro standing before my window, looking strangely out of place in my low-walled room. He saluted me courteously—these peasants' manners put mine to shame, and after two years' absence the contrast was all the greater.

"The Signora can see far," he remarked after he was seated. "Almost as far as C——." He named the land that lay below the horizon.

I laughed. "Yes; is it not wonderful? You like it, Alessandro?"

"Yes, Signora; and yet—" he paused and looked at me as if in doubt.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It is as the Signora says—wonderful out there—it is so near; while in here—" He glanced around. "I feel caged—trapped. To have it so near and yet—not to be on it. I could not bear it, Signora. It is calling me. It does not call the Signora?"

"Sometimes," I answered. "I am not a sailor like you, Alessandro. I am neither brave nor skilled on the sea. I am afraid of it, yet I love it, and this is the only way I can have it." I pointed to my wide window. He nodded, apparently understanding my whim.

A glowing, flaming sunset was tinting the water and lighting up the few sails that were lazily drifting before the breeze. The old sea-wall, with the nets drying on it and the waves lapping idly at the foot, seemed part of creation, so blended was it with the earth color around. A couple of fishermen with baskets of vivid-hued fish came up the beach, a group of sun-tanned, shouting children following every step. From my point of vantage we gazed at the joyous life, somewhat in the manner of Olympian deities amused by these mortals of a little day, whose intense, beauty-loving nature was ever a source of joy. Nothing morbid, nothing unclean ever came near to this little sea town.

Alessandro was laughing heartily at the bare-legged children hopping around the well-filled baskets.

"Little pests, Signora, they could well be called. Look at Nicola, small imp that he is. The Signora knows he is too old to play all day." Alessandro muttered something under his breath that my quick ears failed to catch. Rising rapidly to his feet, an inscrutable look in his velvet brown eyes, he bade me a courteous farewell, praying me to remember that always, always his boat was at my disposal. I told him truthfully that I was looking forward with great pleasure to many days spent on the sea with him for boatman. A red tint that the compliment called to his cheek showed beneath the brown. A final bow and he was gone.

It was some days before I could claim the promised boat. The day was golden warm, with a blaze of sunshine, when I stood on the beach watching for Alessandro. He soon came, and close at his heels was Nicola, the dancing, shouting Nicola, whom only a few days ago he had so indignantly dubbed "an imp, a pest." The imp stood, silent enough now, all suspense—with bated breath—while Alessandro asked my permission to take him with us. His eyes, that I knew could hold so much mischief, looked solemnly into mine, his brown, naked toes digging into and grasping the sand. The permission was given and with a shout of joy he made off in the direction of the boat. I looked inquiringly at Alessandro.

"The Signora is too good," he protested. "She should not be worried with such wickedness. Nicola is wild, but he has made me promises. He has no one to mind."

"Why has he no one?" I asked. "Maddalena was always a good mother."

"The best—the very best!" he added. "Only she is young and alone."

"Alone?" I laughed at the notion. "With that youngster?"

"She needs some one to help her." He looked at me in all seriousness, as if to chide me for laughing.

We were soon cutting rapidly through the clear water, the boat careening under the big sail.

The gorgeous splendor of the sunset was before us when we turned homeward, and when the little town came in sight it was glowing with the reflected glories of the flaming sun. Maddalena was watching for us from the sea-wall; Alessandro greeted her with a loud, ringing call and a glad toss of his scarlet cap; Nicola tried a feeble imitation, and nearly lost himself overboard.

"He is safe, thanks to Alessandro," I called as I jumped from the boat and climbed the stone steps to where Maddalena stood. She seemed absurdly young to be the mother of the sturdy little ragamuffin that capered beside me.

"You should have been with us, Maddalena; the day was beautiful and Alessandro's boat went as easily as a sea gull."

"The Signora knows I have work to do," she answered. "I cannot spare so many hours; besides, I care not to be on the sea, only to look at it when the sun shines. Has Nicola been a wicked boy?"

I assured her nothing could have been more lamb-like than Nicola's behavior, owing, I promptly added, to his regard for Alessandro.

"Ah, he is always good with him," she sighed. "I try—but he will not mind me. We are good comrades, we play games together; but when I try to discipline him—he—runs away."

"Alessandro," I said, as he ran quickly up the steps, "Maddalena says she wishes she could make Nicola mind like you do. She wants to know how you manage it. Will you—?"

"Ah, Signora! Never, never did I say that," she cried. I stopped, astonished at the emphatic denial. Alessandro, looking like a convicted criminal, stood twisting his cap, the red that mounted to his cheeks vying with Maddalena's kerchief. I glanced from one to the other. Alessandro finally broke the uncomfortable silence.

"I will tell, if Maddalena wishes." But Maddalena shook her head with great energy, and raised a pair of beseeching eyes to Alessandro.

"You are both certainly very foolish," I continued. "There can be no reason why I should not be told. Nicola is a very bad boy—sometimes, and if Alessandro knows—"

"No, no, Signora; Nicola is not bad, he is never bad, not like—" She would have named a dozen imps had I not interrupted.

"It is as you please, Maddalena. The Signora is tired." I broke in rather ungraciously. "I will say good-night."

"Adieu!" I called back, standing a moment to watch the three as they moved off. Nicola waving frantic good-byes from his high perch on Alessandro's shoulders, and Maddalena, laughing merrily at the happy nonsense of the two.

"Giuseppe"—I was sitting at supper, the antique lamp giving little light beyond the white cover—"the sea was more beautiful to-day than I have ever seen it. It was glorious. We went on—on, as if there was no ending; then home, straight home—into the golden sunset."

"The Signora should have been a fisherman," he replied; which matter-of-fact speech brought me down from my airy flight.

"Never, Giuseppe, never!" I cried, with more energy than the situation demanded. "I hate killing things, and I'm afraid of the water."

"The Signora need not fear," he replied soothingly. "She can never be a fisherman."

"Giuseppe, why has Maddalena so much trouble with Nicola?" The old man stopped in his serving and stared at me. The change in the conversation had been too swift for his slow-working mind.

"Is Nicola a very wicked boy, Giuseppe?" I asked, putting the question in a simpler form.

"Not wicked at all, Signora, only mischievous."

"Then, why"—returning resolutely to my first proposition—"does Maddalena have so much trouble with him?"

"Maddalena is young, she yields to all his demands too much; she is wrong."

"Giuseppe," I said, in a coaxing voice, "this salad and wine are too good to be enjoyed alone. Take that chair and this," I filled a glass and held it towards him. Protesting feebly, he did as I bade him. "Now, tell me all about Maddalena."

"There is nothing to tell. The Signora knows she married very young. Her husband was a brave man and a good fisherman. One October day he was drowned, and she was left with the child."

"She loved him?" I asked.

"She adores him still," he answered. "Poor Matteo was a good man, but not handsome. The Signora must remember him—a short, broad man, with small eyes and red cheeks, and hands—hands like that," he cut a swift circle in the air with one finger.

"And Maddalena is so beautiful," I murmured, a picture of the departed Matteo rising before my eyes. "And Alessandro," I went on meditatively, "why should the boy mind him—what does he do?"

Giuseppe drained the last drops in his glass, put it down on the table, pushed back his chair, and stood up. "The Signora must know," he answered.

The Signora did not know, and for all her adroit questioning was not going to know; so, with a few more words, I left my host and climbed the narrow stairs.

One of the great feasts of our Lady was near and the town was fairly seething with excitement. It was the most important *festa* of the whole year. The church was dressed in the gayest and stiffest of paper flowers, green boughs stuck everywhere, the tallest tapers only were used to light the altar. At the head of the procession our Lady's statue was to be carried, gowned in gorgeous clothes and covered with a lace veil, the work of her loving children. The stiff, overdressed little figure, that to my critical Northern eyes seemed but a travesty, was to their loving Southern hearts and vivid imaginations almost a living memorial of their Blessed Mother.

I donned a white dress, and instead of my sombre black ribbons tied on our Lady's own color, in honor of her *festa*, as a token that, for once, I would forget I was a calculating, critical American, and become forthwith a gay, glad-hearted child of Italy, prepared to walk beside her image with a fervent prayer, and—if necessary—to dance merrily with a light heart. So did my simple blue ribbons become symbolic. I ignored Giuseppe's astonished stare at my unusual adornment.

Annunziata, with my namesake comfortably asleep in the bend of her arm, walked home with me after Mass to my studio.

The baby of many names had become familiar with every nook of my small domicile, and often risked his precious person many times a day by sucking my brushes, licking paints, or bedaubing his little face with indiscriminate colors. Annunziata and I became so occupied in sudden, life-saving onslaughts that we could think of little else.

"Annunziata," I began, "do you not consider children a great care?"

"No, Signora"; Annunziata answered instantly. "Speranza is not a care; he is a pleasure, a joy."

"That is just the way," I replied dryly. "He is a playtoy now, a doll that you dress—"

"And love," the mother added wisely, wondering, I am sure, what was coming next.

"Yes, and love"; I amended. "Then when they grow big they run wild, pay no heed to your wishes."

"Why is the Signora thinking such thoughts?" Annunziata asked me soberly, looking at the wee man on the floor.

"My thoughts are with Maddalena, for I remember when Nicola was as he is," I answered, pointing to the baby on the floor. "There is nothing talked of in the town but Nicola's pranks and the trouble he gives Maddalena."

Annunziata looked at me, with an expression in her big black eyes that I did not understand.

"Well?" I inquired.

"If the Signora does not know—" This was too much.

"No, I do not know"; I answered very decidedly. "But you are going to tell me."

"It is no mystery," Annunziata began. "The whole town knows it. Alessandro wants to marry Maddalena—ever since the last *festa*, a year ago—and she will not have him. She thinks, and I do also, Signora, that marrying twice is not right. We all think so," she added, with a tone of grave decision in her voice, as of one who sat in judgment.

"That is why he cares so for Nicola!"

"It is the short way to the mother's heart."

"And Maddalena?" I asked.

She shrugged her shapely shoulders. "Second marriages are wrong," she maintained doggedly, merciless as happy people can be. "We have told her." Again the official tone, the red lips set firmly together, the narrow brows nearly meeting in a disapproving frown.

"You mean that you went to her and told her she must not marry Alessandro?" I questioned.

"Not—'must not'—Signora," she corrected, "only better not. She agreed, after a few tears. We told her that in the memory even of Giuseppe there had been no one wedded twice."

"Suppose—" I suggested, after we had talked some time. "Suppose she cares for him as you care for Marco?"

"Impossible," she answered quickly.

"May be so," I replied carelessly, hoping she might remember the unhappiness of her own courtship, and have mercy. "That true love seldom runs smooth is as old—as old as—Italy," I finished. "Speranza mia"—stooping to pick up my ridiculous namesake—"tell your mother—some day—to remember how desolate her heart was when she stood on the shore and watched a tiny boat, with two men in it, tossed about by the mad fury of the sea." I longed to add to the mother—"that all your unhappiness came from foolish, narrow prejudice, because in the memory of man a Galdi had never wed any but seamen, and Marco, to whom you gave your heart, was a follower of the gentle craft, a son of St. Crispin."

I think from all the stories I heard that Nicola's guardian angel must have had a busy time. I almost doubted some of the pranks, when I thought of the small figure I had seen at the *festa*, walking beside our Lady's statue, holding the lighted candle bravely aloft—though his arms must have ached with the heavy burden. From the seraphic expression of his face one might have thought he was absorbed in prayer. Maddalena had pointed him out to me with triumphant pride.

"The Signora sees for herself," she whispered. "He is an angel; I am indeed fortunate. Yet they would make me believe he is wicked."

I assented faintly, doubt in my heart. Had I not seen him, on his way to church, give Angelo a ducking in the fountain, tripping him up skillfully, in all his gay *festa* attire, as he was running past, and disappearing still more skillfully before the victim's screams brought his mother, who gave him a sound spanking.

Some days after I met Maddalena looking as if all the cares of the universe had settled on her shoulders.

"Had I seen Nicola?" I shook my head. She had heard about Angelo, she told me. "And on the *festa*"—the tears rolled unchecked down the smooth olive cheek. Nicola had been severely chastised and forbidden to leave the house. I think, from Maddalena's vivid description and the tears that fell during the recital, that it was the first punishment—the very first—she had ever inflicted on her offspring in the whole course of his seven years. Being absolutely unprecedented, he had resented it bitterly, and Maddalena's voice choked with sobs as she told me that he had run away, and she could not find him. What could she do? Where could she look for him? She knew he had gone to join the brigands.

The idea of Nicola trudging off on his fat brown legs to join the brigands was amusing. I consoled the disconsolate mother as best I could, begging her not to worry, that he would come home when he was hungry, which I felt sure would be soon.

The town was a small one, and before sunset every nook and cranny had been searched for the runaway, but no trace was found. Maddalena, dry-eyed now and desperate, sat at home and refused to be comforted. The boats were all in, all but Alessandro's; he had sailed for a port farther south, and would be gone for twenty-four hours.

The next day, boats and fishing neglected, with only a few hours sleep, the men started out again; a single thought possessed the town—to find Nicola, imp though he was, and to see the sorrow leave Maddalena's eyes.

When I passed through Maddalena's open door, I found her sitting idle, without hope, stricken to the heart. "You must have some breakfast, Maddalena," I said. She shook her head. "This is nonsense," I went on. "Nicola will be found, and you will be ill; I will cook your breakfast, and you must eat it." I had hoped my words would rouse her—the idea of the Signora waiting on her—but they failed utterly. Her eyes never left the open door that showed the steep little street and the olive hills above it. I soon had a makeshift meal ready and she ate it obediently. I do not think she had touched food since the morning of the day before.

"Maddalena," I repeated to her, "you must not despair. Nicola will come back; he is a big boy, and can take care of himself. If only Alessandro were home he would know where to look for him. Let us go to look for him. Come—now." I thought anything would be better than this dumb despair.

She looked at me startled. "Where would the Signora go?" They were the first words she had spoken, and I felt rejoiced.

"To the sea—first—to see if Alessandro's boat is in sight." We went out into the brilliant sunlight. She shaded her eyes for a moment like a creature blinded and would have turned back, but I took her hand in mine and led her on, praying that the joyous day would put hope into her heart. I think it did, for soon she was talking to me—telling me all that had happened since early Friday morning, when she had punished Nicola.

"Why had Alessandro gone to V——?" I asked. This, too, she told me slowly, in a dull monotone—as if it all concerned some one else. He had again asked her to marry him, and she had said "No."

"You do not love him?" I queried.

"Second marriages are not right," she answered, and went on to tell me how Alessandro had become angry; he would leave M—— and go to America; so yesterday he had sailed for V——, a busy seaport some miles south. I looked at Maddalena in amazement. She was sending Alessandro—happy, wholesome Alessandro—to that land of violent contrasts. My next words came quickly and were not premeditated, for a faint color crept into the pale cheeks and she asked me timidly:

"Does the Signora think to marry again is not wrong?" I was glad she put it that way, for I could answer truthfully.

"Decidedly not wrong, Maddalena."

"Ah, Signora," she cried, gazing across the shining water. "Why does he not come? He would find my Nicola. Suppose I never see Nicola again, never hear his voice, never hold him in my arms. He is lying somewhere hurt and I cannot get to him." Sobbing violently she called: "Alessandro, come quickly, come, come! You will find him." Then turning to me as the sobs wore themselves out: "Ah, Signora, I must go back—maybe he is at home—I should not have left." Breathlessly she flew up the sea-wall steps and did not slacken her speed until she reached her house.

It was past noon when Alessandro's boat came in. He had with him a strip of paper, for which he had paid, that entitled him to be carried across the dark ocean, away from bright Italy, to the modern Land of Promise. He had also a letter—he had not paid for this, it was tendered him freely, payment would come later—to a man in this promised land, a man who was guaranteed to wring water from a stone. Armed with these bits of paper, harmless in appearance as the three wishes of the fairy tale, but quite as subtly malicious, he secured his boat and turned toward home. That he would never see Maddalena again, he had quite determined. He would become an *Americano* and—maybe—when he came home in two or three years, his pockets lined with yellow gold, as the man had promised, he would buy the villa on the hill, and then—maybe then— They were very childish thoughts: we who are wise in the world's wisdom know how absurdly childish they were; but to Alessandro—whose love and pride had been wounded by Maddalena's refusal—they were very real, and, as a child would, he found comfort in them. I saw his broad shoulders moving steadily up the narrow street, his head well back, looking neither to the right nor the left. With a hasty word to Maddalena I rushed through the door, stumbled down the crooked steps, and caught him before he disappeared.

"*Per la vita mia!*" was his startled exclamation when I told him the story. "Lost—and since yesterday, Signora? I found him hidden in the boat when I started for V——; but I put him ashore and told him we could be friends no longer." Poor Nicola! a fallen idol and a chastisement all in one morning! "The Signora knows," continued Alessandro as his head went up straighter. "I am going to America next week."

"But, Nicola—?" I began, ignoring his words. "You must find Nicola. Maddalena will lose her reason if—"

"I will find him with God's help," he replied quietly. "Will the Signora tell me where the men have searched?"

"Everywhere," I answered. "They are still looking. Surely, Alessandro, he was with you so much you must know his fancies, did he ever talk of running away? Battista says he was always talking of being a brigand."

A smile lighted his face as a recollection of the boy's talk came to him. "He was forever one thing or another; a brigand one day, a padre another, and again a noble signor with a villa among the olive hills. Yesterday, when I put him out of the boat, I told him if he did not mind, his mother would punish him, he said he was too old to be punished by a woman, even though it was his mother. And he only comes to my elbow," he added admiringly. "He must be found, Signora. I will go at once. You know the old ruined villa," pointing towards the sunset. "We were always talking of it—both of us. I will look there first."

"But the road is so steep," I cried. "No boy could climb that path."

"Boys are monkeys—but I must start, it is hard to find in the darkness."

"You must see Maddalena before you go, tell her of the villa, it will give her courage," I said. He hesitated as if in doubt, then, raising his cap, turned and strode towards the open door where I could see her standing. They were best alone, so I turned away, hoping that now in her loneliness she would forget the village gossips and show her heart to Alessandro as she had shown it to me.

I stopped idly at the fountain tinkling in the sunlight, and recalled the day when Angelo, in all the bravery of his festal clothes had been forced to do penance for the sin of vanity in its shallow waters. I prayed that the small knave, Nicola—not Angelo—was alive somewhere, though my heart misgave me when I thought of the hours he had been away without food or shelter. My words were brave ones when the desolate mother was within sound; but I feared the worst.

All at once a sound of many voices in the distance made me turn. Down the winding path that led to the old villa came the villagers, their shrill voices cutting through the quiet air. Nearer and nearer they came, their excited gestures telling me something had happened. That they had found the boy I was certain, but whether alive or not—I dared not think. Alessandro had started, taking another path, one more direct but so precipitous that it was considered impassible. The cries had attracted him and I saw him now, running down the road, throwing his cap up in the air and shouting: "He is found, Maddalena. He is found."

It was as Alessandro had told me when we stood outside Maddalena's door; the boy had climbed the precipitous path, found the villa—deserted of course, no one had lived in it for ten years—crept into a sheltered corner of the courtyard, and cried himself to sleep. In the morning he hunted vainly for something to eat, and when the men found him he was quite ready to be rescued. Poor little mite! All his courage had fled away and he was crying bitterly for his mother. They carried him home triumphantly on their shoulders, but it was Alessandro who put him in Maddalena's arms—arms that held both the big and the little man for an instant's time in a loving embrace; and when the big man turned to me with a look that said much, the wee one was being smothered in kisses. I saw that all was well, that Alessandro had entered the land of his heart's desire, that the ticket for the Promised Land would never be used, neither would the letter be delivered to the man who, as Alessandro told me later, could turn stones into gold.

THE NEGLECT OF IRISH WRITERS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

ONE of the little tragedies of literature—a great tragedy it may be to those immediately concerned—is the disappearance of the Irish writer. The reader who finds Irish names popping up constantly in the list of new books may lift his or her eyebrows at the foregoing sentence; but, none the less, is it true. Hope springs eternal in the young Irish writer, and he comes with zest to his book, oblivious of the fact that the way is strewn with the dead Irish writers who have gone under because no one would read them.

As a matter of fact, the Irish are not a reading people. They are too restless to be readers, too fond of talking and storytelling, too desirous of the sympathy of eye to eye and smile to smile to sit down and receive impressions from the miles of printed matter in a book. You have but to see a couple or group of men meet in an Irish street. Each one is charged with good stories, which he delivers and receives amid such laughter as one never hears or sees this side of the channel. I have heard more humor pass round an Irish dinner-table in one evening than would stock *Punch* for a year. I have heard wonderful tales told in an Irish drawing-room, tales of romance and adventure, of heroism and sorrow. But the teller could never put them down; if you were to ask for even a repetition of them, they could not be repeated. If the storyteller were amiable enough to attempt it, you would get something with all the life and sparkle gone from it; the prospect of the story ever finding its way into print would make the spirit of it fly away in terror. They are a people for the oral, not for the written literature over there.

To be sure, two or three booksellers live and prosper in Dublin, so that some books must be sold. But Dublin is not at all representative of Ireland, being indeed an English city in which the well-to-do classes who would be book-buyers are of English blood although long settled in Ireland, or of the mixed races. To these the Irish writer is not *persona grata.*

In the drawing-room of the well-to-do in Dublin you will find the latest London unliterary success. There is an extraordinary provinciality in Dublin. They are reading in Dublin to-day the books which the middle-class households of London were reading the day before yesterday.

You go to a Dublin house which certainly ought to be intellectual, and you are invited to discuss some writer or some book which is not within the range of literature. I dare not name names, either of the readers or the books of their preference, but I may give one or two examples. I found, not so long ago, the household of an Irish scholar of world-wide reputation discussing, with passionate excitement, the novels of a certain English theatrical novelist with whose name literature has not a nodding acquaintance. The conversation passed from this writer to others, of the mere trivial and contemptible achievement, the mere rag-bag of book-making. I listened with amazement, but expressed no opinion of my own, until, in a pause in the conversation I said something about Joseph Conrad. Neither my host nor his family had ever heard of him. I listened in vain for the names of Meredith, Hardy, Wells, Jacobs, any one writer who has done well in his own sphere. But no name of even modest merit was mentioned. The changes were rung on—I wish I could tell the names of the novelists. Some of those most belauded are hardly known even to the unexacting of English readers.

Again, at the table of a literary household in Dublin, a remark of mine to the effect that if I could have only one book I should choose Wordsworth, was received with amazement which was almost contempt. "And why not Southey?" I was asked with a smile.

The opinions about literature in Dublin are, in fact, not old-fashioned but *démodés*. The Celt who does not read at all will quote you easily the things I used to hear said in my childhood, as, for example, that Browning was a pretender and his wife the real poet; and that Moore is among the great poets of the world. The non-Celt who is very much more up-to-date will be reading the small fry among English writers. If you should express an opinion contrary to his or hers, you being a writer yourself, it will be ascribed in their own minds to jealousy, nor will your opinion be allowed. I met a lady at dinner in Dublin who frequently lectured on literature and art. She had no knowledge of either; and I heard a fellow-guest complain to her that in her last lecture the Christian names of the writers had been all wrong. She still lectured at dinner, not only about literature and art, but about the English and things in England generally. Any faint suggestion that things were not quite so, on the part of one who had lived more than a dozen years in England, was simply waved aside. I remember that my speaking of Harrow as a possible dwelling-place made this lady lift her eyebrows. "Oh," she said in a shocked voice, "do you think you will like it?" "Yes, I should think so; why not?" "Well"—with polite hesitation—"I shouldn't have thought you would. I don't exactly know Harrow, but then, I know the Harrow Road." Now the Harrow Road is a London slum many miles removed from the famous "Hill."

They do not in the least know when they possess a genius. There is Mr. W. B. Yeats, who is in the line of succession to Keats and Shelley. Mr. Yeats has never been held in honor in his own country. He is not held in honor to-day. I have only once seen a book of his in an Irish house, and that was the house of an Irish writer, who is, of course, above all the things I have been saying.

I remember long ago, when W. B. Yeats' *Wanderings of Oisin* (he calls it "Usheen" now) was published, I had the book, and a reviewer on the leading Dublin daily took it up when he was visiting me. "This fellow is too sure of himself, and I'm going to slate him," he said. And slate him accordingly he did.

I remembered this more than a dozen years later, when I was in Dublin at the time "The Countess Kathleen" was first produced as a stage-play. Every one I met was belittling it and praising Mr. Edward Martyn's "Heather Field" at its expense. Now I think a deal of this was due to the fact that they knew or suspected that Yeats was as far above Martyn intellectually as it is possible to imagine. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "the Irish are a fair people; they do not praise each other." I would expand this saying from a closer knowledge than the Doctor possessed. They praise the little achievement; in proportion as achievement is good they ignore or belittle it.

The one literary success of late years in Ireland has been the novels of a West of Ireland parson, which are Tracts for the Times as he sees the times. To be sure the success is in great measure a success of scandal, because he has introduced into his books thinly-veiled and very offensive portraits of living people. Literary merit the books have none; yet their author was invited to lecture before the Dublin National Literary Society, where a Dublin Jesuit Father and Mr. John Dillon sat at his feet and were enthusiastic over the address in which he had recommended to the praise and love of Irish people books in which some of the most ugly and offensive travesties of all they held sacred were contained.

The Irish are a people of shibboleths. One shibboleth is that they are an artistic and literary people, and that being said, it is so for all time, even though many an Irish writer has had to echo the bitter cry of William Carleton.

By the way, the one body of men in Ireland who do not weary you with shibboleths, who look at things with honest and sincere, if wonderfully kindly eyes, are the priests. It is always a relief to talk with a priest. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will find him reasonable, sane, receptive, one who sees life clearly and sees it whole, who knows all and pardons all. If a book has any sale at all in Ireland because it is National, or Catholic, or both, be sure the priests are largely the purchasers.

In Ireland more than any other country familiarity breeds contempt. A young Irishman said to me frankly a little while ago: " Do you know, I never care to read a book written by any one I know." I should think it is a common characteristic of Irish people. In a house I visited some little while ago in Ireland, where the young people had a great many books given to them, I noticed that in the well-packed shelves in the bedrooms and school room and along the corridor there was Henty, there were Mrs. Meade and Mrs. Molesworth, and various others; nothing by Irish writers, although some writers of boys' and girls' books were connected with the household by affinity and old friendship.

All this leads up to the statement that Irish writers have neither honor nor emolument from their own country. And English readers will have none of them. It was not always so. Carleton and the Banims and Gerald Griffin had English readers, to say nothing of Lady Morgan and Lady Dufferin. And Lever, of course, had a *succès fou*. And Leland and Lover brought their wares to the English market quite successfully.

But a good deal of water has flowed under the bridges since then; and I venture to think that the reading public has changed. It is now the great middle-class that reads, and the middle-class has no love for the Irish. Partly from religious reasons, partly from racial, partly from recent causes of embitterment, they will have none of the Irish; and, looking at the matter dispassionately, I cannot say I blame them.

I fancy it was men who read Lever and made him a great popular success. Many men read Lever still; no later humorist has ousted that rollicking and gallant spirit. Whereas the novel-readers of to-day are women. Women are narrower by reason of their narrow, home-keeping existence. Women have memories. There was once a Union of Hearts, but certain things said in the name of Ireland—poor Ireland—especially during the Boer War, have rankled and will rankle in the breasts of those women who lead quiet, uneventful lives and have leisure to remember and no logic to distinguish. Just as advertisements for a housemaid or for a stevedore used to carry the legend, "No Irish need apply," after the Fenian times; though the Irish housemaid or the Irish stevedore might be just a quiet body desiring nothing so much as to lead a quiet life with all the world, he or she was made to suffer for the people who blew up jails and otherwise made English people uncomfortable.

Perhaps the Union of Hearts never existed so far as the great middle-class is concerned. It was only their leaders who talked about it; and the loyalty of the English middle-class to a leader like Mr. Gladstone, who really captured their hearts, was without limit. But I imagine that the doctor's wife from Sydenham, who came to me to take up a servant's character, and remarked that all Irish told lies and that Roman Catholics had no principle, was representative of a considerable number of her class. It is a matter of detail that I carry an unspoilt Irish brogue; and that I answered the remark about the Roman Catholic want of principle by the simple statement that I was a Catholic myself, which did not perturb the good lady in the least.

Middle-class is, of course, a very elastic term, and the point at which the upper middle-class merges into the gentry is often non-existent. This overlapping section of the middle-class would be perhaps less hostile to things Irish as a whole. To them and to the upper class belong, I suppose, the modest few readers of Irish novels published in England.

The only successful books by Irish writers at present are the books of those fine artists and fine humorists, the Misses Somerville and Ross, and the success, such as it is, is in no way commensurate with their merits. Probably most of their readers are to be found amongst men, by whom I should think, also, such writers as W. G. Wells and W. W. Jacobs mainly exist; women, English middle-class women at least, being rarely possessors of that gift of the gods, a sense of humor. But practically no one in England has read the really great serious novel by those ladies, *The Real Charlotte*, one of the books produced in Ireland of late years which marks an Irish literary movement of great importance, although the writers who contribute to it will probably be dead and buried before either Irish or English people know anything about it.

This neglect of Irish writers is a thing that moves the *saeva indignatio* to think upon. The Irish are talking still of the '48 men who wrote verses *à servir.* There was not a born literary man among them except John Mitchell. They are pious to the dead; but in the present, Irish writers, some of extraordinary merit, are being crushed out every day for want of readers. In fact, unless one can get sufficient of a hearing in England to live by it, there is no other fate for the Irish writer than penury and oblivion. And for certain serious Irish novels, it is quite natural that there should not be English readers.

There was published a few years ago an Irish historical novel of the first rank—in fact, in my opinion, the finest historical novel that has yet been produced in Ireland—*Croppies Lie Down*, by William Buckley. This is a most extraordinary book. It is a novel of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. It has all the great qualities of tragedy, pity, passion, rage, scorn, love, hatred; and with all that it has deliberation, sanity, and justice. It moves with the most irresistible force. I read it a hard-gallop, my pulses keeping pace to the breathless narrative. I freely confess that I could not sleep at night after reading it. Here is a great canvas, full of figures, each one painted by the hand of a master. Heathcote, the English soldier, Irene Neville, the poor, sweet, innocent, weak heroine, Gash, the spy, Harrigan, the villain and renegade, the ladies of the ascendancy party, Castlereagh, the leaders of the Rebellion, the yeomen, even George the Third himself leave each a memorable impression. The book is bloody from end to end with the colors of that bloody time. The screaming of women, who have suffered the last wrong, follow you long after you have closed the pages. The horror of the floggings at the triangles, the half-hangings, the pitch-cappings, the merciless inhumanity, that spared neither age nor infancy, that took no account of sex or helplessness, makes the book a shambles. But then it is truth, and truth does not spare the susceptibilities. If it had not great humane qualities it would be intolerable.

One can imagine the effect of such a book in one of those English households to which Mr. Buckley, because he is too big a man to have shibboleths or insincerities, pays tribute when he speaks of "the real virtue which has made England great, and, who knows, may yet have power to keep her glorious when the hour of trial comes."

"What a monstrous tissue of lies!" they would say, these gentlewomen who are kind and dutiful and compassionate and God-fearing. "*This*—wrought by Lord Castlereagh at the instigation of Mr. Pitt, the great Commoner, in order to rob the Irish of their Parliament! Horrible! Incredible! Impossible!" Doubtless even Castlereagh could not have forecasted the things that were to happen in what was, after all, a religious war; and so strange a thing is human nature that a war of religions, in the name of the Prince of Peace, is the most cruel and bloody of all wars. "To the victors the spoils!" was yet the rule of war. Wellington, and the Peninsular War, in which he hanged a soldier who stole a chicken, yet was not always able to prevent the horrors of war—there was the sack of Badajoz, for example—were still in the future. "Those things could never have happened with England in the background of them!" the blameless English reader would say, not knowing or remembering how the world has progressed since then. Indeed, reading yesterday of George Selwyn and the public executions, I began to see how '98 was possible.

But they did happen. There is chapter and verse for them. Let great Englishmen bear testimony: "Every crime, every cruelty that could be committed by Cossacks or Calmucks has been transacted here," wrote the humane general Sir Ralph Abercrombie. And Lord Cornwallis, who did his best to bring the Irish yeomanry and militia to justice, wrote: "On my arrival in this country I put a stop to the burning of houses and murder of the inhabitants by the yeomen or any other persons who delighted in that amusement; to the flogging for the purpose of extorting confession: and to the free-quarters, which comprehend universal rape and robbery throughout the whole country." He says again: "There is no law either in town or country but martial law, and you know enough of that to see all the horrors of it even in the best administration of it. Judge, then, how it must be conducted by Irishmen, heated with passion and revenge. But all this is trifling compared with the numberless murders which are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever."

Ireland was saved for England in '98 by the Irish yeomen and militia. English regulars had little to do with the suppression of the insurrection. The Highland regiments were conspicuously humane in their treatment of the people; and it will never be forgotten to them in Ireland. The most infamous of the militia corps were the North Cork and the "Ancient Britons," the latter a Welsh regiment.

However it is all written in the histories of those who would look for it there; and here, in this great romance, is a microcosm of the times. The book must be reckoned an Irish classic, but at present the Irish, with very few exceptions, are sublimely ignorant of its existence. The great Irish historical novel, for which we have been looking so long, has come, and one had almost said gone, and the Irish are not aware of it.

Croppies Lie Down is the most flagrant example of a neglected book which ought to have brought its author fortune and renown. But there are many others.

There is the work of Frank Mathew, whose novel of '98, *The Wood of the Brambles*, depicts the same dolorous time as seen by a dreamer and a poet. *The Wood of the Brambles* is an enchanting book. *Love of Comrades* and *The Spanish Wine* are others of Mr. Mathew's Irish novels, which ought to be held in high honor in Ireland, and to have won for their author the consideration of all those who care for what is excellent in literature. Mr. Mathew, I believe, has ceased to write novels.

Another Irish writer of great achievement is Grace Rhys. Her trilogy of Irish books, *Mary Dominic*, *The Wooing of Sheila*, and *The Prince of Lisnover*, are in an ascending degree books of a remarkable quality. Mrs. Rhys knows her Ireland of the gentry, "mounted and half-mounted," as Sir Joshua Barrington distinguished them; and it is a strange world. Those people possess features in common with the eighteenth century in England, "with a difference." The Celt who influences the dweller in his midst without being at all influenced himself has given these descendants of English settlers a wildness, an adventurousness, a prodigality, a splendor so to speak, which makes them widely different from their progenitors. Here you will see the children of the oppressors of '98, and also of the humane Protestants who tried in vain to check those dreadful excesses, with all their pride, cruelty, insolence, generosity, reckless courage, in their habits as they lived, and as they may live to-day for all I know, for they do not learn easily, although the Congested Estates Court and the Land League were rude teachers. Mrs. Rhys' work belongs to literature as Frank Mathew's does, to such literary story-weaving as was done by Stevenson and is done by Conrad, finding the novel the vehicle for the romance and wonder that are in them. But Mrs. Rhys is unknown in Ireland; and one is afraid that in England her circulation has been very small.

Again there is Julia Crottie. She writes of the Irish middle-classes, of the dreary, often ugly and sordid, often spiritual and lovely, life of an Irish country town. She brings to her task just the qualities it needs. She has no shibboleths, no illusions, wilful or otherwise. If the thing is dreary and horrid she sets it down as faithfully and pitilessly as any great artist who finds all that is worth recording. She is that very rare thing, an Irish realist; but she is not all realist, for her strong and sometimes corroding sketches are relieved by the poetry and softness which come in exquisite intervals. She has published two books, *Neighbours* and *The Old Land.* If she had been Scotch the English-speaking or English-reading world would have known of these books as it knows of *The House of the Green Shutters*, with which her work has something in common, although the gloom and bitterness in her are lightened by poetry and romantic vision.

I know from personal experience that the English publisher is nearly always a self-sacrificing man when he consents to publish an Irish book. Even the harmless romances of Mrs. Hungerford would have no chance in our day, although they had a great vogue in their own. I have spoken of the most striking examples of the neglect of Irish writers; but I would also point to the many less neglected who would enjoy honor and fortune if they had chanced to be English or Scotch. There is Miss Emily Lawless, for example. How many in Ireland or England know those big books, *Grania, Maelcho, With Essex in Ireland?* There is Jane Barlow, the most exquisite of idealists. She came in for a little while when the Kailyard school was beginning to have a vogue, but I doubt if her popularity ever amounted to much. There is the *Real Charlotte*, of which I have spoken before. There is the idyllic and delicate work of Rosa Mulholland. There are the incisive and brilliant books of Hannah Lynch, now dead. All the long list is, in reality, a list of failures—failures in the vulgar sense that the books bring the authors little or no money; but failures also in the poignant sense that they bring them no readers.

Surely literature springs up in Ireland with the scantiest encouragement it ever received anywhere. It was all very well to write in a garret on a crust, knowing, or believing, that some day the immortal poem or story would bring its message to a delighted and receptive world. It is another thing to write with the knowledge that you will have no honor either from your own people or others.

There has always been a deal of poetry in Ireland. Sometimes it has been artless in the extreme and founded on very bad models when it sought expression. Indeed it is within comparatively late years that Irish writers to any number have learned to handle the English language, to bring artistry to the expression of the things they would say. There are now numbers of young poets in Ireland who are saying simple things sweetly and naturally, with the artistic, ineffable touch that makes for real poetry. Have they any readers? They have at least one single, solitary publisher in Dublin who knows how to produce and clothe a book decently. One hopes that his recent choice of a Parliamentary career will not affect unfavorably the work of his press. There has been a literary revival in Ireland of late years, much greater and more general than people imagined who talked of the little and poetical Irish revival, which meant mainly the poetry of W. B. Yeats and George Russell, and the scholarly genius of Douglas Hyde. But, alas! it is a one-sided revival, for although the writers have come there are no readers—among Irish people or elsewhere.

WEST-COUNTRY IDYLLS.

BY H. G. P.

I.

THE PASSING OF TOMMY.

THE "snow-on-the-mountains" was in full bloom, groups of crocuses were holding out their golden fingers just behind it, and the yellow and white looked like strips of spring sunshine up each side of the footpath which led to the cottage at the end. Outside the door are the fender and the fire irons. This is a premonitory sign to me that cleaning is going on within, for any article that is displaced during the process, is put outside, or on the table, as there is no room to turn when anything is moved inside the cottage.

An old man is in a chair on one side of the fire, and an old woman, who is on her knees before it, is putting whitening on the hearthstone, which she does in a curly pattern round its three sides. When I greet them, the old man answers cheerily enough—his spouse answers, too, but neither turns nor rises at my entrance. This is not the absence of manners, but the result of the conviction that as the position took a long time to acquire it is not to be lightly foregone. For Mrs. Squance is eighty years of age, and although she is still "quite sprack," according to her own account, I know of the difficulty of getting up from her knees, and I excuse my welcome.

The pattern round the hearthstone is finished, and with the help of the table and her husband's walking stick, which is held upright for the purpose, Mrs. Squance pulls herself slowly on to her feet. Meanwhile she still keeps her hold of the whitening brush and looks somewhat as if she was about to shave—a process which might not, in her case, be altogether needless. One end of her bonnet string has been in the white stuff, as it has been in many things before, and her general aspect suggests a carelessness about the minor rites of life.

I take a chair off the table and sit down to chat with the old man on many things. His broad, west-country accent is difficult to follow, and the fewness of his front teeth scarcely make him more distinct. Mrs. Squance joins in.

"I've never seen your 'snow-on-the-mountains' so full of flower," I remark; for it is generally safe to praise the botanical efforts of parishioners.

"If it wasn't for them children, it would be a deal better," the old lady replies; "but every time they comes from school, in they comes, just as if it was their own, and picks the flowers as if there was no commandments. I've been out times and times and screeched at 'em; but it's no good—you might so well dance a jig to a milestone, as talk to they."

The old man scarcely holds with her, for he thinks the little 'uns should "enjy" themselves while they can. "And if my young 'oman"—this was the name by which he always called his spouse, although she was five years his senior—"and if my young 'oman would just save up her screeching and make the bed, it 'ud be better for I. But there—she ain't so young as she was, Father," he adds apologetically, "and she ain't strong enough in the arms to turn the bed now, and sometimes it be that heapy, it do mind I o' emmet's-batches" (ant-hills).

We chat on, and I notice how much they seem to know of the things around them—how, in spite of their natural limitations, they are masters of the situation where they are. They know the why and the wherefore of so much that is around them. They illustrate with homely facts from nature, and they use similes drawn from the obvious things nearest to hand, which have a force and pertinence that fill their conversation with ever-recurring surprises. Then I come to the purpose of my visit, and arrange with the old couple to bring them Holy Communion the day after to-morrow.

When the day after to-morrow comes, the hearth has evidently been whitened again, a clean cloth is on the table, old Tommy, arrayed in his best coat, sits back in his chair, and his wife has on a new-washed linen bonnet, stiff, white, and crimped, that sets round her withered old face like hoar-frost on an apple. She is in her chair on the other side. Besides the change of head-dress, she wears a clean pocket handkerchief, folded tippet-wise, with the two ends crossed upon her breast and fixed with her best brooch—a surprisingly large emerald.

The "snow-on-the-mountains" and the yellow crocuses have made a contribution to the table, and a many-colored china shepherd and shepherdess hold a vase full of these flowers between them. The kettle is sending a long jet of steam into the room, for it is full boil, in preparation for the cup of tea the old folks have had to postpone so long this morning.

There is only one room in the house—the one through the door is but an out-house, coal cellar, and general store combined—therefore, as soon as I have set the visiting case on the table, lighted the candles, and deposited the Blessed Sacrament, the old lady gets up from her place, makes a charming old-world curtsey to her Lord, and goes into the said out-house while I hear Tommy's confession. Tommy's edition of the *Confiteor* is not the one found in approved manuals; but he means all the long words, and he says them in a deep voice that has a ring of genuine piety in it, for Tommy is a saint.

When we have finished, I seek Mrs. Squance in the out-house, where the coals, an old bedstead, a piece of bacon, and what is left of the winter's store of potatoes are the silent witnesses of her contrition and repentance. We go back to the room; the same curtsey; and then, with many groans, she slowly kneels upright on the floor—on the old flagstones, cold and uneven—to receive her Maker, for I cannot persuade her that she may sit in her chair without irreverence.

Tommy's turn comes first, and as he holds the little white cloth he prays aloud—prays in that same deep, reverent voice —what, exactly, I can never quite catch; but when it is ended, the old woman says "Amen" in a tone that suggests she is proud of Tommy's effort, or pleased with its effect. I say the thanksgiving prayers with them, and then step out into the little garden with its white and golden flowers. It was all so simple and so great—such a wondrous adaptation of the Infinite to the finite; such a lowly condescension to the feebleness of those two old souls.

Three or four years after the time I am speaking of the old man died. Tommy was ill for some weeks before he went, but he kept his senses till the last, and prayed "main strong," as the woman who sat up with him told me, through most of the nights; for his pains let him have but little sleep. I had given him the last Sacraments, and the old man joined in everything I did, as well as he knew how, while explaining that he "was sure God knew he was no scholar, and didn't expect any great words."

I had said the prayers for the dying, and finished with a good-bye to Tommy, for I thought it probable he would not live till the next day. As I went from the room he called to me. "Father," he said, "thank ye kindly, thank ye kindly, for all ye have done. That"—meaning the Holy Viaticum, and pointing to the table whereon I had placed the Blessed Sacrament—"that do sart of freshen I up."

Tommy died in the night, still praying "main strong" to the end. During his illness the old bed from the out-house had been brought into use, and Tommy lay in it by himself.

For two years or more before his death Mrs. Squance had been completely bed-ridden, or, as the neighbors said, thought she was. She suffered from nothing in particular, but she refused to leave her bed, and was waited on by her old husband until the beginning of his last illness, when a relation took her in hand. It was not easy work, for the old woman's natural asperity of temper had not improved, and her saving or miserly habits grew with her years.

No one ever knew what weighed on her spirits. She was always very close—saving of everything, soap and water included. Her friends said she was a miser and had a hoard stored away somewhere, and that she was afraid it would be found. No talking with the old lady on financial matters ever brought me near to the mystery; she fenced carefully, and left me convinced there was something to conceal.

"When the old 'oman dies, her 'ull have a long stocking put by somewheres," was the confident prophecy of her next door neighbors. "She's kep' Tommy that shart all these years to scrape and scrape, that the poor man has had to go without many and many a time."

I thought Tommy had been well able to look after himself, but I didn't say so, for experience has taught me never to contradict next-door-neighbors—they always know.

Well, it was the morning after Tommy died. The little room had been straightened up, the old bed had been wheeled into line with the other bed, with as much space between as the room afforded. The corpse of Tommy occupied the one, and his relict the other.

She was sitting up when I let myself into the room by prying up the piece of old clothes-peg which took the place of a missing part of the door latch. She looked a trifle cleaner than of late; Tommy's bed was snow-white. The latter was hung round with all the clean sheets of the establishment, and some borrowed as well. The top of the old four-poster bed had long ago been mercifully removed, which left the four uprights with nothing to hold up—mere shadows, suggestive of departed greatness. Yet they were useful. On one of them had hung for years a discarded bonnet of Mrs. Squance's belonging to the early Victorian period. This bonnet was a curiosity in its way, with a long black curtain at the back, and a bunch of what had once been green and pink dog-roses clinging to the peak in front. Age and a plentiful layer of dust had dimmed its original beauty; but the design was there on a good firm foundation of iron wire that obtruded itself in various parts of the structure. However, we are not concerned with Mrs. Squance's once best bonnet, but with her late husband's corpse.

They had railed Tommy round with sheets, which were hung from a clothes-line, stretched from post to post of the old bed. The bonnet had been removed in honor of the occasion, and the stone floor had been washed over for the same reason. As I made my way round Tommy's bed, I peeped over the white enclosure. Inside it the old man lay, straightened for the grave. The rugged face looked gentle and kind, for the firm mouth was less set than in life, and the fearless eyes, which almost disconcerted you, being shut, you could look Tommy in the face with more comfort than when the life was in him. How wonderfully knotted his hands seemed as they lay crossed upon his breast—hands that had worked so hard in their day as to be twisted by labor out of the form in which God made them, and yet had been so unsuccessful, or so handicapped, that there was nothing but the parish dole in the end.

"Just ye pull the sheet back on this side and let the light on to he; he do look beautiful." And so, obeying the widow, I slid the sheet back along the line by the bed's head, and let the sunlight from the open window fall on Tommy's face. The streak fell just upon the old man's face, and although it made the lines look deeper, he appeared to be but sleeping, so natural did he look. It gave a sense of majesty to the time-worn face; and there seemed to be an expression of wonder upon it, as if the vision of the Limitless had proved so infinitely beyond his powers of beholding. I pulled the sheet back again and went over to the old woman's bed.

"I wanted 'e badly," she said, as she turned round in the bed, and with her long, fleshless arms began to reach behind the pillow and under the head of the mattress. "I wanted 'e badly, to settle about Tommy's coffin." I assured her I had thought of that already, and that he was not to have a parish coffin, but that his friends were going to help in the matter.

She made no reply, but continued to dive into the mattress. Finally, with many explanations—mostly to herself—she brought to the surface what looked like a disgustingly dirty doll. It was a coarse, begrimed cloth or piece of an old gown, with something, about the size of one's fist, tied up in the middle.

First there was an old hat ribbon, the ends hanging down in front, and looking like a necktie, while the holes and stains on the rag made the doll's face, and the rest of the clout, its skirts. The old woman seemed to hug this filthy thing affectionately, and then, laying it on the sheet before her, proceeded to undo its tie. A bit of an old print dress, this time with a boot string for a fastening, made another "dolly" under the first. With shaking fingers she unpicked the knot and—the process was repeated. Another garment, and tie; and then another. How many in all I was not curious to see, for the odor got worse as the dolly's clothes grew damper and the time since the last had been unwrapped and seen the daylight more remote.

Once or twice I asked what were we coming to? But there was no answer, only the incessant murmur, half to herself: "Oh, dear! oh, dear! whatever will become of us?" We seemed to be getting to the heart of things at last, for the garments ceased and were supplanted by rolls of paper—old wall paper, old prints, bits of brown paper, then some newspaper, worn till the print was gone, and finally—the chink of money.

Was this the hoard the neighbors had talked about—the untold gold that was put away in this festering bundle of rottenness, while the old woman and Tommy had well-nigh starved? No; with her yellow, skinny fingers Mrs. Squance took up a half-sovereign and a half-crown, and handed them over to me.

"There," she said, "I put 'em by, this five and forty years agone, for Tommy's coffin; but what's the use?" Then, as near crying as I had seen her yet since Tommy's decease, she went on: "I thought I'd like to be sure of a good coffin for him, come what might; and now what's the use tof it all?" she wailed. "What's the use tof it all?" Her voice was getting sharper and sharper. "Every time as anybody died, I've asked after the price of the coffin, and they seems to me to do nothin' but go up, up, up. And now they wants thirty shillin's for a coffin without a bres'-plate, an' the linin's extra. So what's the good of this I saved? Times I've said to myself: However will I bury Tommy? And nights I couldn't sleep, I've said that if they goes up much more, he'll get a parish coffin after all."

I comforted Mrs. Squance as well as I could, and pointed out that her savings would enable Tommy to have a much better coffin than he otherwise would have had. I promised, too, that I would make up the rest, and that there should be a breast-plate and linings and all of the best. Poor old lady. She looked happier than I had seen her for years. The great coffin question was settled at last—was at rest, like Tommy was, since coffins in his regard would never go up any more.

In the fullness of her heart, she offered me some of the late wrappings of the "dolly" in which to take away the twelve and six; but I told her gently that I did not need them, and that I would keep the money safely against the day of the undertaker's account.

New Books.

SOCIALISM.

In the opinion of the learned editor of the *Catholic Fortnightly Review* a number of papers which appeared in that publication, on landownership, are worthy to be preserved in book form. The volume,* he believes, "contains the first and only adequate presentation, in English, of the important question of landownership"; and, furthermore, it is an effective refutation, not only of Agrarian Socialism, but also of "the fundamental fallacy underlying socialistic communism." We regret that we cannot concur in this handsome eulogy of the neatly printed little book before us. In the first place, to call a fragmentary discussion of the lawfulness of private ownership of land, as against State ownership as advocated by Henry George, "an adequate presentation" of the great ethical, social, and economic question of landownership is, to say the least, amusingly pretentious. In the second place, the writer fails to distinguish between several distinct issues, with the result that his arguments are frequently glaringly defective and his conclusions unwarranted by his premises. His main purpose is to demolish the single tax theory of Henry George. With the help of the Encyclical of Leo XIII., he has no difficulty in disproving the Georgian doctrine that "private ownership in land is essentially and irremediably wrong and unjust."

But the writer proceeds much further. He attempts to prove that state ownership of the land is contrary to natural justice; a proposition which he seems to consider the contradictory of the former. The drift of his argument is that man has the right to foresee and provide for his future as well as for his present needs; that he is deprived of this right if he is deprived of the opportunity of acquiring land; and that if all the land were vested in the State, he would be deprived of such opportunity. "It is the *earth*, which by its abundance and fertility is a never-failing storehouse of supplies. Hence he must have the right to *acquire*, as his own also, *land*, *i. e.*, a suitable portion of the soil, and can make use of this right, *i. e.*, acquire actual landed property, whenever an opportunity is offered and no other right is violated." The writer concedes that it is not necessary "that all men should be *actual* proprietors of land; but there should be many, very many." He supports his main position by working out the hypothesis of a man taking a piece of ownerless land and cultivating and improving it; building a house on it out of ownerless materials; and thereby establishing a just right to it, and so forth. Furthermore, the writer insists that a man's ownership or right to the full enjoyment and free disposal of the effects of his labor would avail him nothing if he could not freely dispose of the soil itself; for, with a fine indifference to facts, with which anybody writing on this topic should be familiar, our author declares: "The free disposal of the former without the free disposal of the latter is impossible!"

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* *The Fundamental Fallacy of Socialism.* An Exposition of the Question of Landownership. Comprising an Authentic Account of the McGlynn Case. Edited by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: B. Herder.

State ownership, then, would be iniquitous, because it would deprive the individual of any opportunity of exercising his primary, inherent right of acquiring landed property. If this reason is good against State ownership, it is good against any other system that operates similarly. Now, over great areas of Europe, for a long period, the feudal system deprived all but a numerically insignificant number of the population of even the shred of a chance of becoming landowners. Yet, we never heard of the Church having condemned the feudal system as contrary to the natural law. Let us come out of the region of abstractions where the man reclaims the ownerless field, down to the actual world. Roughly speaking, two score of men own two-thirds of the soil of Great Britain. The sacred principle of private ownership justifies them in their possession of it. Suppose the law of entail—which, by the way, prohibits most of them from freely disposing of their acres, and, nevertheless, has never been condemned by the Church as unjust—were abolished, and these present owners were to convey their property to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the benefit of the nation at large, the rents, in future, to be applied to the extinction of taxation. Here at once we should have State ownership constituted on a vast scale. Will anybody say that this arrangement would be a flagrant violation of natural justice? An English workman to whom Mr. Preuss would expound his theory would reply to him: "You tell me that as an individual, and as father of a family, I have the right to a condition of life in which I may look forward to obtaining a house and a piece of land, to assure my family a decent livelihood, and a support for myself in my old age; and that any system which deprives men of this opportunity is iniquitous. Now I, and thousands such as I, have no more chance of ever owning a foot of English soil than we have of getting hold of the moon. By the operation of the sacred principle of private ownership most of it belongs to men who devote to grouse and pheasants and partridges and the breeding of race horses, millions of acres that would support, in honest toil, thousands of families who are doomed to pass their lives in starvation and to die in an almshouse. This principle of private ownership may be all very well; but, however it worked when there were ownerless fields, nowadays it does not help me and my fellow-workmen to become landed proprietors. And, I say, how many of these landlords' titles are derived from the men who first reclaimed the ownerless field and out of ownerless materials built their houses on ownerless ground?" When Mr. Preuss will have dealt intelligently with the crux of the situation hinted at in these observations, he may, with more propriety than at present, claim to have produced "the first and only adequate presention, in English, of the important question of landownership."

A parting word. With questionable taste the writer resurrects the McGlynn case. He resents the prevailing impression that the restoration of Dr. McGlynn by Cardinal Satolli was equivalent to a declaration that the Doctor's teaching on landownership was not contrary to Catholic doctrine. Not Mgr. Satolli, he contends, but four professors of the Catholic University, examined the opinions in question, and these censors committed an egregious and deplorable blunder. Is it quite respectful towards authority to assert publicly that, in a case on which the eyes of two continents were fixed, the representative of the Pope, in the exercise of his disciplinary authority, should have exonerated a man from the charge of advocating false opinions when these same opinions to which that man resolutely stuck, were in fact, grave errors; and that, for the past fourteen years, the Holy See should have taken no steps to correct the impression that its representative gave a *Nihil Obstat* to a pernicious error, which, the writer asserts, is of late enlisting numerous recruits among Catholics?

Economic Socialism is rapidly spreading, because its vital, dynamic idea is more and more dissociating itself from a mass of unessential extravagances—anti-Christian, anti-religious, immoral—which many of its *doctrinaire* advocates have attached to it. If it is to be conquered, its opponents, whether in the academic arena, or in the clash of action, must gauge correctly the strength of its position. It is an economic movement, born of some acknowledged colossal evils of this present industrial age; and it demands that the justice of its claims be examined with reference to this age. The domination of capital in the industrial world has, it declares, deprived nine-tenths of the population of any hope of obtaining a share of the land; and, likewise, makes a mockery of their indefeasible right to the product, or a just equivalent of the product, of their labor. The principle that every man has a right to the fruits of his labors, is precisely the one to which Socialism appeals in order to convict the present system of having engendered enormous abuses.

"Socialism declares itself to be a contemporary manifestation of social grievances which, through long generations, have been borne by the sweating millions of labor that have endured patiently and died in silent misery, leaving no record of their awful burden of sorrow. It is the cause of wretched multitudes of men and women and children that has at last found utterance and organization, the protest of workers that still suffer from excessive hours of monotonous drudgery in mine and factory in many lands, who live in economic insecurity and degradation, surrounded by the superabundant wealth which their toil has created." "The fundamental principle of Socialism is this: Associated labor with a joint capital with a view to a more equitable system of distribution." These extracts are taken from the *Inquiry into Socialism*,* written by a sympathetic but temperate historian of the movement. It sets forth with remarkable logic, force, and perspicuity the genesis, aims, and claims of the form of Socialism which is gaining ground so fast at present.

EDUCATION.
By Shields.

After the question, How are our Catholic colleges to be improved? no other one is heard more frequently in circles where educational interests are debated than, What do you think of higher education for Catholic girls? When this query elicits anything that professes to be an opinion, the view expressed is, very frequently, a random venture, or some vague platitude, which merely reveals an absence of any definite thought on the subject. Yet the question is no theoretical one; and its practical importance is growing greater every year. It is attracting the attention of the *ecclesia docens* among us, and is coming home much more intimately, to a large section of the *ecclesia discens*, where the burden of parental responsibility rests. Whosoever is interested in the subject will find a fund of suggestion in a modest little volume* by Dr. Shields, of the Catholic University, just published. To a thorough knowledge of theoretical pedagogics Dr. Shields unites a wide experience of the practical conditions of Catholic education for girls, as they exist in this country. His teachers' correspondence courses and his lecture tours have made his name a household word among hundreds of convents and other educational institutions throughout the country.

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* *An Inquiry into Socialism.* By Thomas Kirrup. Third Edition. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

He has adopted a very suitable form for the expression of his opinions on this subject in which, as yet, dogmatism, except on fundamental principles, would be out of place; and opinion, criticism, and interpretation of facts are, on many points, best put in a tentative form.

A number of persons—three university professors, a self-made business man, two young women, one the principal of a normal school, the other a "co-ed," with a degree from the University of Michigan, and Mrs. O'Brien, a matron of experience—meeting together at the home of the latter, constitute themselves a club for the discussion of the education question. The title given to the assembly—the Crackers and Cheese Club—adroitly conveys the intimation that when we are invited to form part of the audience we are not to expect the scintillating atmosphere of a French *salon*. A glance through the book informs us, too, that the dialogues are cast in the mold of the debating society, rather than in conversational form. But it is the matter, not the form, which is the chief preoccupation of the author and the valuable part of the book. The topics discussed under different aspects are: The proper grading of school children; The influence of co-education on marriage; The cultural development proper to each sex; The "social claims" upon women; The teaching of domestic science to girls. One member, the Rev. Dr. Studevan, who, obviously, holds the brief for orthodoxy, and, if gently scraped of the adulation which is plastered somewhat thickly upon him by his associates, would look remarkably like the author himself, finds the shackles of dialogue too much of a restriction, and, mounting the rostrum, delivers an excellent lecture on the type of girl that ought to be the home-maker of the future. Incidentally Dr. Shields explodes the fallacious assumption of our self-complaisant age, that "woman's recognition of the social claim is a recent affair," by drawing attention to the part played by female religious orders in the history of civilization. The book contains an eloquent preface by Cardinal Gibbons.

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* *The Education of Our Girls.* By Thomas Edward Shields. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT.
By Richardson.

This book,* coming from the pen of one of the most distinguished musicians of the modern English school, is a valuable addition to the scant literature on the art of accompanying church music. Dr. Richardson had already given to choirmasters an invaluable handbook in *Church Music*, published in 1904, and his present suggestions to church organists will be equally valuable to those who are earnest enough in their profession to study the book carefully. Too much prominence has been given in the last decade to solo playing in church, and many of our most talented organists have been satisfied to be virtuosos, neglecting the far more important art of accompaniment. The modern organ is, in itself, a temptation to organists to become star-soloists. But the wonderful mechanical contrivances and facilities for manipulating large instruments which abound in organs nowadays make possible beautiful and effective accompaniments as well as brilliant solo-playing, and Dr. Richardson insists that the chief function of a church organist is to summon all the resources of these perfected organs of to-day to supply artistic accompaniment to the singing. Dr. Richardson gives of his best thoughts in this book, and its purchase will repay any organist.

All the various topics bearing upon the subject are considered in detail; the art of registration, the accompanying of hymn tunes, motets, and plain song, the use of ornamentation, and the art of augmenting or reducing piano scores for use on the organ. It is to be regretted, however, that Dr. Richardson did not add a chapter on the art of accompanying choirs of boys and men. He could say many helpful things on this point, and many things are needed to be said to our organists to-day. How often we hear the beautiful *bel canto*, flute-like tones of the boy-sopranos quite neutralized by the distressing whistling of four-foot pipes, and the spunky overtones of strident reeds and string stops. Very often, indeed, the religious effect of a composition is entirely lost in the injudicious choice of registers by the accompanist. The boy-soprano voice, thoroughly trained, is a blend of flute, string, and reed timbres, and a chapter on the art of accompanying such a quality of voice, would be very opportune just now, and would complete what is otherwise a splendid volume.

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* *Modern Organ Accompaniment.* By A. Madeley Richardson, Mus. Doc. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

WITH THE MEDIUMS. A member of the American Society for Psychical Research, Mr. David B. Abbot,* who has devoted years to the study of the professional spiritualist, has acquired a knowledge of a great number of the tricks by which this type of charlatan deceives his dupes. A great many of these tricks have a commercial value. In fact the trade in them is so brisk that it has given rise to a brokerage system and a fairly normal list of prices. Mr. Abbot himself has paid hard cash for some of the secrets which he publishes. One of them was sold to a medium of Mr. Abbot's acquaintance for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars. The stock in trade which is now so ruthlessly destroyed consists chiefly of reading of sealed letters; reading of notes in a dark room; spirit voices, taps, and lights; and slate-writing in many startling forms. The frauds here exposed vary from the simplest to the most ingenious, some of them depend on the operator's skill in slight of hand, while others secure success by surprising the confidence, or ingeniously taking advantage of the credulity of the dupes. Mr. Abbot confines himself to the *rôle* of ventilating deceptions that have been extensively used by professionals. He does not discuss, nor even raise the question of the existence of genuine spiritistic phenomena.

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* *Behind the Scenes With the Mediums.* By David B. Abbot. Chicago, Ill.: Open Court Publishing Company.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG MAN DO?

By Rollins.

To indicate more precisely the character of the book bearing this interrogative title * the question might be put somewhat in this form: What are the various careers, and their respective advantages, that are open to a young man in this country? Generally speaking, anxious youths and perplexed parents for whom the above problem is pressing, seldom obtain any help from the many philanthropists who, through the medium of the press, have offered themselves as mentors to the Odyssey of American life. The advice offered is usually a compound of moral maxims that are but amplifications of "Poor Richard's Sayings" and worthless, vague estimates of the pecuniary rewards attached to this or that occupation or trade, which recall the economic observations of Mrs. Micawber when pondering over the paths to which opportunity was beckoning her immortal spouse: "I have long felt the brewing business to be particularly adapted to Mr. Micawber. Look at Barclay and Perkins! Look at Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton! The profits, I am told, are e–NOR–mous!"

Mr. Rollins has aimed to supply practical information concerning the various careers which he discusses, definite instruction as to the best means of entering them, the physical, mental, and moral qualifications which they demand for success, the difficulties which they present, and the rewards which they offer. The book contains a good deal of valuable information about almost every avenue of professional, commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural life. The precise and circumstantial character of the information is a confirmation of the author's assertion that in the compilation of it, he has sought the help of specialists in various departments.

To convey an idea of the detailed character of the work, we may mention that there are chapters on the Librarian, the Consular Service, Service in the Philippines, Lumbering, the City Guide, the Chauffeur, and the Mercantile Traveler. It is to be regretted that Mr. Rollins, who has given us a useful book, should, in an introductory chapter on schools and education, have, quite gratuitously, registered his opinion that, though he believes the Roman Catholics are justified in maintaining their own schools, yet the policy seems very bad for the Republic,

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* *What Can a Young Man Do?* By Frank West Rollins. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

since it "is only through the mixing process which goes on in public schools that we are able to assimilate our heterogeneous population." We feel quite confident that if Mr. Rollins would pay a visit to any of the great parochial schools, say in New York City, he would dismiss his groundless apprehension.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE FAR EAST.

In less than three centuries from its introduction Christianity had conquered the Roman Empire; more than half the population of the Empire, and several barbarous nations, had become Christian. For thirteen centuries the Church has been sending to the Far East, that is to say, to India, Indo-China, China, Corea, and Japan, band after band of heroic missionaries who have, in innumerable instances, suffered every hardship, even a death of torture, in the cause of the propagation of the faith. The annals of the missions abound everywhere with histories of converts who, for virtue and fidelity unto death, are not unworthy of comparison with the early Christians. Yet, what are the gross results? The religion which in three centuries conquered the Roman Empire has the following results to show for its labors in this other field: out of a population of about eight hundred millions (787,400,000) there are about four million Catholics. A French priest has made a study* of the history of this Eastern Apostolate, in order to discover, if possible, the reason of this comparative failure. His review of the fate of Catholic missions in the above-mentioned countries, is a splendid picture of the zeal of the missionaries and the virtue of the native Christians. The conclusion which he draws from what deserves to be called a close and intelligent study of the facts is that the modern missionaries have failed because in one important respect they have not followed the example of the Apostles and their immediate successors. Everywhere they went the Apostles founded churches with a native episcopate and priesthood, and addressed themselves, above all, to the masses of the people. On the contrary, the modern missionaries too often turned first to the upper classes, hoping that the example of these would draw the lower classes; and nowhere did they establish complete native churches. The result was that, in the eyes of these peoples, Catholicism always has remained a foreign, anti-national religion, always under suspicion; and the converts to it have been regarded as renegades to their country.

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* *Le Christianisme et L'Extrême Orient.* Par Chanoine Léon Joly. Paris: Lethielleux.

LIBERALISM IN FRANCE. In his reply to the Encyclical of our Holy Father to the French hierarchy relative to the Associations Law, the Bishop of Coutances said: "The deplorable liberalism solemnly condemned by Pius IX. of glorious memory is more alive than ever; it has penetrated everywhere. How many enterprises, seemingly good, are impregnated with it. This liberalism has led us to the abyss. And it is from it that we would look for salvation!"

Inspired by this thought, a devoted defender of the policy and action of Pius X. regarding France, has taken up the history of liberalism in France for the last twenty odd years; and the result is two solid volumes,* packed with documents, skillfully digested into a long-sustained, coherent argument, directed to sustain a thesis which the writer frankly announces at the opening of his work. In an Introduction of one hundred and seventy pages, M. l'Abbé Barbier defines the nature of liberalism as a movement whose essential principles, derived from the French Revolution, are irreconcilably opposed to the Catholic principle of authority. Then he proceeds to give his account of the rise and development of the school of liberal Catholicism which essays that impossible task of reconciling those contradictories. To indicate the viewpoint of the author, it will suffice to say that Archbishops Ireland and Kane, American Americanism and Anglo-Saxon democratic ideas, are credited with a sinister part in the spread of the movement. The thesis of the author is, that from the beginning to the end of his pontificate Leo XIII. pursued a policy which, to a very serious extent, contributed to weaken the cause of religion in France, and to promote the diffusion of "all those social and religious errors which, in our day, are so many forms of liberalism." Every prominent incident in the history of the French Church from 1880 is discussed in the light of a goodly array of documents. And in every instance the writer's verdict is that the interference of Pope Leo and his Secretary of State resulted in injury to the cause of the Church!

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* *Le Progrès du Liberalisme Catholique en France sous le Pape Leon XIII.* Par E. Barbier. Paris: Lethielleux.

In M. Barbier's opinion there existed, among the French bishops and the higher clergy, even after the *Vehementer Nos*, a strong inclination to form the legal associations forbidden by the Pope. He believes that this same spirit of dissatisfaction with the policy of Pius X. is far from extinct among French Catholics. The purpose of his book is to exorcise that spirit, and to inculcate perfect obedience to, and trust in the French policy of the Pope to-day. The means he chooses to achieve this end is to write, at the cost of much time and labor, a large two-volume work demonstrating that, in the same affairs, disaster and ruin followed the policy pursued by the Pope yesterday.

APOLOGETICS AND PHILOSOPHY.

The appearance of a third edition of the Dominican Father De Groot's *Summa Apologetica* * indicates that the work, notwithstanding its bulk, meets with approval as a text-book for seminary students in some parts of Europe, though, owing to the method of dividing the courses in this country, it has remained comparatively unknown among ourselves. Strictly scholastic in its spirit and method, the *Summa* treats first of the institution, constitution, and notes of the Church. Then, by the application of these notes, it identifies the Roman Catholic Church as the institution founded by Christ. Next it proceeds to all the other questions that make up the traditional "Tractatus de Ecclesia"; and concludes with an examination of the function of reason and the authority of philosophers and human history in religious belief.

An elaborate refutation of the materialism of Buchner, by a French priest,† seems, at first sight, somewhat belated; for in English philosophic thought, Buchner was long ago discredited; and rationalistic and agnostic speculation runs in other directions than it did thirty years ago, when the philosophy of "kraft und stoff" enjoyed some consideration. This same philosophy, however, has become the heritage of a large portion of the masses in France; and a popular yet scientific refutation of it ought to do something towards diminishing the reign of error there.

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* *Summa Apologetica de Ecclesia Christi. Ad mentem S. Thomæ Aquinatis.* Auctore Fr. M. I. V. De Groot, O.P. Ratisbonæ, 1906: Manz.

† *L'Ordre Naturel et Dieu. Étude Critique de la Theorie du Dr. L. Buchner.* Par l'Abbé Alfred Tanguy. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

Under the form of an account of the meetings and debates of a philosophical club in an unnamed European capital, Dr. Paul Carus * satirizes the philosophy of agnosticism and the utilitarian ethical principle of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." Imaginative construction is not the Doctor's strong point, and his humor does not flow spontaneously enough to give him a mastery over this literary form as a vehicle for philosophic disquisition.

A more heterogeneous cloud of witnesses than has been assembled by the compiler of an anthology of thoughts on the immortality of the soul † could scarcely be called together, from all the ages, and from all shades of religious and philosophic belief, to deliver contributary testimony on any other subject, except, perhaps, on the text of *Vanitas Vanitatum.* The Scriptures, philosophers, ancient and modern, from Aristotle to Buckle, scientists, historians, priests, preachers, saints, and sinners, are thundering in the index. The index, by the way, brings into juxtaposition names that probably have never been in such close proximity before. St. Augustine and Matthew Arnold, Buddha and Thomas Henry Buckle, John Calvin and Lord Byron, Benjamin Franklin and St. Francis of Assisi, Fénelon and Fichte, Gautama and Cardinal Gibbons, John Fiske and the English Omar Khayám, Luther and Lucretius, John Locke and Sir Oliver Lodge, Mohammed and Montesquieu, Thales and Tolstoi, are among the couples that go arm in arm in this dance, not of death, but of immortality; where, to give a final example of the incongruous, Giordano Bruno is escorted by Robert Browning and William Jennings Bryan. The collector has brought together a great many gems; but mingled with them there is also a lot of common pebbles picked up chiefly out of contemporary literature. It is unfortunate that the author did not give references to the places from which she drew, instead of merely adding the names of the author.

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* *The Philosopher's Martyrdom.* A Satire. By Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

† *Intimations of Immortality.* Significant Thoughts on the Future Life. Selected by Helen Philbrook Patten. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

SCOTTISH HOMES.

This is a picturesque historical account * of the principal castles or houses belonging to the few historical Catholic families who clung to the faith through the days of the Reformation and the executions, attainders, and confiscations of the early Hanoverian period: Cærlaverock and Letterfourie of the Gordons; Terregles and Kirkconnell of the Maxwells; Beaufort of the Frasers; Traquair of the Stuarts; and Fetternear, originally the seat of the Bishops of Aberdeen. The names call up a host of historic memories stretching from the Middle Ages, past Flodden and Pinkie, through the stormy days of John Knox and Mary Stuart, down to and beyond the fatal field "that quenched the fortunes of the hapless Stuart line." Father Blundell, writing from the first Benedictine Abbey founded in Scotland since the Reformation, and himself claiming kindred with the Gordons and the Stuarts, could not fail to be inspired to eloquence by his theme.

ECONOMICS.

In the Preface to this, the third edition of his *Political Economy* †—a work which gave the late Mr. Devas a position of authority among English economists—the author points out that the course which economic opinion has taken since the book first appeared has justified some of its views which at first were subjected to much hostile criticism. The subsequent controversy between Free Trade and Protection has confirmed his contention that the difference between them is rather in the concrete than in the abstract. The problem of the unemployed confirms the principle of workmen's insurance and of employers' liability; and the cry of race suicide indicates that a danger which he heralded has arrived. In the present edition many statistical figures have been revised to bring the work up to the latest returns.

To encourage the study of economic questions and the development of industrial education in this country some Chicago merchants offered a number of prizes for the best essays on some topics pertaining to the above problem. A prize winner,

* *Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland.* By Dom. O. Blundell, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Political Economy.* By Charles S. Devas. Third Edition. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

the professor of Commerce and Industry in Dartmouth College, publishes his essay.* He opens his dissertation with a comparison between Germany and America. Germany compensates for its inferior physical resources by an efficient system of industrial education; America's superior physical resources are seriously impaired by the absence of any adequate system of industrial training. The main features of the German system are outlined. The professor then proposes a plan suggested by the German method, but modified so as to suit the special conditions of this country and to fit into the general educational system.

Professor Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, publishes the series of lectures which he delivered in Berlin in 1906, on the present great industrial issues and problems in the United States †—Competition; Protection and Reciprocity; The Trust, Banking, and Railway Problems. The Professor's treatment of his subjects is popular and devoid of technicality, intended for those who desire to gain, without much study, an intelligent grasp on the elementary factors in these questions. His general judgment of the situation, brought about by the enormous development of the capitalistic power, is optimistic. He believes that the country will prove strong enough to correct the present evils by devising restraints which, without infringing the legitimate rights of capital, will protect the rights and liberty of the people at large.

Even the most loyal adherents of traditional ideals in education are beginning to recognize that the college programme cannot ignore the growing demand that, in the interest of the nation, economic studies and industrial training must receive more attention than has hitherto been accorded to them. The want of a good text-book of economic history has been an obstacle to hinder advance in this direction. For this reason, a manual just published by Longmans in their series of commercial text-books ‡ is likely to meet with a favorable reception.

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* *Industrial Education.* A System of Training for Men entering upon Trade and Commerce. By Harlow Stafford Pearson, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *Industrial America.* Berlin Lectures of 19c6. By J. Laurence Laughlin, Ph.D. With Maps and Diagrams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‡ *The Economic History of the United States.* By Ernest Ludlow Bogart, Ph.D., Princeton University. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

It has, besides, the recommendation of intrinsic merit. It comprehends the entire economic history of the country from the first colonial settlements down to 1906. The characteristics of the successive periods, the forces at work in them, and the various phases of this mighty development, which, as the author remarks, is the keynote of all American history, are saliently outlined. The growth of industry, agriculture, commerce, transportation, labor, and the relation and interaction of these different factors, are set forth with precision, without overloading the pages with statistics. To each chapter is appended a brief summary, together with a set of suggestive topics, questions, and references to authorities; and at the end of the volume there is an extensive bibliography.

A little book,* consisting of six lectures delivered at the London School of Economics, points out, and suggests remedies for, the ravages wrought in the home of the humbler wage-earners by neglect of hygiene, and by various forms of wastefulness and imprudence.

ROME.

Probably the title *The Secrets of the Vatican* † will arouse expectations that will not be fulfilled by the large and profusely illustrated volume which bears it. It contains nothing approaching to scandalous gossip, and never touches upon anything pertaining to the arcana of diplomacy. The author, though not a Catholic, is respectful and even reverential. With the exception of an account of a personal visit to Cardinal Merry del Val, everything else that he tells us, in a pleasant, easy tone, set off occasionally with some flashes of rhetoric, has already appeared in print. He describes some of the apartments and treasures of the Vatican which are not open to all comers. The origin of the palace, and some of its vicissitudes; the ceremonies and usages observed at the death and the election of a Pope, and at the creation of cardinals; audiences; the constitution of the Papal household; the composition of the Curia, and the duties of the various Congregations and of the Papal Secretary of State, and the daily routine of the palace, are described in a way to satisfy popular curiosity. Through the crypt of St. Peter's, the Libraries, the Borgia apartments, and even the Pope's coach-house, Mr. Sladen plays his part of cicerone, drawing from the present and the past much that is entertaining and instructive. A chapter on the Vatican and France consists of the inaugural address delivered on the subject by Archbishop Bourne at the Catholic Conference at Brighton in 1906. The book is trustworthy; for when dealing with matters pertaining to the government of the Church and the intimate life of the Vatican, it follows as authorities such guides as the Gerarchia, George Goyau, Vicomte de Vogüe, and the Abbé Cigala; and, in archæology, Professor Marucchi, Père Dufresne, and other scholars of rank.

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* *Economics for the Household.* By Louise Creighton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *The Secrets of the Vatican.* By Douglas Sladen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Prospective visitors to Rome will do well to provide themselves with the English edition of Amelung and Holtzinger's guide to the ruins and museums of Rome;* unless they already possess the German original. To call the work a guide-book is scarcely just. It is not a mere catalogue of objects and places. It assists the art pilgrim, by critical comment, to appreciate the character of the objects that are passed in review. The work is in two volumes of pocket size. The first, containing nearly two hundred illustrations, covers public museums. The second takes up the ruins of the ancient city and the Christian basilicas; and, with the help of maps, plans, and illustrations, conveys, in much less space than one could expect, a clear idea of the successive topographical changes that took place in the Imperial City.

FICTION.

The Ellen of Lady Gilbert's "First Book" † is a young Irish lady over whose parentage hangs a cloud of mystery. Left an orphan in Spain, she starts for London, where, with the help of an introduction to a distinguished painter, she hopes to be able to become an artist. She is shipwrecked on the Irish coast, is rescued by Mr. Aungier, the young master of the great house of the neighborhood. She remains in the family; and a mutual attachment springs up between her and Aungier. As the mystery of Ellen's birth begins to lighten, she learns something of her mother's story, whose life had been closely bound up with that of the Aungier's. As circumstances unfold themselves, Aungier is led to believe that the loyal, unselfish girl is mercenary and fickle; then estrangement; an art student's life in London; repentance of the person who contrived to misrepresent Ellen; and "they lived happy ever afterwards." A sweet, sentimental story, with some surprises in the plot; and some descriptions that catch the tender sadness that tinges the beauty of Irish scenery.

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* *The Museums and Ruins of Rome.* By Walter Amelung and Heinrich Holtzinger. English Edition. Revised by the Authors and Mrs. S. A. Strong, LL.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

† *The Story of Ellen.* By Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland). New York: Benziger Brothers.

More racy of the soil, and a stronger book by far, is *The Return of Mary McMurrough*,* where some of the distinctive features of Irish peasant life and character are skillfully drawn. The greed for land, the contempt entertained by "the woman of three cows" for the cotter, and the tyranny of the matchmaking parents over their youngsters, which permits the affections of lovers to play but a small part in matrimonial selections, are drawn from life. We are introduced, too, to the Land League, the *agent provocateur* of the police force, the courthouse, and the jail. A universal chord in the tragedy of life is touched in the relations between Mary and her lover Shan, who, for fifteen years, has cherished in his heart the picture of his young sweetheart who has gone to America, and will return when she and he are in a position to have a few acres of their own. When Mary does return, he refuses to identify the wan and worn woman with the girl of his love's young dream. But—well, we must not spoil, by anticipation, the interest of this clever story.

THEOLOGY. One of the French theological periodicals published recently a "symposium" of opinions on manuals of theology. Eighty-four professors frankly expressed their opinions concerning the text-books on dogma used in their respective seminaries. The result may be surmised; not one-half were even fairly well satisfied with the manuals they were compelled to use. Wisely enough, the editor asked for suggestions on the means of improvement. Among the suggestions were these: the ideal manual should sacrifice questions of merely scholastic controversy; it should have regard to the ever-increasing demand for the treatment of historico-dogmatic questions; it should be philosophical in its doctrinal exposition, more discriminative in the choice of proofs from the Scriptures and the Fathers, more careful of the validity of arguments from "theological reason," than even the best of the customary text-books has been; it should furthermore be written in the vernacular and should aim at conciseness and strength in style, and should be equipped with an up-to-date bibliography.

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* *The Return of Mary McMurrough.* By Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland). St. Louis: B. Herder.

Such a programme may seem to the timid to savor of "modernism," but those who doubt that a very close approximation can be made to fulfilling such demands, without sacrificing orthodoxy, are commended to a close examination of the present volume * from the pen of M. Labauche, Professor at the School of Catholic Theology in the University of Paris. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that he has inaugurated a gentle revolution in theological method. Or perhaps, to speak more truly, he has joined the ranks of those who, for some years past, while maintaining a "safe and sane" fidelity to orthodox doctrine, have created a new science of historical and positive theology.

He begins always with a clear exposition of the exact meaning and content of the defined dogma. He then proceeds to examine its history, from its birth in the Sacred Scriptures or the Apostolic tradition, through its development in the Fathers; its systematization in the schools; and its increasing clarification until the present day.

That his general arrangement is unusually logical is evidenced by the fact that in this present volume, the one that would be named *De Gratia et de Novissimis* in the old manuals, he groups all that is to be taught, dogmatically, concerning *Man*, in the state of original justice, under the fall, in the state of reparation, glory, or condemnation. He shows excellent judgment in not dividing his anthropology between two treatises, *De Deo Creatore* and *De Gratia*, but in grouping it all under one. Furthermore the placing of the discussion of the relations and the distinctions between nature and the supernatural immediately before the treatment of grace, is much to be commended. Again, the treatment of original sin, as a preliminary to the tract on grace, is obviously logical. In general, the plan, well conceived, is admirably executed. There is manifest in every page a most unusual sanity of judgment in the selection of proofs, and a thorough acquaintance with modern theological literature.

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* *Leçons de Theologie Dogmatique.* Par L. Labauche. *Dogmatique Speciale. L'Homme.* Paris: Bloud et Cie.

The author has not neglected style; he writes fluently, vigorously, interestingly. The typography is of the best. We hope that M. Labauche will surely fulfil his plan of completing an entire system of theology, fundamental and special, according to the present method.

COMING OF THE SAINTS.
By Taylor.

The author of this present book* takes his reader back to the ages of faith, asks him to forget all that has been written in history and criticism since the days of Rabanus Maurus, and promises to enable him to "re-imagine the remote past in the light of the traditions of our forefathers." He plainly declares: "I have not taken upon myself to disentangle history from legend"; for his purpose the legend is as good as the history, perhaps better; for how can one see again the ancient world through mediæval eyes, if he surround himself with an atmosphere that was unknown to the mediæval? And let it be said at once that if one surrender himself "at discretion," he will have some hours of as delightful entertainment and instruction, as can be conceived. The work is a frank attempt to supplement the historical data concerning the origin and spread of Christianity by a recurrence to every old legend and chronicle and tradition available. Duchesne, Harnack, Freeman, Milman, Baring-Gould, Biggs, Edersheim, and even Houtin fraternize most democratically with Diodorus Siculus, Matthew of Paris, and Le Sire de Joinville, and for once, despite the critics, the Bollandists, the *Legenda Aurea*, and the "Recognitions of Clement" are on the same footing: all the old "hagiographic trovatori" come into their kingdom again, and Delehaye is neglected. "The critics are not infallible," anyhow, and who knows for certain that Joseph of Arimathea did not come to Glastonbury, or that Lazarus and Mary Magdalen did not float on the raft to Arles? James was bishop of Jerusalem, and Peter of Rome; why, then, may not St. Zacheus have been bishop of Cæsarea and Lazarus of Marseilles? It seems to be all the same to the chroniclers.

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* *The Coming of the Saints.* Imaginations and Studies in Early Church History and Tradition. By John W. Taylor. London: Methuen & Co.

To be serious, there is, however, a genuine scientific value to the present work. On every page the author gives evidence of genuine erudition. He knows the "legenda," he knows history, and we think that, if he cared, he could separate the two; further, it would be difficult to find another whose writing is so successful in reproducing the atmosphere of early times. Indeed, the faculty of historical imagination is Mr. Taylor's predominating gift. If it were tempered and regulated, made legitimate and scientific, he might be an historian. But he prefers romance and legend and pious tradition to history, and we do not say that his preference is unfortunate.

HISTORY OF NATIONS.
By Lodge.

This history,* edited by Dr. Lodge, comprises twenty-four volumes. In general there has been evidently an earnest desire to be fair and impartial, and the whole work is more of a political history than a religious, economic, or military one. To the initiated student of history, who is able to discriminate and judge for himself, the work will be very useful and instructive. Such volumes as the *History of England*, *History of Ireland*, *History of Africa*, are—taking all things into consideration—quite fair. There are questions which they do not treat, but no one can expect a work like this to be comprehensive.

In a work so extensive, however, there must almost of necessity be shortcomings. While chronologically correct, it presents arbitrary judgments on great world-wide questions of history, as if there was no possibility that the particular view of the author could, with fairness and truth, be questioned.

For example, in the *History of the French Revolution*, the writer attributes all liberal knowledge to the Renaissance, and all political liberty to the Reformation. Examples of the same attitude which we must, from the standpoint of the historian, condemn, are shown in the volume on *Italy*. We quote one two passages:

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* *The History of Nations.* By Henry Cabot Lodge, Ph.D., LL.D., Editor-in-Chief. XXIV. Vols. Philadelphia: John D. Morris & Co.

> It was not till the time of Gregory the Great that the Bishop of Rome began to assume a position which faintly foreshadowed the papal position in the Middle Ages. He was still for some centuries, till the quarrel with Constantinople in the eighth century, regarded merely as the foremost bishop in the West—*primus inter pares*.
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> * * *
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> The triumph, however, of Christianity was not alloyed. The masses who were left without a creed had to be swept into the Gospel net, and the easiest way to do this was to make concessions to their superstitious ignorance which detracted from the purity of the Gospel. The doctrines of Christianity were too lofty and too severe to be readily accepted by the corrupt population of the Roman world. But when they saw the old pagan ceremonial rivaled, if not surpassed, by a parade of lights, incense, vestments, pictures, images, and votive offerings, it was not difficult to submit to so slight a change in the outer forms of devotion. The multitudinous gods of pagan worship were replaced by signs of Christian veneration. . . . By such devices as these the multitude were induced to acquiesce in the transformation of the heathen temples into Christian churches. There were not wanting high-souled characters in that day who protested against this dangerous trifling; but their voice was generally overruled. The patrons of a corrupt reaction were honored and magnified. Vigilantius was denounced; Jerome was canonized.

These things are extremely vital points in the history of civization, and in the history of that world-wide body—the Catholic Church.

Again, exception might be taken to the proportionate amount of space given to Huss and the Hussites in the *History of Austria;* to the statement that Huss stood for the historical administration of the Sacrament; to the very partisan view of Luther, and to the statement that "he was of a very superstitious nature because he believed in a real hell and an actual devil."

We regret that there is no mention in the bibliography of the volume on *Germany* of the authoritative history of the German people by Janssen. We take pleasure in adding that the volume is fair in its exposition of the doctrine of Indulgences.

The volume on *South America* is mainly political and generally fair; but it is certainly unfair to the Jesuits, particularly with regard to their colony in Paraguay; and it is lamentably lacking in its appreciation of Garcia Moreno.

In the *History of the United States*, Mr. Lodge is culpably unfair in not giving credit to Lord Baltimore for the establishment, of his own free will, of religious toleration in Maryland.

It is impossible to give a categorical judgment on the whole work, but, as we have said, to the student who already knows something of history, the volumes will be useful. To the beginner, who needs direction and interpretation, we cannot recommend them unconditionally.

A DRAUGHT OF THE BLUE.

A Draught of the Blue,"[*] two stories translated from the Sanskrit by F. W. Bain, are even more beautiful than his other translation, *A Digit of the Moon.* The original work is in verse, and so careful has the translator been that a great deal of the poetry seems to have been preserved in Mr. Bain's prose.

No difficulty will be met with in reading and understanding the stories, for Mr. Bain's knowledge of Hindu mythology, as amply shown by his prefaces and notes, is accurate and thorough. It would be practically impossible to give even a slight idea of what the stories contain in a short *résumé.* Nothing since Mr. Kipling's *Kim* has brought Indian life and thought so vividly before the English-reading public.

Mr. Bain has promised to translate the other fourteen parts of the manuscript from which the *Digit of the Moon* and the *Draught of the Blue* are taken.

Longmans, Green & Co. has just published a translation of the Abbé Vacandard's treatise on "*The Inquisition,*" by Rev. B. L. Conway, C.S.P. The Abbé is a historical scholar of first rank, at once critical, sane, and moderate. He is well known by his *Life of St. Bernard* and his *Historical and Critical Essays.*

This able work discusses the origin and development of the coercive power of the Catholic Church in matters of faith. The old *tu quoque* argument of many apologists is abandoned as useless, and the Inquisition is treated from a purely objective standpoint. The facts are set forth clearly and honestly, because the author holds with Cardinal Newman that the cause of the Church is always helped by a frank facing of unpleasant facts in her history.

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[*] *A Draught of the Blue.* By F. W. Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Copies of this work may be obtained from Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., 415 West 59th Street, New York City.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD has frequently called attention to the life and work of that wonderful servant of God, Sister Teresa, the Carmelite of Lisieux, popularly known as "The Little Flower of Jesus." The "Life" of this young contemplative has had a wide circulation in France, and, by means of translations, in many other countries. Our gratitude goes out to Miss S. L. Emery for her capable translations of the poems of Sister Teresa * which give us insight into the poetic, devout, and ecstatic soul of the author.

Through all of them runs a sustained note of spontaneity, of sacrifice, of union with the Unseen. Miss Emery has performed a difficult task with exactness and with taste. We cordially hope that the "Life" and the "Poems" of Sister Teresa will be still more widely known and read.

Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, published in the March number of his *Bibelot* some choice selections from Francis Thompson. Considering that editions of Thompson's work are very rare, the number was particularly welcome. Mr. Mosher, as a further tribute to the memory of the great poet, republishes with his well-known taste and excellence a book making a separate edition of "The Hound of Heaven." It is a distinct pleasure to have this masterpiece of English poetry in separate form.

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* *The Petals of a Little Flower.* Poems of Sister Teresa. Translated by S. L. Emery. Boston, Mass.: The Angel Guardian Press.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (25 Jan.): Fr. Toohey concludes his articles on "Newman and Modernism," bringing forth particular passages "to show how utterly foreign to his (Newman's) teaching are the methods and tenets of the Immanence theory."——Literary Notes speaks of Stedman's poetry as an admirable instance of the human and national spirit in literature.——The reported "Money Scandal in the Vatican" has been done away with by Card. Satolli.——Card. Segna, the new Prefect of the Index, is said to have made a very special study of Modernism in all its evolutions. (1 Feb.): Great care is taken to explain that the Pope in the "Pascendi Gregis" does not mean to institute a martial law of selection and repression. The disciplinary precautions are said to be the practical supplement of the doctrinal condemnations.——The layman's point of view toward the Encyclical is given by J. Godfrey Raupert. He combats the assertion that the laity passively accept the Encyclical because of intellectual apathy, and maintains that it is a source of encouragement to the Catholic people.

(8 Feb.): The relation of present-day Socialism to Christianity is discussed.——The anti-clerical war against religious instruction in the schools of Italy is said to be growing more dangerous to religion. The instruction now given is very perfunctory and the teachers are neither qualified for the work nor interested in it.——The personnel of the Roman "Vigilance Committee" is given by the Roman Correspondent.——Apropos of Cardinal Richard's death it is stated that out of the sixty-one remaining Cardinals, the Italians number thirty-eight. Three represent the English-speaking world.——Rev. Spencer Jones writes to corroborate the views of Fr. Toohey on Newman and Modernism.

(15 Feb.): A correspondent considers the attitude of the Catholic missionaries in relation to administrative abuses in the Congo. That such abuses have existed and do exist is proven beyond question of doubt. The silence of Catholic missionaries has been due to fear of the gov-

ernment, to Belgian loyalty to the King, or to a preference to suffer wrongs in silence. Leopold is criticized unsparingly. "The fact that he is a Catholic should make us the more stern with him."——The Children's Bill before Parliament is spoken of with approval. Its aim is to safeguard child-life by such measures as the punishment of careless parents, by prohibition of tobacco, the regulation of reformatories, etc.

The Month (Feb.): The article, "A Plea for Catholic Social Action," points out the deficiency in the present trend of anti-Socialistic literature which offers a variety of negative criticisms unsupported by any attempt at positive construction. The only effectual argument against Socialism is the presentation of a better scheme in its place. That Catholics are apathetic to the progress of Social Reform can scarcely be denied.——"The English Catholic Calendar since the Reformation," by Rev. Herbert Thurston, presents a summary of gleanings from data which have accumulated since the time of Rev. John Morris, S.J., whose masterly treatment of the subject left little to be added at the time.——"Some Gothic Revivalists," by N. Randolph, presents a list of the most representative exponents who aided in furthering the interests of the movement towards a revival of Gothic art. The Catholic factor in the revival was a leading one.——"Religious Sentiment in Sienese Art," affords its readers an opportunity to become familiar with the salient features of Sienese art.

The National Review (March): "Episodes of the Month," contains an attack upon the naval programme of the present Government, and a bitter condemnation of Mr. Birrell and his Irish policy: "He dances to the piping of the Nationalists, and his every public utterance is punctuated by rebel applause, and the so-called 'lull' in crime (throughout Ireland) is the result of a corrupt compact between Mr. Birrell and the Roman Catholic hierarchy.'——In "The Russo-Japanese War—An Unpublished Page of International Diplomacy," Andre Mevil charges that Germany incited Russia to begin the war.——"Cobdenism and Its Cancer," by J. L. Garvin.——H. M. Hyndman, in "International Socialism," presents a plea for his subject. He maintains that Socialism is spiritual as well as material—a great material religion. "The old supernatural creeds have long ceased even to pretend to guide; they have now almost ceased to influence the thought of our time."——Sir William Ramsay writes on Lord Kelvin.——Bernard Holland reviews a book of poems, just issued, by Mary Coleridge. The poems are praised very highly. "Mary Coleridge," says the writer, "recalls both George Herbert and Herrick."——"Radical Stalwart" writes of the approaching downfall of the Liberal Party.——Notes on Canada and India.

The Irish Monthly (March): Some interesting letters from persons of more or less distinction are here published for the first time.——Oliver Goldsmith is the subject of a paper by the Rev. Michael Watson, S.J.——Gardening is enthusiastically recommended by Nora Tynan O'Mahony in her paper entitled: "A Pleasant Hobby."——Mrs. Ellen Woodlock, a woman who did much work in her day, is the subject of a biographical sketch.

Le Correspondant (25 Jan.): The heroes of La Vendée are the subject of an article by H. de la Combe.——Lt. Col. Rollin outlines a system of espionage to be followed in time of war.——The Countess of Clinchamp writes of the happy relations which existed from the twelfth century between the members of the Bourbon family and the famous Benedictine Abbey at Sauvigny.——Count de Moüy proposes to find the cause of the exceptional popularity of French Comedy. It lies in the fact, he thinks, that it has always been a social force, interpreting the deepest sentiments of the people in civil life.——Louise Zeys traces summarily the origin and development of labor unions—particularly those of women. She treats of the different unions of women in France to-day.

(10 Feb.): Minister Maura, of Spain, is described by Joseph Berge as a man of great ability, remarkable independence, highly honest, virtuous, and courageous.——P. Pisani relates the story of the parish of St. Gervais of Paris and the French Revolution.——A number of unedited letters from Chateaubriand to his wife appear in this number. The compiler tells us that these letters are invaluable, as they show the intimate thoughts of

that great man.——Lucien Bezard contributes an essay on the ancient poetry of the Magyar people during their wars for independence.——Francis Marre writes that the colonies of France are becoming the producing countries, and their industry has assumed such proportions that it will soon become a national question.

Études (5 Feb.): In his paper on "Scholastics and Modernists," M. Lucien Roure states that Modernism is a tendency rather than a body of doctrine. Scholasticism, in turn, is distinguished by a three-fold tendency, *i. e.*, intellectualism, objectivism, and realism. The writer then begins a comparative study of these two opposing minds, and claims that Modernism is the recrudescence of the spirit of the Averrhoists which spent itself against Scholasticism in the thirteenth century, and the spirit of the Reformers which, with no greater success, combated Scholasticism in the sixteenth.——The award of the Nobel prize to Rudyard Kipling gives occasion for an article on Imperialism, by M. Paul Jury.

(20 Feb.): M. A. Eymieu has a paper on the psychology of habit and self-discipline.——M. d'Alès discusses at length the Virginal Birth apropos of M. Herzog's attack upon this doctrine in the pages of the *Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses.*

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 Feb.): J. Guibert puts forth the reasonings in favor of the evolution of man. Under three heads—the universality of the law of evolution, the resemblances of man to the animal, and the history of humanity—he states the chief arguments of the evolutionists. In the same order he proceeds to refute them. Distinguishing between the *fact* and the *principle* of evolution, he reasons that man does not owe his existence to the principle of evolution. That man has the power of speech, that he is a moral and religious being, that he progresses only within the species or the individual, widely separate him from the animal. Finally, the history of mankind testifies that man has progressed only because from the beginning he was man.——H. Ligeard continues his discussion of the scholastic theories of the natural and supernatural.——Rousse makes a plea for a chair of the history of religion in universities in order to oppose the false assertions of those who have studied the science with a hostile purpose.

(15 Feb.): G. Bertrin criticises, in a scathing manner, those who maintain that the French clergy are in a state of disruption and are becoming weakened in faith. He believes that in reality there is no crisis. While some of the French priests do take an active interest in scientific and critical questions, all nevertheless form a united body. Still he admits that there exists a certain amount of unrest and gives three reasons for its existence—Kantian philosophy, the superstition of internal criticism, and too much confidence in the scientific deductions of adversaries.——A. Crosnier begins a series of articles on the recent converts to the Catholic Church. In this number he gives a *résumé* of the various motives which led to the true fold some of the most noted converts—Bourget, Huysmans, Coppée, Retté.——Samuel, his birth and vocation, his relation to the priesthood, to royalty, to the prophetical schools, his last years, form the substance of a paper by H. Lesêtre.——From a brief study of P. Wasmann on the origin of man's body, J.-M. Boyron concludes that neither philosophy nor dogma set any limitations to researches in this line, and that inquiries can be made on a scientific basis without trying to harmonize facts with preconceived theories.

Revue Thomiste (Jan.–Feb.): Fr. Alexandre Mercier carefully defines the preternatural, drawing the line between it and the supernatural.——The principles of faith, the conclusions from theology, Fr. Hugon urges in a paper on "Nature, Substance, and Person," enlarge the domain of rational science and make possible the solution, if not perfectly satisfactory at least reasonably so, of philosophical problems which unaided reason attempts in vain.——The "Actuality of the Scholastic Method." It is a powful remedy against contemporary subjectivism.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (8 Feb.): "Social Catholicism" in Italy, and its relations with materialistic and Masonic Socialism. M. Felix Belval, making observations, as he says, in the "social mêlée," gives an account of several Catholic industrial societies and enterprises for advancing the material prosperity of the Italian workingmen and defending and strengthening their Christian life and principles. Descriptions of "The Strike in the Region of Bergamo" and "The Work of the Catholics of Reggio-Emilio," show the practical and successful working of these societies. Accounts are also given of Masonic and socialist activities in conflict with these Catholic organizations.

Revue du Monde Catholique (Feb.): In "Voix Canadiennes" is given a short biography of Mgr. Laflèche, of Three Rivers, with a letter (Sept. 8, 1882) of this bishop upon religious affairs in Canada. His efforts at Rome to clear away some difficulties are explained.——Sentiment and Faith, a consideration of two principal heresies that have persistently appeared since the time of Pascal. One has sprung from the relations between dogma and history, the other from the relations between dogma and reason. These two heretical tendencies, while distinct in object and form, are alike in foundation and in result.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Jan.): "Newman," by H. Bremond.——"The Limit of the Infinite," by Ed. Schiffmacher.——"The Russian Problem," by A. Palmieri.——"Chronicle of the Philosophic and Religious Movement in Spain."

(Feb.): A critical view of Joachim Merlaut's recent book on Sénancour, the poet, religious thinker, and publicist, by Chr. Maréchal.——Much advantage will be gained in the exegesis of texts, writes Al. Leclère, if they are studied not only in themselves, but in their whole setting.——L. Laberthonnière contributes his third article on "Dogma and Theology."——M. Lebreton and M. Bremond cross swords on the point of a criticism made by the former on Williams' book, *Newman, Pascal, Loisy, and the Catholic Church.*

La Revue Apologétique (16 Jan.): "Leo XIII. and Biblical Modernism," by P. Leclair, S.J. The Encyclical "Providentissimus" condemns rather than sanctions the principles of the new exegesis.——"The Psychology of Unbelief," by Pierre Suau, S.J.——"Are Protestant Countries Superior to Catholic?" by Maur. Lémozin.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (7 Feb.): P. H. Haan, S.J., on "Dogma and Science," writes of the last two propositions of the decree "Lamentibili Sane," tracing out the errors condemned and the consequences such errors would lead to if accepted by the Church.——P. St. Beissel, S.J., concludes his paper on "Modern Art in Catholic Churches." He censures modern painters for so often striving only after tones and feelings and missing substance and meaning. He regrets the haste in which many new churches are decorated. By taking more time much cheap and worthless stuff would be kept out. P. H. A. Krose, S.J., in his paper on "Results of the German Census of 1905 Regarding Religious Denominations," gives details from the different states, and concludes that the proportionate increase of Catholic population is due to immigration.——P. J. Bessmer, S.J., writes on "Chrystal Gazing." He counts the phenomena as visual hallucinations which were known and used in antiquity and through the Middle Ages.——P. A. Baumgartner, S.J., has a paper on Manzoni's novel *The Betrothed.* He points out its beauties and shows its value and importance in the world's literature.

La Civiltà Cattolica (1 Feb.): Articles upon "The Eloquence of St. John Chrysostom" and "The Theatre in Italy"; also a monograph upon "Historic and Positive Theology."

(15 Feb.): The two main articles are continuations, "Theological Modernism" and "Schopenhauer and Moral Pessimism." The latter is one of a series of studies in "Moral Problems."

La Scuola Cattolica (Jan.): "Cardinal Cæsar Baronius," by Prof. Angelo Roncalli.——The doctrine of vital or psychological Immanence is the positive, and Kantian Agnosticism, the negative foundation of Modernistic Philosophy, writes Guiseppe Ballerini. The former he examines critically in this issue.——"St. Jerome, Educator," by Ettore De-Giovanni.——"Il Rinnovamento"—an examination of the defense which this magazine offers for issuing a number after it had been forbidden to do so under pain of excommunication. The plea that the journal is non-confessional and an apologist for religion does not justify its defiance of authority.——The International Association for the advancement of science among Catholics, recently formed at Rome under the direction of three cardinals, has chosen for its Secretary Prof. Luigi Pastor, Director of the Austrian Historical Institute in Rome.

España y America (1 Feb.): Father Hospital continues his sketch of Buddhism as a religious system in his series on the religions of China.——Fr. Coco crosses swords with Loisy on the interpretation of Messianic texts in the Gospels. The article concludes with a gracious tribute to Loisy's old enemy, R. P. Fontaine.

(15 Feb.): The second contribution of Father Garcia on "Modernism in Theology" contrasts the modern with the traditional Catholic conception of Christological dogma.

Rázon y Fe (Jan.): L. Murillo and Pablo Hernandez continue articles begun in the previous number. The former will not allow an alleged Modernist even to question the justice of the charge that Modernists make the act of faith consist essentially and simply in a religious sentiment. The latter concludes his account of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Paraguay.——In an article on "Scholastic Philosophy and Experimental Psychology," Urgate de Ercilla sets about proving that Scholastic philosophy alone can harmonize and give value to the results of psychological observation.——V. Mintegulaga writes on the legality of lay schools in Spain; A. P. Goyena on the Golden Jubilee of our Lady of Lourdes; and N. Noguer on Farmers Syndicates in France.

(Feb.): The opinions of Loisy and Le Roy upon the magisterium of the Church are heartily combated by A. Elorriaga.

Biblische Zeitschrift (Jan.): P. J. Houtheim, S.J., in an exegesis of Canticle ii. 8–iii. 5, remarks that "difficulties arise only for an unpoetic pedant who forgets that the Canticle moves in an ideal world."——Dr. A. Steinman shows the internal connection and influence of the Council of Jerusalem in the controversy between Sts. Peter and Paul at Antioch. The controversy could not have occurred before the Council, as Ramsay says.

Current Events.

France.

How much the people of France feel the burden of keeping up the army is shown by the reduction which public opinion has forced the legislature to make in the periods of training of the reserves and the territorial army. This reduction is not very serious, in the case of the first reserves, amounting only to one week less than as at present, from 28 days to 21 days; but it was opposed by most of the officers of the army, by the better judgment, it is said, of many of those who, to please their constituents, voted for the proposal, and by M. de Freycinet, to whom the organization of the national defence, both during and after the last war, is largely due. This venerable statesman emerged from the semi-seclusion to which he has of late betaken himself to speak against any reduction, and solemnly adjured his fellow-legislators not to weaken France by yielding on this point. The desires of the country, however, prevailed. The time to be saved from military service was looked upon as necessary for the economical well-being of the country, in these days of fierce competition in business.

Very little progress has been made even in the discussion of the social legislation, which has figured so largely in ministerial programmes. Old-age pensions form one of these measures. Some time ago a bill passed the Chamber to provide aged workmen with what appears to us the not very munificent sum of seventy dollars a year. As this, however, would amount to sixty millions per year, it will be seen that it is not easy for an already heavily taxed people to provide sufficient money for help of this kind. The Senate, in fact, was appalled by the largeness of the sum, and altered the bill so as to reduce the amount to twenty millions. With reference to another point, too, the Senate has come into conflict with the government, and, strange to say, has taken what seems to be the more popular side. The government's bill required, as one condition of the granting of a pension, that there should be paid some contribution on the part of the person to whom it was to be given. The Senate has invited the government to bring in a new bill, which is to exclude the principle of obligatory contributions. In England the same question is being discussed, the working-men there being loud in exclaiming against the payment of anything at all as the condition of a pension.

The introduction of an extension of the income tax has long been threatened, and in France as well as in this country, those who are in receipt of incomes manifest great unwillingness to serve their country by paying this tax. They had hoped that the project had been abandoned; and when on the contrary M. Caillaux, the Minister of Finance, brought in the proposal that an income tax should take the place of all other forms of direct taxation, some of the supporters of the government, leading Radicals, moved an amendment. The government, however, made it a question of confidence, and the amendment was defeated.

The character of the proposed legislation for the liquidation of church property, which is a consequence of the Separation Act, may be learned from the judgment passed upon it by some Parisian Protestants, who have addressed a petition to the Senate calling attention to the serious infringement of the fundamental principles of law which this legislation involves. People are not always the best judges in their own causes; and when we have Protestants condemning the anti-Catholic legislation of the government, the real character of such legislation and the real character of the government are made all the more evident. The petitioners declare the proposals to be a "veritable iniquity." The Senate, they say, cannot sanction the confiscation of the property left for Masses, "without profoundly affecting all those who believe in the efficacy of prayers for the dead. If the conditions with which the legacies have been burdened can no longer be fulfilled, the amounts ought to be returned to the representatives of the testators." They conclude by expressing, as the representatives of those who were robbed, persecuted, and proscribed on account of their religion, the "invincible horror which they feel for every infringement of the liberty of worship and of private property," and urge the Senate to place all citizens, to whatever religion they may belong, under the safeguard of the common law. Times have changed indeed in France when Protestants have to make such an appeal on behalf of Catholics.

Morocco still remains the chief cause of anxiety for the government. It has to choose between three courses: the conquest of the country; or its complete and immediate abandonment; or the mere holding of the coast towns for the sake of the organization of a police force, the re-establishment of order and the maintenance of French predominance. From the first the latter course has been the one chosen, and the one to which the government resolutely adheres. The conquest of the country would be an extremely difficult undertaking, and would involve the risk of a European war. If France were to abandon Morocco, some other power would step in, and that would be intolerable. The least disadvantageous course, therefore, is the one chosen; and yet it involves great difficulties. Soon after the bombardment of Casablanca it seemed as if everything was in a fair way for settlement. But since then the tribes have taken the aggressive, and have, if we may believe the Germans, inflicted some slight reverses on the French troops. No one denies the bravery and discipline of these troops, but they have in one or two instances been outnumbered and have been glad to get back in safety to their bases. After some hesitation, the government has decided so to reinforce the numbers of the force that the tribes may be overwhelmed and crushed.

The Socialists, under the leadership of M. Jaurès, have done all that was in their power to bring the occupation to an end. They have raised the question in Parliament, but have failed to defeat the government. Public meetings have been held with the same object. They declare that French citizens are being sent to death and to the murder of the gentle Moor for the sake of the hateful capitalist. Insurrection, they say, is better than war. So far, however, they have produced no effect upon the public opinion of the country. It cannot, however, be denied that the Morocco question is far from settled, and involves many elements of danger, perhaps even an uprising of the Arabs in Algeria; for Mulai Hafid has declared a holy war against the French, as the latter have refused to recognize him as Sultan, and signs of uneasiness have manifested themselves throughout all the districts inhabited by Mahometans.

A somewhat humorous incident is that negotiations have been going on for the appearance at the London Hippodrome of Raisuli, the bandit governor and captor of Sir Harry Maclean, whom some look upon as the most powerful man in Morocco.

The manager of the show failed, indeed, to prevail upon the chief to appear before the London public, but some of his followers have accepted his offer.

Germany.

Undeterred by the condemnation of the bill for the expropriation of the Poles, a condemnation expressed by the best opinion of the civilized world, the Prussian Parliament has accepted the proposals of the government, although in a somewhat modified form. It is worthy of note that while it is true that a Sovereign professing to be a Catholic took part with an "orthodox" autocrat and an infidel King in the first infamous partition of Poland, yet those of the Poles who fell under the sway of Austria have, on the whole, been better treated than have been their compatriots in Russia and Prussia, and it is further worthy of note that the former have at length a large measure of autonomy and their due share in the government of the Empire of which they unwillingly form a part. This is one case out of many which go to show that arbitrary methods are more successful outside than inside the Church; although there still are among Catholics some who defend autocracy, there is something in the Catholic religion which, when practised, makes it hard for despotism to flourish. So slavery, although tolerated for a time, could not permanently survive in an atmosphere stifling to its principles.

The Committee of the Prussian Upper House made several amendments, more, however, it is to be feared from a selfish apprehension that the principles of the Bill might be applied to themselves than from a disinterested regard for justice. These amendments limited the right of compulsory expropriation to estates entailed within the last ten years, thus exempting the old-established landowners. The government refused to accept this amendment, but accepted that which saved from forced sale lands owned by churches, by recognized religious associations, or by charitable foundations.

A franker confession of failure on the part of a government has seldom been made than that of Count Arnim, the minister for Agriculture, in moving the rejection of the amendments made by the Committee. The Prussian government, he said, most emphatically denied the possibility of solving the Polish problem by means of a policy of conciliation. Notwithstanding all that Prussia had done for the Poles, they had absolutely refused to renounce their national ideas. Their prosperity had increased, education had spread among them, but it had all tended to a more intense development of national feeling. Although they had renounced all attempts to rise in revolt, they were expelling the Germans by attaining a superior standard of civilization. The greater birthrate among the Poles contributed to the same result.

The policy of buying out the land of Poland in order to settle Germans upon it, is not new; it has been in operation since 1886. What distinguishes the present measure is its compulsory character. The necessity of compulsion from the Prussian point of view is made evident by the fact that although nearly ninety millions have been devoted since 1886 to this purpose, Polish acquisitions from Germans have exceeded German acquisitions from Poles by nearly 250,000 acres. This ill-success has provoked the Prussian government to push this new law through the legislature, and by so doing to incur the somewhat strong condemnation of M. Emile Ollivier, who declares that Germany thus consummates her moral degradation. She has ceased to be, he declares, a civilized nation, and no longer represents anything but the barbarism of brigandage. This language is over-strong, but there seems to be no doubt that the best opinion in Prussia itself is against these proposals, not merely as unjust in themselves and as affording a precedent for the Social Democrats if and when they come into power, but also as more likely to defeat than to secure the desired effect.

Baron von Stengel, the Minister of Finance, has found it impossible to discover an acceptable way of meeting the deficit due to the increased naval expenditure and to the decline of industrial activity. He has given place to Herr Sydow, hitherto Imperial Under-Secretary of State for the Post Office. Considerable difficulty, it is said, was met with in finding any one willing to undertake a task which has baffled all the efforts of one of the most experienced and skillful Ministers of Finance. Like the rest of the world, Germany is suffering from industrial depression. Germany has its unemployed, as we ourselves have.

The letter written by the German Emperor to the First Lord of the British Admiralty, and which has been construed as an attempt, upon the Emperor's part, to influence in a way agreeable to Germany the rate of construction of British ships, has excited a great deal of discussion. Much more importance has been given to it than it deserves. That so much should have been said shows how far from satisfactory are the relations between the two countries.

Austria-Hungary.

The permission to make a survey for a few miles of railway through the Sanjak of Novi Bazar to Mitrovitza, which Austria has sought and obtained from the Sultan, has led to unlimited discussion in the press and to some little disturbance of the money market. Of the liberties, such as they are, of the various races under Turkish rule in Macedonia, Austria and Russia have been deputed by the rest of Europe to be the guardians. It seems indeed like setting wolves to watch over lambs to entrust these two Powers with such an office. But it was the best that could be done in the present arrangement of the European Powers; and as they knew that the rest of Europe, France, Great Britain, Italy, were interested spectators of their proceedings, some little good has been done and a little more is hoped for.

The Mürszteg programme marked out the points on which the two Powers had agreed, and it was under its provisions that common action was taking place. The announcement, however, that this permission for a railway survey had been given to Austria, one of the partners in the Mürszteg arrangement, without the knowledge or consent of Russia, the other partner, was looked upon by many, at least in Russia, as a dissolution of the alliance, and as the reopening of the Eastern Question. All kinds of suggestions were made. There was to be a new grouping of the Powers. Germany was supposed to be at the back of Austria, and ready to support her in the maintenance of her separate interests. Russia was to join with England in joint action on behalf of the Christian races. This was one, it was said, of the results of the Convention recently concluded between the two Powers. All agreed that Turkey had triumphed once more by her oft-repeated method of dividing her enemies; and that Austria, having begged and obtained a favor from the Sultan, would no longer press upon him unwelcome reforms. Baron von Aehrenthal, the Austrian Foreign Minister, however, did not admit the justice of these criticisms, and maintained that while the Mürszteg programme provided for common political action in Macedonia on the part of Russia and Austria, it did not prevent the separate action of each of the two parties for its own economic purposes. They could still act in common on behalf of the Christians. Austria will offer no opposition to Russia if, as a set-off, a railway were to be made from the Danube to the Adriatic. While the Powers are thus wrangling in words, the bands of the Greeks and Bulgarians are continuing to slaughter each other and their Christian compatriots in Macedonia, the Turk looking on with grim delight.

Russia.

Very little has to be chronicled about Russian affairs. The Stolypin ministry is still in power, the third *Duma* is still in existence. Outrages are still perpetrated, but they do not seem to be so numerous as before. Many trials behind closed doors are being held. Many executions are still taking place. The most important event is the resignation of the constitutionally-minded governor of Finland and the appointment in his place of a General. This is thought to point to a renewed attempt to Russify the Finns. The Tsar, in reply to an address of the Moscow nobility, has declared his firm and inflexible intention of effecting the regeneration of the country on the lines marked out by the Manifestoes of October 30, 1905, and June 16, 1907. There is to be no turning back for his Majesty upon this path.

Italy.

The seemingly interminable trial, or rather series of trials, of Signor Nasi has come to an end and the former minister has been condemned to eleven months' imprisonment and four and one-half years' interdiction from holding any public office. He was found guilty of the least of the offences laid to his charge, that of peculation, and sentenced to the lightest punishment. Strange to say the popular sympathies are with the condemned man. The use of public funds for personal advancement has not hitherto been looked upon as a great crime.

The Italian Chamber has been occupied for many days in discussing the question of religious education in the schools. It is somewhat of a surprise to learn that such education is given in modern Italian schools, and still more that the government and a large majority of the Chamber should be resolute in its defence. The attempt made to abolish it was defeated 333 votes to 186. While a demonstration in support of the abolition was made in Rome, petitions poured in from all parts of the country in favor of its maintenance.

Portugal.

So far as can be ascertained, the immediate cause for the assassination of the King of Portugal was the exasperation which sprang from the harsh measures of the dictator, combined with the somewhat sordid advantages which the King personally was taking of the situation. There exists in Portugal a party which wishes to establish a Republic—how strong it is, it is difficult to say; but, owing to the arbitrary measures which had been taken by Senhor Franco, it had grown in strength, and arrangements had been made to overthrow the monarchy on a fixed day. Of this proposal enormous numbers were cognizant, nor was it without the support of many monarchists. The plans of the organizers were, however, discovered, and their scheme defeated. This enraged some of the most extreme members of the Republican party, and they planned and carried out the brutal murders.

The Republicans, as a party, are in no way responsible for the crime, although they were Republicans who did the deed. Under the new *régime* the party is biding its time, and has not relinquished its purpose. What its success will be the future will disclose. The facts that since the assassinations the graves of the regicides have been decorated and made into a place of pilgrimage, and that prominent merchants have contributed to the fund which has been raised for the support of the children of the murderers, show that no little sympathy exists even for these extreme opponents of the monarchy—a sympathy which cannot be justified but which is explained by the hatred of arbitrary government. Those who know no better way of defending good government except that of force—the officers of the army—were on the point of chastising the offenders in their own way; and it was with the greatest difficulty that the King and his Cabinet held them in check. Happily they succeeded in preventing the rule of the soldiery, a rule which is but a little better than anarchy itself. The prospects are, therefore, hopeful. The King has declared in the clearest terms his purpose to remain ever faithful to the Constitution, and under no circumstances to have recourse to a dictatorship. The Civil List is to be determined by the Cortes, and absolute freedom is to be left to it in fixing the amount to be granted. No money is to be expended by him except with its sanction.

The Premier of the new Ministry declared the intention of his government to adhere strictly and unswervingly to the law. His residence in a country in which constitutional government was established had produced in him the conviction that this was indispensable. In the new elections perfect freedom was to be assured. The release of the Republican Deputies, and the repeal of dictatorial enactments, have, it is said, convinced public opinion of the sincerity of these declarations, and that the reign of law has at last arrived. The sympathies of the people for the young King have been excited by these declarations.

As to the late dictator, Senhor Franco, few question his motives or his integrity. He was incapable, however, of estimating the effect of his measures, and was endowed with a fatal belief that he was both capable and indispensable. The young King has shown a remarkable grasp of affairs, and has displayed good qualities of heart as well as of mind. He seeks to associate himself in every way with his people, reading all the newspapers, especially the Republican organs. He wants, he says, the help of all in the difficult path which calamity has called upon him to tread.

The financial condition is a cause of anxiety. There have been deficits for many years, and their existence was, indeed, one cause of the dictatorship. The Portuguese have had a curious way of voting expenditure first, and supply afterwards. The new government proposes to reverse this, and by retrenchment to cut its coat according to the cloth.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AS a current topic of general interest some of the Reading Circles could arrange a profitable discussion on the conditions that produce a financial crisis. According to a theory proposed by the French sociologist Lebon the actions and impulses of a crowd are sometimes different from the actions and impulses of any individual in it, or of all the individuals combined, considered simply as individuals. Naturally, he cites the familiar cases of riots, fire panics, excited religious revivals, and the like, and the reflective mind readily carries the illustration a little further to such surrender to impulse on a large scale as a national outburst of jingoism and war spirit, or, to take a very modern instance, the extraordinary demonstration against absolute monarchy in Russia, with its accompaniment of strikes against all productive labor and destruction of property by the concerted act of a community. The principle may easily be applied too sweepingly, and the deductions from any of these popular demonstrations may be carried too far.

But even when full allowance is made for the contagious influence of a common motive in exciting among a mass of people a state of mind which they would not have adopted individually, the phenomena remain, and there is perhaps no department of human activity where they are more apt to present themselves than in finance. The power of contagion in a genuiue financial panic is too obvious to need argument; it is almost as obvious in such a craze of popular speculation as that of April, 1901. What more particularly concerns the present situation is the question whether what Lebon calls the psychology of the crowd does not play some considerable part in a prolonged financial reaction. To the extent that rising prices and trade activity are a result of economic causes pure and simple—a lucky harvest, for instance, or a sudden increase of gold production—the psychological aspect is not so very important. It is not a very necessary element in the analysis of a collapse of credit caused purely by the absorption and exhaustion of available capital. Where the process of contagion begins to operate continuously, at such times, is with the development of the mental state in which the community as a whole feels rich or feels poor, and conducts its finances accordingly.

There can be no doubt that the after-effects of a financial setback are largely governed, in their continuance and severity, by this state of mind. It is not altogether the fact of sudden poverty that cuts down a community's purchases after such episodes as those of 1893 and 1873—though there was plenty of real disappearance of means of livelihood—and it is not altogether the fear of loss, through the altered aspect of trade and of the investment markets. The wide spread of the feeling that retrenchment was in order was quite as important an influence, and this was naturally contagious. The power of example in conspicuous places encouraged adoption of such practice of economy, exactly as the example of extravagance, in the preceding era of prosperity, led people who were neither growing rich, nor indulging in the illusions of speculation, to spend more than they had ever before thought of spending. Since it is not improbable, in the light of experience, that we may be entering on just such a period, it is a matter of some importance to the industrial situation to inquire just what the larger consequences are apt to be, and whether they will make for good or evil.

Assumption of such a new habit of living, by a whole community, is certainly looked upon as a misfortune in the financial markets, and not wholly without reason. Business enterprises usually have been capitalized on the basis of the trade created by the demand of the days of lavish expenditure, and they will be lucky if they have not accumulated stocks of merchandise on expectation of its continuance—merchandise for which they have gone into debt. This creates an awkward situation and a good deal of troublesome financial readjustment, with some individual disaster. Even if times are not actually hard, in the old fashioned sense, for the average consumer, they certainly are hard for the average merchant and producer, and, in so far as capitalized enterprises are involved, to the average investor.

What is to be said on the other side? First, undoubtedly, that the time had been reached, or would very soon have been reached, when a change in the community's habits of expenditure was absolutely unavoidable. Perpetual increase, on the scale of the past year or two, was inconceivable. The actual fact was that the largest spenders were getting in debt, and that a very great part of the thrifty community was being already forced to a sacrifice of its usual enjoyments through the rise in prices. It did not seem to be realized by people that, while they were talking of the "business boom" of a year or so ago, great numbers of our people were discussing the hard times —meaning the high cost of living which was thrusting them back into poverty even while their income remained fixed.

The producing markets were already losing this support, and would have lost it more and more rapidly as time went on. They now appear to lose it on a much larger scale, but there are some exceedingly important compensations. One is the stability which the new demand will be found to possess, but which the old did not. The other and the greater one is the resumption, through the new economics, of the accumulation of capital, in the country as a whole, which is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the community and the soundness of its financial markets. Without the hard times after 1893, the vigor and energy with which the American producer entered the world's industry after 1897 would probably not have been witnessed.

* * *

Prompted by the favorable notice that appeared recently in this magazine of the latest novel by Miriam Coles Harris, entitled *The Tents of Wickedness*, one of our readers was surprised to find that the Public Library of her city did not purchase even one copy, owing to some want of correct information on the part of the chief librarian. She then called for *Rutledge*, the first novel written by the same author over thirty years ago, but it was out. After putting her name down for it she had to wait quite a while before getting a rebound copy, showing much signs of use. The distinction of the author should be a sufficient recommendation for all Public Libraries to encourage the reading of the safe and sane fiction produced by Mrs. Harris.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company publish a memorial volume to Mrs. Craigie in the form of extracts from her writings, arranged by Zoe Procter. The selections vary from a line or two to several pages in length and are grouped under appropriate headings: Human Nature; India; England; Religion; Love; Marriage; Ideals; Art and Artists; Sentiment; Friendship; and several others. It is a volume that will be welcomed by all admirers of Mrs. Craigie's work, a volume to be picked up at odd moments and opened at random and read by brief snatches. One cannot dip anywhere into these pages without finding something to stimulate thought or emotion or getting a new light upon ordinary affairs. Many readers of Mrs. Craigie's novels found their chief attraction in these reflections upon life and its problems and upon men and women, which she scattered so liberally through her pages. And with good reason, for she had a wide and deep knowledge of both books and life, and she had studied both with an original and a fearless mind. Her opinions, formed by Catholic teaching, were of the concrete sort and concerned with the manifestation of mind and heart in daily life. Hence, its appeal was general, and the many who have enjoyed it in her several volumes will be glad to find its choicest bits brought together in compact form. It is to be regretted, however, that the compiler has passed by the epigrams which John Oliver Hobbes flung with a lavish hand over her pages. Her brilliant wit found its best and most characteristic expression in that form, and the present volume would have been brighter and more pleasing, as well as more representative, if it had been enlivened by selections showing her mastery of the epigram. A very complete index, arranged alphabetically, gives the name of the book from which each extract is taken.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:

A Dictionary of Christ and of the Gospels. Vol. II. *Labor—Zion.* With Appendix and Indices.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:

The Priest's Studies. By T. B. Scannell, D.D. Pp. 239. Price $1.20. *Catholicism and Independence.* Price $1.20. *New Testament Criticism During the Past Century.* By Rev. Leighton Pullan. Price 30 cents. *Meditations and Devotions.* By John Henry Cardinal Newman. Part I. *The Month of May.* Part II. *Stations of the Cross.* Part III. *Christian Doctrine.* Price 40 cents each. *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer.* By John Gerard, S.J. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Price 20 cents. *The Inquisition.* A Critical and Historical Study of the Coercive Power of the Church. By E. Vacandard. Translated from the Second Edition. By Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P. Price $1.60.

Benziger Brothers, New York:

Assertio Septem Sacramentorum; or, Defense of the Seven Sacraments. By Henry VIII., King of England. Re-edited by Louis O'Donovan, S.T.L. Price $2. *Short Sermons.* Second Series. By Rev. F. P. Hickey, O.S.B. Price $1.25. *A Key to Meditation; or, Simple Methods of Mental Prayer.* Translated from the French of Père Crasset, S.J. Price 50 cents. *The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book.* Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. Price $1.25. *The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes.* By Mgr. L. Duchesne, D.D. Authorized Translation by Arnold Harris Mathew. Price $2. *The Way of the Cross:* Ligourian Method. Eucharistic Method. Franciscan Method. Jesuit Method. Price 15 cents each.

E. P. Dutton, New York:
St. Catherine of Siena. A Study in the Religion, Literature, and History of the Fourteenth Century in Italy. By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. Pp. xix.-440. Price $4.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York:
The Psychology of Inspiration. By George L. Raymond. Price $1.40 net.

Christian Press Association, New York:
Well Spent Quarters. Fifteen Minute Meditations Adapted to the Young. To which is added a Three Days' Retreat. By a Sister of Mercy. Pp. 271. Price, postpaid, 85 cents.

J. Fischer & Brothers, New York:
The Proper of the Mass for Sundays and Holydays. Vol. II. Set to simple music. By A. Edmonds Tozer. Pp. xv.-352.

R. A. Silk, New York:
Nephilim. By William J. H. Bohannan. Pp. 236.

Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.:
The Hound of Heaven. By Francis Thompson. Price 40 cents.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.:
Quickened. By Anna Chapin Ray. Pp. 358. Price $1.50. *The Supreme Gift.* By Grace D. Litchfield. Pp. 300. Price $1.50.

Luce & Co., Boston:
Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche. By Henry L. Mencken. Pp. xii.-325. Price $2.

Pittsburg Carnegie Library, Pittsburg, Pa.:
Catalogue of Books Annotated and Arranged and Provided by the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg for the Use of the First Eight Grades in the Pittsburg Schools.

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.:
The World in Which We Live. By R. J. Meyer, S.J. Pp. 407. Price $1.50 net. *The History of the Passion.* By J. Groenings, S.J.

Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind.:
Novena to St. Joseph. Pp. 69.

Bloud et Cie, Paris, France:
Maurice Barrès—Vingt-cinq Annes de Vie Liberaire. Pages Choisis. Introduction de Henri Brémond. Pp. xcii.-442. *Le Passe Chrétien. Vie et Pensée.* Par A. Dufourcq. Third Edition. Pp. xxvi.-330. Price 3 *fr.* 50.

Felix Alçan, Paris:
Études d'Histoire et de Psychologie du Mysticisme. Les Grand Mystiques Chrétiens. Par Henri Delacroix. *Psychologie d'une Religion.* Par G. Revault d'Allonnes.

Victor Lecoffre, Paris:
Les Saints: St. Pierre Damien. Par Dom Réginald Biron, O.S.B. Pp. xii.-204. Price 2 *fr.* *Les Martyrs de Gorcum.* Par Hubert Meuffels, C.M. Pp. 199. Price 2 *fr.* *Ste. Melanie.* Par Georges Goyau. Pp. x.-211. Price 2 *fr.* *Marie dans l'Église Anténicéne.* Par E. Neubert. Pp. ix.-283.

Émile Nourry, Paris:
Lendemains d'Encyclique. Par Catholici. Pp. 123.

Nourrit et Cie, Paris:
Des Monts de Bohême au Golfe Persique. Par René Henry. Pp. 566. Price 5 *fr.*

P. Lethellieux, Paris:
La Conquête du Peuple. Par Comte A. de Mun. Pp. 93.

Gabriel Beauchesne et Cie., Paris, France:
L'Enfance de Jesus-Christ, Suive d'une etude sur les Freres du Seigneur. Par le P. A. Durand, S.J. Pp. xli.-287. Price 2 *fr.* 50. *La Liberte Intellectuelle apres l'Encyclique Pascendi.* Lettre de Mgr. L'Eveque Beauvais a un Deputé. Pp. 43.

Alphonse Picard et Fils, Paris:
Memoires et Lettres du Timothée de la Flèche. Par le P. Ubald d'Alencon. Pp. 218. Price 5 *fr.*

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THE FUNCTION OF THE WILL IN RELIGIOUS ASSENT.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.

THE guiding light in the shaping of our apologetic would seem to be its aptitude for the purpose of saving souls. What line of thought needs developing and what line needs restraining? There can be no doubt that dialecticism has been overdone. "Logic," writes one of our greatest experts, "makes but sorry rhetoric with the multitude; first shoot round corners, and you may not despair of converting by syllogism." Nor can it be denied that emotionalism has been carried to excess. "Common sense tells us," says our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., "that emotion and everything that leads the heart captive prove a hindrance instead of a help to the discovery of truth." In the effort, however, of striving to avoid the fallacies of dialecticism and emotionalism there is a danger of becoming involved in a third and sister fallacy, namely, that of voluntarism. Much has been said lately about the philosophy of "the whole man." That "the whole man," using his intellect as the faculty of judgment, using his feelings as the preambles of judgment, and using his will, under certain circumstances hereafter to be defined, to incline the intellect to the truth; that the whole man should be the *principium quod* and his intellect the *principium quo* in the search for truth; that all the faculties of man should be duly equipoised; and that a sound mind should exist in a sound body; all this I hold

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to be one of the first dictates of the philosophy of common sense. But my suspicion is that this concept of "the whole man" is one that has been used to escape that dictate of common sense. It seems to have been employed to express not the whole man, but the whole man minus his intellect. Taking for granted that the seeker after truth has guarded against emotionalism, there remains the fallacy of voluntarism. To discuss this fallacy, and to indicate the safe middle way between it and dialecticism, is the aim of the following essay.

By voluntarism I mean any use of the will for which there is not a sufficient reason. For instance, it is manifestly fallacious to say: "I assent to such and such a truth merely because I want to do so, or because I shall not feel happy, or comfortable, or at peace unless I do so." The apostolic injunction is aimed precisely against this attitude of mind. I must ever be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in me. Now, amongst the various propositions which may be offered for my assent some are supported by more testimony, others by less. Some are absolutely true, others absolutely false, and between the absolutely true and the absolutely false, the degree of truth or falsehood varies indefinitely. But these varying degrees of truth and falsehood may not be accepted or rejected off-hand. The evidence both for and against must be weighed. In all our great criminal trials the evidence varies. In one case it may be all one-sided, and the guilt of the prisoner may be glaring and palpable; in another it may not be so glaring and yet sufficient to justify conviction; in another it may be so doubtful as to merit a verdict of "not proven"; whilst in a fourth the ends of justice can be met only by a verdict of "not guilty."

An assent, therefore, may be either certain or evident. Some writers think that "certain" and "evident" are merely different degrees of the same kind of assent; others that "certain" is a genus of which "evident" is a species. All things evident are certain, but not all things certain are evident. It will be sufficient for the purposes of this paper to recognize that there is some notable difference between the two. When, then, I say that a thing is evident I mean that the intellect is absolutely forced to assent to it on account of the entirely one-sided nature of the testimony in favor of it, and consequently on account of the known impossibility of the opposite. I assent to the fact that two and two make four because no amount of will-power or persuasion could move my intellect to assent to five instead of four. When, however, I say that a thing is certain I mean that the intellect is not absolutely forced to assent to it either on account of a perceived intrinsic necessity or on account of the known impossibility of the opposite, but that it is moved to assent to it rather on account of the weight of the known reasons for it and of the known feebleness of the reasons against it. To doubt in the presence of such uneven evidence would be imprudent. Thus that which is evident excludes all kinds of doubt, prudent and imprudent; whilst that which is certain excludes only prudent doubt.

Now the precise question at issue is this: How is the intellect to attain and maintain its firm assent to a proposition which is not evident? Certitude is a state of mind in which the intellect clings to a recognized truth with a firm assent. And since sometimes the evidence of the truth is sufficient to force assent and sometimes is not, and yet in both cases there can be the same subjective certitude, what is it that makes up for the difference of testimony in the two cases? There can only be one answer, namely, the command of the will.

Another question at once suggests itself. Is such an action of the will a blind action or a reasonable action? If it is reasonable it is guided by intellectual light. Whence, therefore, does the will get this intellectual light? The illumination consists in this: That the intellect sees and *evidently* sees the dignity of the reasons for the assent and the triviality of the reasons against the assent. Man is a moral animal as well as an intellectual animal, and all moral beings act prudently. If, however, a man were to refuse assent to a given proposition, relying on the trivial reasons and despising the weighty reasons, he would *evidently* be acting imprudently and irrationably. The justification of the will, therefore, in thus inclining the intellect to assent, the circumstance which makes it rational and not blind, the condition which saves it from running into the fallacy of voluntarism, is either the testimony which makes the proposition directly evident, or the testimony, the dignity of which makes the prudence of assenting to it evident. Assent is not merely a question of logic, but of logic, psychology, and ethics combined. It is the man who thinks, not a sheet of paper.

The above remarks apply to assent in all spheres of thought. They have, however, an additional importance in the sphere of religious assent, for in the assent of faith two new factors are introduced, first the promise of an exceedingly great reward, and secondly the help of grace. The greatness of the prize which is the reward of faith justifies greater venture than in other spheres of thought, whilst the help of grace assures a greater degree of certitude. I will let St. Thomas state the doctrine. He says:

> The intellect assents to a thing in two ways: one way because it is moved to this by the object itself, which is known by means of itself or by means of something else; the other way, not because it is sufficiently moved thereto by its proper object, but by reason of a certain choice freely (*voluntarie*) inclining to one side rather than to the other. And if, perchance, this is with doubt or fear lest the opposite may be true, then it is but an opinion; but if it is with certainty and without such fear, then it is faith.*

And again:

> Sometimes the intellect is determined by the will, which chooses to assent to one part definitely on account of something sufficient to move the will, though not sufficient to move the intellect, in so far as it seems good or fitting to assent to this part. . . . Thus also are we moved to believe things said in so far as is promised to us, if we believe, the reward of eternal life; and by this reward the will is moved to assent to those things which are said, although the intellect be not moved by anything understood. †

Faith is the evidence of things which appear not, it is an assent to things which are not seen. It is at the same time a process of the mind and yet a process in which the mind does not clearly understand that to which it assents. It is a process beset with two dangers, the danger of rationalism and the danger of fideism. On the one hand it is not merely a process of syllogizing in which the conclusion contains nothing more than was contained in the premises; on the other hand it is not a blind choice of the will with no guiding intellectual light. It must, therefore, be a choice by the will of something for which there is sufficient evidence to justify assent, but which evidence is not sufficient to force assent.

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* *Summa.* 2a 2ae, qu. 1, a. 4, corp.

† *De Veritate.* qu. 14, a. 1, corp.

The next question, then, is how much evidence is sufficient to justify and yet not to force assent. We are here in the neighborhood of probabilities and of recent legislation; and so we must walk warily. The doctrine condemned by the Syllabus is the proposition according to which "The assent of faith rests ultimately on a mass of probabilities." Let us notice at once that this proposition is very sweeping. It says nothing of the *evident* prudence, rationality, and necessity of assenting to grave in preference to weak evidence. It says nothing of the certitude given by internal strengthening grace. Indeed, if we wish an illuminating commentary on the decree of Pope Pius X., we have it in a previous decree of Pope Innocent XI. There the proposition is condemned which says that

> The supernatural assent of faith necessary for salvation is compatible with merely probable knowledge of salvation, nay even with doubt whether God has spoken.*

Thus there can be no act of faith in the word of God unless one is perfectly certain that God has spoken. The ultimate foundation of the assent of faith is certitude. If probability precedes this certitude, then such probability is not the foundation of faith. Probabilities may, indeed, be used to lead the mind to certitude, but the mind has not arrived at certitude until it has passed the probabilities. Hence the probabilities are not the ultimate foundation of the assent of faith. There is something even more ultimate than they, namely the *evident* irrationability of refusing to cling to that mass of probabilities which God has provided to lead men to accept the fact of His revelation, the *evident* imprudence of flinging away the only chance of so great a reward, the *evident* wickedness of resisting internal grace. The reason why God has arranged that the testimony to His revelation should be so much and no more is in order that the human will may be left free, for it is in this free act of the will under the influence of grace that the merit of believing consists.

The foundation of faith, therefore, comprises two sets of motives, spoken of academically as the motives of faith and the motives of credibility. The former assure us of the truthfulness of God, the latter of the fact that He has spoken. Our final assent is due to an inference in which the motives of faith impel the assent to the major premise whilst the motives of credibility impel the assent to the minor premise. Whatever God reveals is true; but God has revealed this or that proposition; therefore this or that proposition is true. The major premise is always self-evident; the minor has always to be proved; and the proof of it lies in the limited testimony which is direct, plus the obligation of acting prudently and reasonably. In the matter of the assent of faith, however, this logical, psychological, and moral process must be performed under the vivifying and controlling action of divine grace.

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* Denziger, 1038.

The direct evidence for assenting to the minor premise need not be of the same objective perfection for each and every person. Some persons need more evidence, others can satisfy themselves with less. But, whether it be more or less, it must be sufficient to exclude doubt, it must be sufficient to convince the believer of the evident imprudence of refusing assent. In other words, a subjective and relative certitude is sufficient. If the perfect knowledge of all the motives of credibility, such, for instance, as the knowledge upon which the Church herself as a whole relies, if this were needful for every individual, then, indeed, there were little chance of many being saved. On the other hand, if the knowledge of the individual is not sufficient to exclude prudent doubt, then is his faith unreasonable. In all cases, however, both with children and with adults, with the ignorant and with the learned, the motives must leave room for a free choice of the will.

And more. Even after the will has made its choice and arrived at certitude, it can go on repeating its action, and thus strengthen the certitude of the intellect. When once sufficient evidence has been grasped so as to exclude prudent doubt, when once a relative and subjective certitude has been acquired, there may be a direct action of the will which does not imply voluntarism, but which implies defined Catholic truth. Pope Innocent XI. has condemned the proposition which says:

> The will cannot make the assent of faith more firm in itself than is demanded by the weight of reasons inducing us to believe.*

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* Denziger, 1036.

Hence the quantity of rational evidence is no measure of the tenacity with which the intellect, impelled by the will, may justifiably cling to the fact and content of revelation. Hence conversion to the faith of Christianity or conversion to the religion of Catholicism is not merely a question of evidence. It is a question of evidence and also a question of how much evidence. But the quantity needful varies with the individual. It depends on many circumstances. The seeker after truth may be possessed of many arguments against revelation, or he may be possessed of none. He may have been living a good life according to his lights, or he may have not. He may be anxiously going out to meet the truth, or he may be haughtily waiting for the truth to come to him. He may be insisting on one kind of evidence whilst God offers him another kind. The Jews had been taught to look for the fulfilment of the prophecies. Yet when the prophecies were fulfilled they asked for miracles. Miracles were granted them, but to no purpose—they demanded the miracle according to their own tastes. "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh a sign, and a sign shall not be given it, but the sign of Jonas the Prophet." The one thing needful is evidence such as will exclude prudent doubt. But when it is asked what is meant by sufficient evidence, then the answer is that each individual must decide for himself. He alone can tell when he is in a state of doubt and when in a state of certitude. He alone can put forth that act of will consenting to a truth which is not evident. One thing, however, is certain, namely that there is sufficient evidence at his disposal if only he will look for it. The Vatican Council has defined that:

> In order that the submission of our faith might be in accordance with reason, God hath willed to give us, together with the internal assistance of the Holy Ghost, external proofs of His Revelation, namely divine facts and, above all, miracles and prophecies, which, while they clearly manifest God's almighty power and infinite knowledge, are most certain Divine signs of Revelation, *adapted to the understanding of all men*.*

Thus a man may rise to a certitude of revelation on less evidence than prophecies and miracles, but he may not demand more. If they are not enough, he has need to examine his conscience and the disposition of his will. Miracles are not effective without personal holiness, that is, without the internal help of the Holy Spirit. Nay, have we not a great example of something quite the contrary? "The chief priests therefore, and the Pharisees gathered a council and said: 'What do we, for this Man doth many miracles.' . . . From that day, therefore, they devised to put Him to death."

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* Sess. III. cap. 3.

The foregoing doctrine is applicable not only to the attainment of faith but also to its maintenance. When a devout soul has fought its way to Christianity or to Catholicism its trials have not come to an end. The soul has a mighty strength to meet its trials, but still trials there are and in plenty. Taking the fact of revelation, however, as certain, the trials will concern the various contents of revelation. I suppose the most common and the most fruitful source of unrest in connection with this is the dogma of eternal punishment. Putting aside the many cases in which the doctrine is misunderstood and misstated, the dogma, even as taught by the sound theologian, may be to many the cause of much distress. There are good and learned men with whom the arguments of ethical text-books in favor of eternal punishment are far from sufficient to outweigh the rationalist arguments against it.

Here it is, then, that the will must come in to incline the intellect to cling to the words of Christ and to force the intellect to lay aside as of little moment the reasons against the dogma. Nor is this unreasonable, for although the particular arguments drawn from the province of human reason for and against the doctrine may not be conclusive, yet when the cumulative arguments for the fact of revelation, together with the words of Christ revealing the dogma are weighed against the particular reasons against the dogma, then there can be no doubt which side a reasonable and moral man ought to embrace. The danger, however, is that the man may be swayed by the particular reasons which are of their nature apt to excite his imagination and so lead him the captive of his emotions. Then it is that he must put forth his will in choice of the doctrine which, according to previous reasoning, he has recognized as morally right and morally necessary.

In a previous article elsewhere * I endeavored to apply the

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* *New York Review*, April-May, 1906.

above line of argument to the problem of evil. What I failed to draw out, however, was the reasonableness of the act of the will clinging to God's goodness in spite of all seeming contradictions. The omission seemed to imply a voluntarism such as is impugned in the present article. I take the opportunity, then, of correcting any possible misunderstanding.

The dilemma is this: God sees all the misery in this world. Either He cannot mend matters or He will not. If he cannot He is not almighty; if He will not He is not all-good. The distressed soul who is beset by the dilemma has two sets of evidence before him. On the one hand he has the metaphysical proofs for the existence of God and the logical deductions therefrom of almightiness and all-goodness. On the same side also he has the supernatural revelation of God's Fatherhood and God's Providence. But on the other side he has a world of sin and suffering. Being a man he is possessed of will and feelings as well as of reason. The two sets of evidence, however, touch his different faculties with varying force. The metaphysical proofs for the existence, almightiness, and all-goodness of God, appeal chiefly if not entirely to the white light of intellect. The Fatherhood and Providence of God are not seen directly, but only through enigmatic analogies. But the misery and sinfulness of the world are before his eyes in all stern reality, not abstract but concrete reality, brutally concrete. What is to be done? To say that God is good because I want Him to be good, or because I like to think that He is good, is to run into sheer voluntarism or emotionalism. To say that the dilemma is complete and that God is bad, and therefore does not exist, is to be carried away by the imagination under the pretence of being rational. The sound reasoner, however, will take a middle way, avoiding alike rationalism, emotionalism, and voluntarism. First, he will not blink the fact that the difficulty is a serious one. It is not merely emotional writers like Mrs. Besant, nor rationalists like John Stuart Mill who have experienced the difficulty. Cardinal Newman says: "I would rather be bound to defend the reasonableness of assuming that Christianity is true, than to demonstrate a moral governance from the physical world."* Give full weight, then, to this piece of evidence and admit that, as far as our limited vision goes, it does tell against God's goodness.

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* *Grammar of Assent.* P. 95.

But insist on the infinitesimal narrowness of our vision. Then examine the evidence for God's goodness, the evidence of its metaphysical necessity, and the evidence of God's revealed word.

In this way a flood of intellectual and supernatural light is let in on the will, showing it how it ought, as a moral duty, to incline the intellect towards the weighty evidence and away from the trivial evidence. This setting aside of trivial evidence is something which the mere dialectician, negligent of psychological and moral considerations, cannot comprehend. He likens it to sawing through the branch of a tree on which he is sitting. The simile is fallacious. I do not rely on only one argument either for the existence of God or for the existence of His revelation. A better simile would be that of a five-legged stool. I saw through one leg and still remain firmly seated. Nay, the stability of my equilibrium is improved, for I am not tempted to lean to the side of the leg which has been rotten from the beginning. My enlightened will keeps the center of gravity well within those points of support which have been duly tested and found secure.

The object of the intellect is that which is true; the object of the will is that which is good; and it is the tendency of the will towards its proper object, namely, Eternal Goodness, which is the principle of its right use and the safeguard against its abuse. To act according to this principle is not voluntarism, but the most noble and the most rational use of the will. The will needs illumination and supernatural impulsion. But it may not be forced. It must make a venture. "In this," says Newman again, "consists the excellence and nobleness of *faith;* this is the very reason why *faith* is singled out from other graces, and honored as the especial means of our justification, because its presence implies that we have the heart to make a venture." *

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* *Parochial and Plain Sermons.* P. 21.

AN ARTIST'S PROOF.

BY MRS. WILFRID WARD.

PART I.

I NEVER knew Lady Burrell in the days of her first beauty. As far as I could judge she was just passing into later middle life when she came to me to sit for her portrait. I knew nothing of her private history, except that she had been a Miss Swinburne, a neice of Lord Swinburne's, and had married Lord Burrell when she was somewhat past her first youth. Her husband had died about two years before the time when she came to sit to me, and she had never had any children. These few facts I had gleaned from the gossip of another sitter; but that was all. Though her youth might be passed, Lady Burrell had by no means forfeited all claims to the rank of beauty. The peculiar grace of her figure would be proof against the passing years. It had a spring and a suppleness which once possessed is rarely wholly lost. Nor would her dress have appeared ridiculous at any age. I never observed any particular gown, but there were always such folds and lines of drapery, of some negative color, as were an unusual consolation to a portrait painter. I do not think her hair was its natural color, nor could I tell you how much art had been employed in any part of her appearance. If there was any, it was not easily to be discovered. Perhaps the saying, "il faut beaucoup d'art pour retourner à la nature," is applicable to fashionable dress as well as to literature.

But if Lady Burrell's figure and dress afforded me peculiar facilities for my work, they were the only parts of my subject that did so. I had never found a face more difficult to decipher or to express—I am often visited by the faces of my models of long ago, some that expressed so much more than I could paint, and others that could not give me enough to reproduce. Once in the delirium of a fever they came round me and never left me, finding fault with me and upbraiding me for not understanding them better; acting strange scenes, in which they would express my ideas of their characters in a distorted and grotesque manner. But besides one exception, which I will not dwell upon as yet, no face wearied me in these dreams as much as Lady Burrell's. The features were rather large, but admirably proportioned; the forehead was very low, the eyes rather small and piercing, the hair of a light brown, arranged in the latest fashion, but not aggressively so—I always felt that fashion adapted itself to Lady Burrell rather than that Lady Burrell adapted herself to fashion. She smiled almost continuously while I was painting her, a little social smile; and her laugh, too, was very slight, coming from lips that were never widely opened.

Lady Burrell was never rude to me, but I was always uncertain of her manner and her temper. The manner was too avowedly calculated to attract, to be really attractive, at least so I used to think when she first came to me; but it must have had its power, for I grew to think her very attractive; and I find it difficult now to dissociate my first from my later impressions. At the first sitting I thought I saw my way to a picture of a fashionable woman, the highest interest in which should be the true rendering of the grace of my subject. In the second sitting I confined the talk to the "Shakespeare taste and musical glasses" of the day, which had occupied us at first, making no attempt to discover further depths in my model. I saw her smiling to herself during part of this chat, and presently she took the lead in the conversation; and I afterwards reflected that instead of my making discoveries in Lady Burrell she had been making discoveries in her painter. Some of her questions had been decidedly impertinent in a stranger, though I had not thought so at the time, so skillfully had they been introduced. They had shown, too, a power of sympathy and of observation for which I had not given her credit. I began to suspect that I might be working on a wrong tack; and the next sitting increased this doubt to a certainty, and showed me the full difficulty of my undertaking.

Yet our talk that morning was slight and unimportant. "Why will you not show me my picture?" she asked with a slight affectation of pettishness. "I could surely form some opinion of it now."

"That is exactly what I should object to," I answered.

"You would wish to change and correct before I have clearly drawn out my own ideas. A drawing in that state may suggest looks in the face which would afterwards disappear, but which if once seen may seem to haunt it perpetually. I have to correct many false conclusions before I get the right one."

She smiled. "I suppose you may draw some disagreeable and unflattering expressions (of ill-temper shall we say?) which you must afterwards take out, as photographers wipe away the wrinkles. It is most confiding to submit oneself to such an examination. However, at my age the mask is not easily lifted."

Even as she spoke I thought it was lifted for a moment (perhaps purposely). There was more depth in her expression and as she ceased smiling, and was silent, I could read the marks of an unresting sadness in the face—a sadness which I did not for a moment attribute to the death of the late Lord Burrell. (This kind of ill is in the soul itself, and is not the mark of a simple loss, however sad.)

A moment later I was called away, and I asked Lady Burrell to excuse me. She smiled graciously, and descending from her platform sat down by the fire. I offered her the *Morning Post* and then left her. Five minutes later I came back, and owing I suppose to the carpet slippers I wore when at work, came back unnoticed. I smothered with difficulty a loud exclamation at the sight of Lady Burrell. She had flung herself on the ground and had buried her face in her hands, leaning her head on the step of the platform on which she had been sitting. Her whole figure and attitude showed a complete abandonment to the feeling of the moment, such as I have never witnessed in any one before or since. There was no sound, and I had but a moment in which to spring back into the outer room and noisily move the handle of the door, when I heard Lady Burrell's voice quietly distinct—"Mr. Hardman," I obeyed the summons. She was standing putting on her bonnet, with her little smile upon her lips, perfectly quiet but pale. I was by far the more confused of the two.

"I don't think," she said, "that I can sit for you any longer this morning. I have had a shock, a painful shock, in seeing the announcement of the death of an old friend and cousin of mine. I think I had better go home."

She bowed gracefully and left me. It was a simple explanation, but surely such an extraordinary display of feeling was unusual on the death of a cousin. Unusual too was the strange self-command that followed almost instantly. Her voice, her look in speaking of the shock were those of a fashionable woman making a correct expression of grief which she does not feel—but which it is necessary to affect. Of course I took up the *Morning Post* and after passing my eye over marriages, dinners, arrivals in town, came to two deaths: "Sad accident—quite young." That wasn't it. Here: "Death of the famous Professor Swinburne, younger son of Lord Swinburne, who had done so much service in the cause of science, aged 59; was never married." This must be Lady Burrell's cousin.

During what was still left of the morning, and throughout the afternoon, my mind was full of Lady Burrell and of that strange prostrate figure which it was almost impossible to identify with her. I made a chalk sketch from memory, which afterwards served as the foundation for the only subject-picture of mine which was ever thoroughly understood by the public. Would that public have believed that the despairing woman was a life-study from the very Lady Burrell whose portrait hung on the same wall in the Royal Academy? I was still puzzling over this sketch when the door of my studio opened, and my servant announced in her usual abrupt manner: "Miss Swinburne." I was struck by the coincidence of the repetition of the name.

A tall girl in plain black, but with a deep mourning veil, came in quickly and began to speak at once in a low and agitated voice: "Mr. Hardman, I have come to ask you if you would be able to come immediately to the house of my late uncle, Professor Swinburne. I want you to make a drawing of him."

I saw she shrank from any more explicit statement. I hesitated. I had a busy day before me and I was not particularly attracted by the young lady's rather ghastly proposal. But I was touched by her tired, excited manner. She appeared to attach immense importance to my answer. Like many tired people she seemed to find it difficult to be silent, and before I had spoken she began again.

"I was told that you would probably consent to make the drawing, and would understand what is wanted, a slight sketch that may be useful for a picture afterwards."

"I will come and do my best," I answered, "though I must prepare you for disappointment—there is usually so much change after death, as to make these studies of very little use."

She had put up her veil while we were talking, and showed a pale, tired face, of good, rather firmly set, but small features, and very large deep brown eyes, framed in the blue lines that are written by fatigue and sleeplessness on young faces. There were marks of recent tears.

"It would be better than nothing," she answered. "Will you be able to come at once?"

"I will follow you in about an hour."

"Very well," she said, and without further speech she walked away. "There is certainly no family likeness to Lady Burrell, I reflected, as her tall, firmly-set figure disappeared through the doorway.

Miss Swinburne had given me a card with her uncle's name and address, and before long I went out, portfolio in hand, not at all inclined to do what I had promised. And when I reached the house and was let in by a funereal servant, the atmosphere of solemn bustle in the hall, the pompous silence, oppressed rather than raised my mind. The sight of a quiet-faced nun, who came in immediately after me, seemed indeed to bring with her an atmosphere of spiritual sympathy that drew my heart towards her.

"Mr. Hardman, the artist," was murmured from one servant to the other, and I was led to a back room on the ground floor. The late afternoon light filled it with no irreverent glare. It was a large room, with massive furniture which had been pushed aside to leave an open space, round a narrow and simple bed, at each corner of which stood four tall black candlesticks, bearing the largest candles I had ever seen. At the head of the bed a silver crucifix was raised upon a pedestal. I looked at everything before I looked at the face of the dead. It was an introduction to a dead man whom I had never seen in life—not a common occurrence, unless in the case of a violent public death—and whose past was almost a blank to me. I felt a strange fear for a moment of gazing at the dead face. The red sunlight and the dim candlelight showed every line of the features on the pillow.

The hair was of an iron gray and plentiful, brushed back from a large, curiously dome-shaped forehead. This peculiarity was strongly marked in death, but it can only have given a pleasingly massive effect to the living. The nose was almost classical; the mouth must have been exquisitely formed, firm yet sensitive, as far as I could judge, but I knew that on no part of the face did death work its changes more rapidly, or more completely. The eyes, that could never return my gaze, had long eyelashes and shaggy, overhanging eyebrows. I had chosen my light and begun my drawing before I discovered that I was not alone with the body. On her knees, bending over a low chair in a dark corner of the room, was Miss Swinburne. I could not be mistaken, though I could see nothing of the head but the coils of black-brown hair which had been before hidden by her bonnet. The sight of her kneeling there in quiet, dignified sorrow in that most pathetic prayer for forgiveness for the sins of one whose least weakness it had been a duty to ignore, this sight excited me to earnest effort to understand the face apart from the handwriting of death. The silence was complete, and as I worked on I began to feel as if I belonged in some manner by natural ties to this room of death. The little nun presently came in, and kneeling without any support began, I suppose, to tell her beads. My work finished, I rose to leave. Miss Swinburne immediately did the same and led me into a room at the front of the house. As we entered I saw her start and look annoyed—it was rather dark and I heard Lady Burrell's affected voice before I saw her:

"Dear Florence," she said, "you will forgive my coming, although you have not answered my note. I must see your dear uncle once more, for though it is a long time since we have met, except in society, my recollections go back to early days, and you must not refuse me."

"Of course I could not refuse you, Lady Burrell," answered Miss Swinburne rather stiffly. "If you would not mind waiting one moment I will take you."

But by one of her rapid movements Lady Burrell had placed herself in the open doorway. "It is the room opposite, is it not?" she inquired, and before she could be answered she had disappeared.

Miss Swinburne seemed to hesitate whether to follow her, but then turned back into the dining-room and asked me several questions about the drawing. Her face was flushed and I felt sorry for her. For what is more painful in a house of grief than the intrusions of those who have not loved or understood or reverenced our dead? Why should a woman who, according to her own showing, had been on terms of bare civility with her uncle for years, bring her affected condolences into his house of death? This I felt convinced was her view of Lady Burrell's unasked-for visit; yet I wondered which of these two in reality suffered the most?

"There has never been a good likeness of my uncle," was Miss Swinburne's concluding remark, as she gave me the few photographs she possessed. I took them home with me and studied them earnestly that very night. There from a boy at school, on through the years of a young man's life into middle age, I could see clearly the large brow, the shaggy eyebrows, the classical nose, and firm mouth—I thought my task would be easy, and I began the next day a large charcoal drawing, taken principally from a photograph of the professor at about thirty years of age, which seemed to me to show most life and probability of likeness—combining this with my own drawing from his lifeless remains. I had been copying the photograph almost mechanically for a few moments when I was called away.

On returning to my studio I was startled by the drawing on the easel. There was an expression in the face which I must have unconsciously developed from the photograph, and which was in direct opposition to the lofty calm of my other sketch. At the first glance it was an unpleasing expression; as I looked longer it seemed to me to be almost a bad one. There was a stern compression about the lines of the mouth which might indicate a hard or cruel disposition, and which gave to the firm brow, overhanging eyebrows, and strong jaw an evil interpretation, without lessening the appearance of intellectual power. I cannot define the impression made upon me in any clear way, but it was quite sufficient to alter my conception of the face, and therefore, as far as I knew, of the man. I was annoyed. I had been anxious to do justice to what had seemed to me to be a singularly noble and winning countenance, and I had hoped that my picture might be a real treasure to his niece. But if that had not been the true face which I had imagined, but only the glorified work of death, I should fail in a likeness which, if successful, might gain me a considerable increase of reputation. Nor would an obviously ideal portrait be very valuable to Miss Swinburne if I had judged her rightly; to Lady Burrell, indeed, I could imagine that the idealized picture of a man for whom she must have cherished a secret passion would be acceptable. Such artificial but highly excitable natures are not often possessed of great truth of vision.

I turned again to the photographs, in hope of gaining more light, but I failed. From the boyish face of the early miniature I could get nothing, and the later likenesses were such bad photographs as to be quite unreliable. I looked again at the one I had first copied, and now that I had once seen this unpleasing expression in my drawing, I wondered how I could have overlooked it in the photograph. To me it indicated strong capacity for emotion, without the lofty expression which would show that the emotions had been noble ones. I cannot expect to be able to express all the subtle, almost impalpable, impressions which had brought me to my conclusions. There is, of course, a fitness in the different parts of a face, which an artist learns to recognize and on which he must greatly depend in such an undertaking as mine. It must be remembered that I could not rely upon the lines of the mouth after death, and the mouth copied from the photograph at the age of 30, when the signs of youthfulness had been taken away, combined perfectly with the other features; and though it altered the expression, increased the lifelikeness and the consistency of the whole face. I determined to make two drawings to suit the two ideas, and then see if I had obtained any fresh light upon my work. I grew excited as I worked, feeling absurdly as if the dead professor had been brought to the bar of my art for judgment. I finished them and went out for a long walk to change my thoughts, not very successfully. I went back to my drawings immediately on coming in, hoping to receive some new impression, but I was disappointed. The one appeared noble and lofty, the great eyebrows seeming to express wise thought, but with a certain haziness in mouth and eyes. The other was strong, vigorous, almost violent. They were not now in a state to be shown to any one, but I determined so to alter and soften them that though the two expressions would be still distinct, either might be recognized if truthful by those who had lived with and loved him. I wrote to Miss Swinburne to ask her to come and see the drawings, and decided to show them to Lady Burrell at our next meeting. On the opinion of the latter I had little dependence, but I trusted if the less pleasing likeness were the true one that Miss Swinburne, even if she did not like it, would acknowledge its truth.

During Lady Burrell's next sitting, to which she came dressed in slight and fashionable mourning, some days later, I was so absorbed in her portrait that I had almost forgotten the conflicting drawings of the late professor. But while thus engrossed I heard a knocking at my outer door. Having hastily taken down my portrait, and turned its face to the wall, I went into the other room, where I found Miss Swinburne. Before I could speak and warn her of my sitter's presence in the studio Lady Burrell joined us hastily.

"You dear Flora," she said, graciously kissing her passive cousin, "I hope you are somewhat rested after all your fatigues."

She might have been alluding to the dissipations of a London season for anything her voice and manner showed to the contrary.

Then with an air of immense sympathy: "I have been feeling so much for you."

I thought Miss Swinburne shrank from these demonstrations.

Did Lady Burrell love to give pain, I wondered, or was she envious of the other's right to open mourning? I felt the awkwardness of showing the drawings to these two together. I hesitated. I wished I could express my regret to Miss Swinburne by that hesitation. There was a worn and nervous expression still in her eyes, a slight stiffness and self-repression in her manner. There was no use in waiting.

"I have two attempts to show you," I said, "with slight differences; if you will allow me, I will put them side by side, and you can tell me in which of the two you think that I have aimed most rightly."

I put them on the easels in the studio, and then summoned Miss Swinburne. The two ladies came forward and stood for some moments in silence. The drawings were on different easels, and as it chanced Miss Swinburne had come forward opposite to the sketch which was far from being idealized, which indeed betrayed the hard, strong, almost sinister look that I had unconsciously evolved while copying the faded photograph.

Lady Burrell faced the ideal drawing, noble, refined, spiritual, but a little hazy and not quite actual.

I was chiefly taken up at the moment by professional anxiety, by a keen wish to learn all I could from the two women before me; to see Professor Swinburne through their eyes. I looked at them as if I could catch the reflection of the living man in the faces that had loved him. Both betrayed a nerve tension that was natural, but in very different ways. Miss Swinburne's was a restrained excitement, a determination to judge without emotion was perceptible. She looked earnestly at the un-ideal drawing with a candor of expression that pleased me. Lady Burrell flashed one glance at both, and then her eyes became fixed on the ideal portrait with an expression I could not understand.

I had foretold truly!

Miss Swinburne was going to choose the sternly truthful one before which she stood.

Lady Burrell had chosen the ideal! I thought she would be the first to speak, but I was mistaken. It was Miss Swinburne who broke the silence.

"Mr. Hardman, I do not hesitate—"

"There can be no doubt," cried Lady Burrell, and hastily passing in front of Miss Swinburne, and to my astonishment pointing to the realistic picture, she cried: "This is a triumph. I congratulate you."

"No, no"; burst from Miss Swinburne, "indeed not"; and as she moved to the other easel she appealed to me with tears in her voice: "There is something quite wrong in that one; now this is beautiful and much more like my uncle. If you could do a little, a slight alteration, to make the mouth firmer?" Then in a low, tremulous voice as I came to her side: "Please do not be influenced by anything Lady Burrell says—she does not—cannot know—"

Lady Burrell said nothing in a distinctly aggressive and, I thought, unfeeling way.

But in the interests of the picture I felt obliged to ask one question.

"Miss Swinburne," I said, "you will excuse my asking you if you are sure that you never saw—are sure that you never saw your uncle look like that drawing?"

I was right in supposing that she would dislike my question, but she answered candidly:

"I cannot say that I never saw him look like that, but I am quite certain that it was merely a passing expression, entirely uncharacteristic."

"I need not keep you longer," I said quickly, "I will work at the one you approve of, and perhaps you will see it when it is in a more advanced state."

"Will you let me know when to come?" she inquired, and then shaking hands stiffly with Lady Burrell turned away. I took her downstairs in silence and opened the door into the street. Then she hesitated, and turning to me looked at me with an almost beseeching expression in her eyes.

"Next time let me know when I shall find you alone."

"Your coming to-day was quite unexpected," I hastened to answer.

"I know," she replied kindly.

I returned to my sitter.

"It is too late for me to stay now," said that lady turning to me as I came in, "but I must speak to you about these drawings: Miss Swinburne's mistake is a very natural one. She nursed her uncle to the last, he was everything in the world to her, and she was constantly in the room where they laid him out. She has simply idealized the face from sentiment and his look after death. I can assure you that the other drawing is the true one, and I can speak as a mere cousin without prejudice in any way."

She spoke in a hard, almost angry voice, but concluded with her usual little smile and bow as we parted.

I was left alone in as great difficulties as before. I turned almost angrily to the drawings and put them away, fairly disgusted with the whole subject.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

ON THE LONELINESS OF PRIESTS.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

IT is not a thing for pity, as the blind world thinks: far from it. But sensitive observation, quiet and constant succor, are its due: to our conscience, these things are mandatory, and to the priest's, sweet and right. Only by such giving and acceptance can we testify our common belief in a sublime ideal, and in human goodness, which so continually achieves it. Surely, it is for Christ and for souls that the yoke is borne; and it is the business of these two, conjointly, to keep the bearer free. The general interest of a religious society is to safeguard the most detached, disinterested, and authoritative figure in it: to secure for it Temporal Power and Home Rule. To set up as a private Vigilance Committee to that end is honor enough to any layman or woman of good-will. The priest must be free: but he need not be left alone. In fact, he deserves a certain delicate consideration, and claims a certain unobtrusive service, as no one else can deserve it or claim it. He belongs to a Church which, as the late Dr. Luke Rivington once said, in his glowing way, from a London pulpit, is the only power daring to deny its officers, from start to finish, the solace of domestic life. (For the State also denies this, now and then, perhaps for long periods, to Army and Navy.) Were it not for the Church's conception of the Divine and uniquely absorbing task to which her clergy have given their hearts, were it not for her conception of the importance of their standing exclusively ready to run and tender "first aid" to each and every sinner of us all, they, too, as other clergy do, might live amid those daily associations which are the staff and cordial of the general pilgrimage. But the priest is forever their alien, their passer-by. He must think, sometimes, of the modern poet's wistful lines about

"The friends to whom we have no natural right,
The homes that are not destined to be ours."

Wistful lines they are; yet he will not add to them any conscious wistfulness. Has he not bartered such chartered blessings for Christ our Lord and for us? His touching circumstance forms the sacramental link, as God has willed that it should, between the Highest and our corporate need of Him: he has become the air through which, or the land and sea over which, Christ reaches the souls gathered into His Church. The very function which seems to separate him so austerely from worldlings, touches them, sinks into them, flows over them, is everything to them. Most gladly, then, should they turn about, and be, in their measure, everything to him! With the universality of that function always before us, can we not import something of the same glorious largeness into our reciprocal attitude? Personal preference is a ticklish matter for legislation; yet it is the pride of a true Catholic temper to tender even to the most acceptable pastor not so much a personal preference as a generic piety. To no priest should be proffered a kindness which would not be proffered with the same alacrity, though not with the same satisfaction, to any other priest. And for the sake of one beloved Levite, dead or living (if you are so narrow as to love but one), you may pour, and ought to pour, as occasions arise, and means admit, a moral sunshine into every presbytery within reach.

Secular or regular, these men are all "fools for Christ's sake." Would that a special chivalry, at least within the fold, ruled the actions of others towards them! Strict poetical justice would exempt them not only from taxes, but from any payment not vicarious, of the fruiterer and the newsboy. One would have the *parochus* shown first into the carriage, and served first at lunch, while willing duchesses wait their turn. Individual feeling for the cause should certainly be able to affect pleasurably the local arch-promoter of the cause, in which his ungrudging intimate interest stands proved. Wisdom here is to give all, and expect nothing; above all, to exact nothing. Even that gigantic crime of omission, an unanswered letter, may be forgiven the hand which has already baptized our little ones, and blessed our dead. In short, where priests are concerned, some of us would beshrew etiquette altogether. This may be a hard saying, but should have further testing in practice.

To give and to withdraw is a beautiful art. "Much doctrine lies under this little stone." Happy are they who know how to deal as saints have always dealt with saints: to use to the full a demonstration which is all abstinence, a nearness without approach, an all-affectionate friendship which has dropped its personality upon the threshold, and comes in silently, with reverence for something invisible, and without a breath of self. If worked out on these lines, that relationship of parishioner and penitent to the priest, is (to use a fine and abused adjective advisedly) the most romantic relationship under heaven. It helps him to feel that they are all there, close about him, as dew in the desert, and as a lantern in the darkness, of that solitariness which is laid upon him for their good, and which they should be as willing to bear with as he is to bear. It will teach him that they are heartened by his quest of perfection, and not cast down by his human failings. Have we not long seen that anointed kindred "in labors, in watchings, in fastings, in chastity, in knowledge, in long-suffering, in sweetness, in the Holy Spirit, in charity unfeigned, in the word of truth, in the power of God; by the armor of justice on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown and yet known; as dying, and behold, [they] live; as chastised, and not slain; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as needy, yet enriching many; as having nothing, and possessing all things." The waves of their calumniators' speech must break first upon us, a sea wall of hearts built out of every nation, knowing, understanding, cherishing, and defending them. Other earthly witness than this Catholic loyalty have they none. It is precious to them as a symbol of the Love towards which they go, in whose light the memory of their own shortcomings and of many trials shall be wiped out.

After all, what does a priest ask of his very nearest? Not benevolent appropriation: only sympathy, and at times a helping hand. Yet he lives along borderlands where often co-operation, felt or acted, is not. Long ago he faced that possibility, weighed the loss, took the leap, and chose in his youth a work like no other, as in its delight, so in its pain. And he risked, if he did not quite choose, strange alternatives: displacement, unpopularity, hindrance, inferior housing and clothing, overwork, poor diet, broken rest. All these may legitimately befall him, and wear him out, and break him down: *pro vobis et pro multis.* But to the Great Captain's brave and honest bodyguard grumbling is no part of warfare. The handicaps are all in the game. It is the part of the laity to see that the game is played under fair conditions, and when their best is done, to step clear of the ropes. Co-operation of the most availing kind can never go so far as to cheat a priest of his sacred loneliness, lying at the core of every deed and aim. Since he will not shirk it, neither shall we. Our friend's song, which is the song of every feeling and thinking soul, but his in a more concrete sense, is all in a deep phrase of Plotinus. Lionel Johnson (no plagiarist!) once put it into an English music worthy to be remembered:

"Lonely unto the Lone I go;
Divine, to the Divinity."

ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN.

*AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT was a choir monk of the Cistercians who steadied him; and behind the white-robed figure, gleaming ghastly in the darkness, stood another form, dark and motionless as a shadow. The monk slipped his arm through Arnoul's, and led him away from the tavern door to the patch of light given out by a flickering lamp that burned dimly before a corner-shrine of our Lady the Virgin. When they stood within the circle of its meager radiance, the monk loosed his arm and faced him. The shadow crept up silently and stood before him in the feeble rays.

Muddled as he was by drink, in a flash he knew them both. It was Brother Anselm from Buckfast with another Cistercian—Anselm, the master of the Alumni—and Roger from Woodleigh by Avonside. What were they doing here, of all people in the whole wide world? What had brought them to France, and sent them out wandering in the streets of Paris at such an hour? His face brightened and his hands went out to grasp theirs.

"Roger!" he cried thickly. "And Father Anselm! You are welcome!" But there was no response. Roger, indeed, caught the lad's hand in his own rough palm and pressed it silently; but the monk regarded him sadly, almost sternly, and the lines deepened on his brow.

"Speak! Speak!" said the lad impatiently. "Have you just come from Buckfast? When did you reach Paris? What are the tidings that you bear? And what news is there, Roger, of Woodleigh and Moreleigh? Speak! By the Holy Mass, one would think you were stricken dumb! Come back with me," he went on. "Come back to Julien's! There is light and

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warmth there; and we can quaff the red wine and talk of home and friends in peace and comfort."

But Roger only squeezed his hand the harder; and the monk's lips moved slowly as though he were about to speak. At length he said solemnly: "I bear you evil tidings, Arnoul; sad tidings from your home. Your brother—"

"Guy?" the lad broke in eagerly.

"Your brother, Sir Guy," the monk continued—and his voice had a catch in it—"the priest of Woodleigh, is dead."

"Dead!" cried Arnoul, the color fading from his face as he started back, sobered in a moment by the suddenness of the terrible news. "Dead!" he passed his hand up questioningly over his eyes and brow. "I never knew he was ill! He cannot be dead! When did he die? No one told me anything! Why did they not tell me?" He looked with startled, questioning eyes from the monk to Roger, and, reading nothing in the faithful man's wooden sorrow, back again to the monk.

"He was not ill," the brother explained in a slow, level voice. "He was murdered."

"Murdered!" cried the lad. "It can't be true! I will not believe it! Who would lift his hand against Guy, so good and so beloved? Who would murder a priest—a poor priest—like my brother? My brother—" And Arnoul sobbed in spite of his questions.

"Nevertheless it is true," the level voice continued, speaking slowly and distinctly. "Sir Guy, of Woodleigh, was murdered by Sigar Vipont, the Lord of Moreleigh, in a fit of passion. He is dead now—may the good God assoil him!—and he is buried in his own church at Woodleigh. You do well to grieve, Arnoul, for your brother was a holy man. But I have much to say to you; and it must be said at once. Shall we go to your lodgings, or will you come with me to our cloister? There is a message from the bishop and a letter. Also, there are words from Sigar Vipont."

"God's curse upon him!" put in Roger. They were the first words he had spoken.

"Guy—! My brother—! Dead!" sobbed Arnoul. "Take me where you will, Brother, to my lodging or to the cloister. My brother—dead! My poor brother!"

A whisper between the monks, and they moved off in the direction of the Bernardines', meeting none but a few roysterers on the way.

Brother Anselm recounted to Arnoul the manner of his brother's death—how he had encountered Sir Sigar in a towering rage, and had drawn his anger upon himself by some remonstrance. How the knight had worked himself into an ungovernable fury; and, drawing his dagger, had plunged it twice into the heart of the unhappy priest, who fell dying in the very court of Moreleigh castle.

"But he had a beautiful burial," the monk continued. "The Lord Abbot went down to sing the requiem, and such a choir as was never heard in Woodleigh. All the people from miles around were there. The churchyard was full to overflowing, and the long street crowded with the mourners. Even the retainers of Moreleigh knelt within the church weeping, praying for the priest and for their lord. And Sir Sigar has gone to Rome. It was a sudden, a mad act; and, ere your brother breathed his last, Sir Sigar had repented him of it. He stood, bowed and haggard, at the far edge of the crowd while the dirge was being sung in Woodleigh church. Twice he sought his absolution at the abbey; but the Abbot had no power to loose the bonds of such a heinous sin—the murder of a priest. Nor could the bishop grant him absolution. He went on foot to Exeter to seek it, and the bishop told him—what is true—that only our Lord the Pope himself at Rome could free his soul from its awful guilt. So he has set out for Rome, repentant and sorrowing, vowing to do whatsoever penance his Blessedness shall give to him."

Arnoul's grief, poignant though it was, did not prevent his understanding what had happened. He was torn by contrary emotions; profound and bitter grief, a sudden and vindictive hatred of the murderer. But the monk continued, still speaking slowly and distinctly:

"Sir Sigar has said that he will do what lies in his power to make amends for his crime by providing for all your needs—the brother of his victim. And my Lord of Exeter—I have a letter from him for you—will offer you a benefice in his cathedral church. I have seen them both before setting out."

They reached the postern gate of the Bernardines' cloister and passed through it, the brother opening it with a key he carried. Striking a light, he lit an oil lamp. The four men were in a small, vaulted chamber opening from the passage that gave direct upon the gate. The room was bare and plain—evidently no more than a place of waiting. The Buckfast monk was pale and calm. Arnoul moved about restlessly and nervously. That Guy was dead he realized in a dull sort of a way, but the full meaning of it all had not yet come home to him. Roger stood silent and grief-stricken, a dumb look of pity and sorrow for the boy in his face. The other brother saw that his lamp was burning properly, and departed.

"These are the letters," the monk proceeded, "that I have to give into your hands." He looked at the writing on the cover of each as he handed it to the boy.

"The first is from the Lord Abbot. You will read it at your leisure. It gives a full account of all that has taken place; and Father Abbot bade me give you his blessing in this your trial. Here is one from the Bishop of Exeter. I understand his Lordship purposes offering you a canonry that he has at his disposal. He feels for you deeply, and has taken Sir Guy's death to heart almost as much as Father Abbot. The third was given me by the seneschal at Moreleigh. It has no writing on the wrapper, but I believe it is from Sir Sigar himself. There is a small matter of money, too, given me for you by Abbot Benet. I cannot give you that to-night, but you shall have it in the morning."

Arnoul stretched out his hand mechanically for the letters and placed them in his vest. What was he to do now, he thought. Guy's death would change his life so much. He thanked the monk brokenly. "Guy dead—! His brother murdered—!" It repeated itself over and over again like some monotonous threnody in his mind.

"I shall go home to my lodging now," he said in a voice broken and tremulous with emotion. "Let me think! I can't realize it all! My brother Guy murdered—! Yes; let me go home to think alone!"

They let him out into the street, his haggard eyes giving the lie to all his finery. The monk gazed sadly after him for a space as he stumbled slowly away from the abbey. Roger stood, twitching at his sleeve, wondering if he should follow him as he staggered into the darkness. Then, conquering his indecision, and with a word to Brother Anselm to keep the gate open for him, he ran after the retreating figure.

"Master Arnoul! Dear Master Arnoul—! For the love of Christ do not look so terribly!" Poor Roger was on the verge of tears himself as he thrust a packet into the other's hand. "Isobel bade me give you this, and to tell you how she grieves for you. It is Sir Guy's crucifix. None other than you should have it. Aye, she grieves and sorrows, does Isobel. Ah, lad! we all grieve. I—I—as I cannot say."

The true-hearted fellow caught Arnoul's hand once more and pressed it in his own rough palm. Then, dashing the tear from his eyes, he turned and made off again towards the patient figure of the waiting monk at the postern gate.

Arnoul walked on, stunned and suffering dumbly. Every nerve was on edge and raw—quivering, palpitating, agonizing. He could not straighten it out and see it all clearly. He reached his lodging and climbed the stairs. Finding tinder, he struck a light and took the packets from his breast, turning them over vacantly. He broke the seal of one, and took out the roughly carved image of the dead Savior hanging on the cross. Kissing it reverently, in memory of Guy, he laid it gently on the table. Then he opened the largest letter. It was from the bishop. He read through the lines of sympathy, half understanding. Yes; it was a canonry. The word stood out clear in the writing. Maitre Barthelemy had said— But what had the alchemist to do with it? His brother was dead—! Guy was murdered! He broke the seal of the second letter. The Abbot's writing. More words of sympathy and consolation. Oh, that Father Abbot were here! Then followed an account of the murder and of Sir Sigar's pilgrimage in search of absolution. The Abbot had written "Pray for him!" twice over. Pray for him? How could he pray for him? He would murder him if he could! Had he not robbed him of his brother? Were his hands not red with Guy's blood?

He flung his hat down and his gay red cloak in a heap upon the floor. The third letter he had forgotten, and it slipped unnoticed to the ground. Then he blew out the lamp and for a while paced up and down the narrow room in the darkness. His mind was caught in a torrent of surging emotions and swept hither and thither hopelessly. The only point that stood out now with certainty, vivid, dominating, was that Guy was dead. Around that central fact the other thoughts all moved—his call to the ecclesiastical state and the bishop's canonry, the wasted, and worse than wasted, life that he had been leading. It all gathered itself up with a confused intensity and force. He saw himself taking leave of the Abbot, full of hope and spirits, as he went first to St. Victor's; drifting, afterwards, in the devious currents to which he had committed himself; and he realized with a start how near he had come to the fatal brink towards which they had been dragging him.

Guy was dead! Life, on a sudden, seemed not the same. It all came out with new colors, new values, new meaning. And so, on and on, urged forward in thought circles by the rushing emotions, his mind revolved until at last, worn out with sheer fatigue and grief, he threw himself as he was upon the bed and fell into a light and troubled slumber.

CHAPTER XX.

The sun had not yet risen over the roofs and spires of the city when Arnoul, worn out with the raging conflict of emotions within his breast, stood at the open casement of his lodging. His face was haggard and drawn; and his eyes, sunken and dulled with sheer bodily fatigue, had the expression of a hunted animal's. He had discarded the gay dress of the night before and wore the simple habit from the Buckfast looms in which he had come to France—it seemed so long ago. With bowed head and hands resting upon the sill, insensible to the chill of the early morning, he looked out upon a thick mist that hung like a curtain before him. It came up from the marshes that bordered the Seine, writhing in fantastic shapes as the air moved it hither and thither, wreathing itself round the towers and spires that rose above the sleeping city, hiding the lesser buildings under an impalpable white pall, clammy, damp, dispiriting, though he hardly noticed that it was there. It fell in sparse, congealed drops upon the streets, the squares, the roofs; and trickled down from gables, eaves, and cornices, over blind wall and house side, slowly, persistently, noiselessly, like great tears. It came through the open window and drifted into the cheerless room, standing out like clammy sweat upon the walls. It gathered itself up and dripped slowly from the window cornice upon his bent head, his dress, his hands. But he stood there heedless and unnoticing until, chilled to the very bone, a paroxysm of shivering seized him.

The spasmodic action brought his dulled mind back from its lethargy. All the torture of the night rushed back upon him with new and bitter vividness. A new day had come, and with it new burdens, new anxieties, a feeling of loneliness and helplessness such as he had never known. Still shivering, he closed the window, and began to pace up and down the narrow room. What was he to do now? The question surged again and again through his brain as it had been surging all the night, even in his dreams. The news of Guy's murder had brought his mind back with a wrench to the old Devon days and set the old thought centers throbbing with the old thoughts. The peaceful Valley of Dart rose before him—the peaceful monks toiling and praying in the cloister calm—bringing not peace but anguish to his soul. A vision of Sibilla, conjured up by some trick of his mind's working, wrung his heart. Yet in this there was the consolation of an infinite rest. She shared his sorrow. How could there be a doubt of that? In the thought all his feeling for her gathered itself together, as it were, and focussed itself. Her father had made her suffer before. Now he had wronged him. They were knit together in a common bond of suffering. Pity for himself—pity for her—was the root-feeling. But it was a pity wrapping both together in a something common. Suddenly he realized that it was not pity alone. It was something far more obvious, more close. She was an ideal to be enshrined, a lady to be loved. What a mistake it had all been, his dreams of an ecclesiastical career! Why had he come to Paris? He should have taken up the profession of arms. Surely that had been the right course. The other was a fatal mistake! And yet—! And yet—! Neither was there hope for him in that direction. The Lady Sibilla of Moreleigh was rich and noble. He was poor and a clerk. And now, more than ever, with a river of his brother's blood flowing between them—! The consolation turned out to be an agony after all.

He paused and looked with unseeing eyes at the glory of the sun piercing the mist wreathes, unravelling the white palls of filmy gossamer, painting the vapors in a rosy glow.

No, it could never be; it ought not to be! And yet—Had he a vocation to an ecclesiastical estate? Was it not all a mistake from beginning to end? What was he to think—to do? Oh! what was to be done? He stood again at the window which he had opened for the second time, his lips forming the question silently, as his faculties became numbed and dulled again by fatigue and anguish.

In the streets, rapidly clearing of the mist in the growing sunlight, groups of students began to gather. Soldiers and townsmen appeared; the latter unbarring the shutters of their shops and houses; the former, for the most part, seeking the shortest way to the nearest tavern. Peasants were arriving from the country with fruit and vegetables, eggs and fowls; and men were carrying huge baskets of fish from the boats moored at the bank of the river.

Over all the noise and bustle of a waking city, rising like the hum of an enormous hive, boomed the great bell of Notre Dame, summoning the scholars to their daily Mass.

The sound brought Arnoul to himself again. It recalled the little church at Woodleigh, the abbey, and Exeter—that sound of the church bell.

A confused vision of the far-away green fields of Devon, the soaring moorland, the silent figures moving in the quiet cloister, while the bells rang out beside Dart until the echoes died away on the heather-clad slopes, came before his mind. And the anguish of his soul broke out afresh. What was he to do? Oh! what was he to do?

He thought of the grass-grown mound that he had never seen, beneath which his only brother lay sleeping, so quiet and so still. He pictured the little churchyard, lying within the shadow of the tiny church, the solemn trees that kept guard over the silent dead. And as he unravelled strand by strand the medley of his tangled thought, the vision passed on to the shapeless confusion that had come into his own life.

It was like the fantastic mist-wreathes of the morning. Blurred and indistinct, the outlines of his possible vocation and of his old yet new-born love for Sibilla were the two points in his consciousness, blended and separated, forbidding and alluring, so unreasoningly imperative and yet so uncertain, as the mists of his indecision moved and tormented. But the thought of his brother helped him. There was a comfort even in thinking of his loss. What would his brother have him do? The question struck a new light into his tired brain, a new hope, a fresh strength. But it was like flint and steel without the tinder. His brother would have bidden him seek counsel from the abbot; and the abbot was far away at Buckfast.

The brother dead— The abbot at Buckfast. Was there no one near at hand to help him? Was there no one to counsel, to direct? "What am I to do," he moaned aloud. "Oh, God! what am I to do?"

The bell had ceased ringing; and the noise of the street traffic rose, worldly, busy, shrill, to his high window. He leant forward, looking down upon the people as one seeking an inspiration from the gathering crowd.

Two Franciscan friars passed beneath him, carrying baskets for the collection of alms. They walked slowly, their eyes bent upon the ground, asking for food in the Name of Christ, and thanking the donor in His Name, taking no heed of the ribald jest or coarse wit with which they were not infrequently assailed. Their habit, like that of the Cistercian lay brothers, was of a rough brown material.

Suddenly his mind leaped to a new idea. Thomas! He would see Thomas—Brother Thomas—the great teacher of the Dominicans. Did not all Paris ring with his fame? His learning and his sanctity were noised abroad. The spleen and invective of the secular party had not altogether tarnished the name of Brother Thomas. And Thomas would listen to him and help him! Was he not ready to solve the difficulties and still the doubts of thousands? Was he not always patient and courteous, humble and kind? Surely it was an inspiration! He would go to St. Jacques and lay bare his soul before Thomas Aquinas, at once the greatest teacher and the greatest saint in Paris.

Taking his cap, and thrusting the abbot's letter into his breast, he left the room and descended the long flight of steps to the street. People turned and stared at him as he passed, dishevelled and untidy, his face pale as death, great dark lines drawn under his hunted eyes.

"Aye, these scholars," said a countrywoman to her customers. "That is a brave life to lead! Dice and drunkenness and brawls at night, and in the morning—that!" And she pointed at Arnoul. "The English nation are sottish."

"Nay, dame," answered a serving man who had been chaffering with her. "It is the midnight study, not the red wine, that brings those lines. I know it well; for ere I took to service with Stephen the Mercer, I was a student myself and taught by day what I had—"

"And to what nation did you belong? Not that it makes much difference, though! For if the English are sots with tails, the Germans are obscene in their cups, the Burgundians are beasts and fools, the Brabantines—"

"Oh, no; I was not of those nations, dame. I have good Norman blood running in my veins."

"I might have known it; the Normans are as bad as any. It is proverbial—their boastfulness and vanity."

"Well, well! that's better than some! A little vanity—though I do not allow that I am given to boasting—is a good thing at times. Now, were I a glutton Fleming, or a spendthrift Picard, or a seditious, thieving Roman, you might have something to complain of. But I am a Norman, and sometime a scholar—I know a thing or two about the schools!"

"Thou a scholar!" interrupted Master Stephen himself, coming up behind him. "Thou a teacher! Thou art a lazy knave, a rogue, a wastrel! Have done with chattering here, thou vagabond, and get to thy work! Thinkest thou I pay thee to be idle? Begone with thy basket before thy shoulders taste the cudgel! Yet, stay," he added, catching sight of the countrywoman's poultry. "Thou canst carry these too." And he proceeded to bargain and haggle with the woman over the price of her goods.

Meanwhile Arnoul, having taken the turning on the right hand, and passed through a maze of narrow and evil-smelling streets, had reached the celebrated Dominican convent of St. Jacques. He rang the bell hanging at the doorway and was conscious of a pair of beady black eyes looking at him through the grille. He stated his name and his business simply enough to the porter, and asked to see Brother Thomas of Aquin. But the old lay brother evidently mistrusted him; which was no wonder, considering the appearance he made. He looked him up and down. He questioned him closely. Finally he left him waiting in a large, bare entrance-room while he went to make inquiries as to whether it would be possible for Brother Thomas to see him.

After what seemed to Arnoul to be hours of suspense, the vague torment of uncertainty, grief, and counter-grief struggling in his soul for mastery, the old porter returned with the message that he would be received.

"You can wait here," he grumbled, "or you can return in an hour's time. Brother Thomas has but now gone to the school where he lectures on theology. Did you look like a theologian"—and here he eyed Arnoul with evident disfavor—" I should advise you to go there now, too, that is, if there were any chance of your finding a place. Since Brother Thomas has come to teach under Master Elias it has been so crammed and crowded that the largest of our lecture halls will not suffice for those who come to learn. They sit on the benches and on the floor. The window ledges and the very steps of the chair—! It is a sight worth seeing, young man; and since the pestilent seculars closed the schools, two years ago, it has been worse than ever. For, look you! those two months put the scholars to the test. One saw the value of a man then. Those that were worth anything went over to the Cordeliers or came to Brother Thomas here. The worthless ones dropped out altogether and few of them ever returned. But I doubt me that you are a theologian. You look more like one of those hare-brained scholars that swarm through the University and keep folk awake all night with their singing and shouting. Most of them went to the bad when the seculars stopped teaching. You are an Englishman?" he continued garrulously. "That accounts for Brother Thomas seeing you, I suppose, busy as he always is."

His words, his garrulity, his criticism, his grudging of the master's time, fell upon inattentive ears; for Arnoul's strong emotions had asserted themselves again as he learnt that he must wait until the theological class was over. He was almost unreasonable in his mad desire to unburden himself at once, though his listless face now expressed little of the demons raging within his breast. Doubtless the porter thought he had found an attentive listener, for he continued speaking.

" Aye, busy, that he is! Up and at his prayers before the first bell for Prime, and back again in his cell before the brethren come for their devotions, lest they should fancy him what he is, a saint! And then his schools after the Mass and his great commentary on the Sentences of the Lombard! Four of our brothers are told off to write from his dictation. His letters go all over the world. He settles disputes and answers difficulties that pour in from every corner of Europe. At meal time he is so wrapped up in thought that he does not know what he is eating, and sometimes forgets to eat at all.

He is at work all the day and often nearly all the night as well—at his prayers, his books, his councils. And yet he finds time to give to you, Englishman!"—and he eyed poor Arnoul with a climax of disfavor—"the King himself does honor to Brother Thomas. King Louis is glad to listen to his words of wisdom and to consult him upon weighty matters. Do you realize the privilege you are having? Do you—?"

But the clang of the bell summoned him to the door, and still sermonizing and muttering as he went off to peer through the grating before opening it, he left Arnoul standing where he was in the center of the bare, white room. He walked mechanically to a bench standing by the wall; and, seating himself on it, he bent his head and covered his face with his hands. He must—so he argued with himself, as far as his tired brain would permit—he must gather his wits together, and be clear. To shake off the dull lethargy that possessed his mind, and keep himself in hand, firmly, resolutely; not to lose himself in the paroxysm of incoherent emotions, this was his task now. To unravel the tangled skein of motives, so that he could put things clearly now that he had come to speak.

Little by little his will asserted itself in the lonely silence of the great room. But it was a silence living, pulsing, distressing, intolerable; and his battle was a hard one. Far better the crowded streets, the hum of life without, than silence and himself.

But, no; here was the lay brother again, with a jangling of keys and a rattle of beads, telling him that Brother Thomas was ready to receive him.

"Follow the friar," he said, pointing to a white form at the doorway. "He will lead you to Brother Thomas."

Arnoul crossed the room and followed his guide in silence down the long, bare passage. They turned more than once. There seemed to be a perfect maze of corridors and passages, turnings and steps up and down, in this great convent. But at length his guide paused before a low door and knocked.

"Enter," said a clear voice of extreme sweetness from within; and without any ceremony the lay brother pushed him through the open door.

Arnoul stood in the presence of Thomas Aquinas.

CHAPTER XXI.

A few years before the period in which this tale is set the differences between the religious of St. Francis and St. Dominic and the secular teachers of the University had become acute. Ever since the brilliant but unfortunate Abelard had let loose the spirit of rationalism and irreverence in the Paris schools, two definitely defined parties had struggled for the mastery over the intellect, not only of the youth of the University, but of the entire thinking world. The two opposed currents of thought had often run counter to each other, often come into conflict and distracted the calm pursuit of knowledge in cloister, college, and public square. The eastern heretical doctrines—pantheism, gnosticism, and materialism, in their crudest and most insidious forms—had been imported from Arabia with the genuine teaching of Aristotle; and, finding a refuge and a protection under the great name of the Stagyrite, had penetrated to the very heart of thinking Europe. The long-pending struggle between the orthodox representatives of the Fathers and of early Christianity and the philosophical innovators of the eleventh and twelfth centuries found expression on the one hand, in the teaching of the friars and, on the other, in that of a group of the secular professors and students. While the former upheld the mystical and traditional doctrines of the Church, the latter affected the brilliant, and often unscrupulous dialectic of free thought. While the friars were compromised in the ecstatic reveries of the Abbot Joachim, as exemplified in the *Introduction to the Eternal Gospel*, the seculars had descended, in the person of William of St. Amour, to an attack on the principles of all religious life in *The Perils of the Last Times.*

It was a fight to the death between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, between the simple Christian teaching of the friars and the emulation and liberalism of the seculars. But it was more than this. It exemplified the lasting discord between the Gospel and intellectual pride, the Kingdom of Christ and the Mammon of Unrighteousness, the spirit of penance and the spirit of luxury. The University was split up into opposing factions; and where teachers argued and inveighed against each other in the schools, the scholars carried their disputes into the public streets and argued them out with fists and cudgels. The whole place was in a ferment. Coarse jests, spiteful invective, ribald songs, malicious ridicule were poured out upon the friars. From the lecture rooms of the University, from the court of the King, where Rutebœuf, the court poet, vented his spleen and satire, the scoffing spirit filtered down to the dregs and lees of humanity that stirred and festered beneath the intellectual life of the University, below the civil life of the town, and, losing any claim to either wit or wisdom, broke out in foulness and sordid abuse.

Nor was it by satire and abuse alone that the religious were assailed. Brute force had been employed. It was only a short time before that the Brothers of St. Jacques had not even dared to leave the shelter of their convent to procure food for their community. On Palm Sunday Brother Thomas himself had been interrupted in the midst of the sermon that he was preaching in the church of the friars and forbidden, in the name of the University, to continue. With consummate audacity, the University beadle, clad in the gorgeous robes of his office, had commanded silence, and had proceeded to read before the indignant congregation a document full of reproaches and calumnies aimed at the friars preachers by the leaders of the seculars. Such an atmosphere of commotion, charged with intellectual unrest and moral ferment, was calculated to make the greatest saint lose his temper. Thomas Aquinas, against whom personally much of the hatred and spleen of the attack was levelled, had certainly been sorely tried; and, though he seemed to be enveloped in a halo of placid detachment from the world that seethed and stormed outside the convent walls, his face showed just the slightest trace of the stress and strain through which his order was passing.

Arnoul gazed upon the man whose task it was to consolidate the intellectual forces of Europe; and, as he gazed upon the solitary, white-robed figure, his own distress and confusion of mind seemed to leave him. He felt that he was in the presence of colossal strength. Calm and peace seemed to radiate from the person of Brother Thomas—a calm and a peace that nothing could disturb, but rather that wrapped all other things in themselves. Arnoul had a sensation as of bursting bands about his heart. The question that had been throbbing and pulsing rhythmically in his brain died away, and instead his mind mutely formed the decision—"I must do whatever this man bids." For the moment, at least, his dulled indecision left him, and he was alert and keen. All the details of the cell and its occupant stood out clear. A low and badly furnished room lit by a single window. On the table a bronze lamp, a litter of parchments in various hands, a heap of books. But what struck him most was not the cell nor its furniture but the friar himself. He had just risen from the table at which he had been seated and stood, one hand resting upon the manuscript with which he had been occupied, half turned towards the entrance, looking at his visitor·

A man to all appearance young—he was then only in his thirty-second year—but with a gravity of feature ripened beyond his age. His composure of manner was extraordinary, approaching impassiveness; though beneath it one felt the enormous strength of character, the vast depth of power, that it hid. Of great height and imposing presence, by a sedentary life already inclined to corpulence, he seemed to fill the little cell. His large, dark eyes looked out from beneath a massive and a noble brow; and his face, though darkened by its southern blood, was of a remarkably clear complexion. His regular and refined features borrowed a still further dignity and beauty from the crown of dark, curling hair that betokened the religious. When he spoke, his clear and flowing words held his listener enthralled by reason of the very sweetness of their tones.

"My child," he began, with the simple directness of one accustomed to go straight to the heart of a matter, "in what can I serve you?"

Arnoul threw himself upon his knees. Like a ship come into port after the fury of the storm, he felt the infinite peace that breathed from this strong presence. It was a father to whom he had come—a mother, rather, and he was a little child, bringing his troubles to his mother's knee.

He began to tell of his grief, his indecision, his anxiety—calmly at first, and connectedly; but as he went on he worked himself up again to the pitch of incoherence. Confused words of Buckfast and his brother, Vipont and the abbot and Sibilla, poured from his lips, mingled with his fears that he had really had a call from God and passed it by, his uncertainty whether God was still calling him.

Understanding his emotion, Brother Thomas put out a steadying hand and laid it on the lad's shoulder.

"You have a letter from the abbot, my son?" he asked.

"Yes, Brother." And, taking the packet from his breast, he handed it to the friar.

"There are two letters: one also from the bishop."

"Patience, then, my son! We shall first see what the abbot has to say."

He glanced rapidly down the parchment, fixing all the details of the written words. Then he turned to the other letter, studying it carefully, and saying nothing before he laid both aside.

"He was your only brother?" he questioned at last.

"Yes."

"May God be gracious to him! And his murderer is the father of the maid you think you love?"

"Yes, my Brother."

"He has been refused absolution in England, this Vipont, and has set out for Rome? How long have you been a scholar here, my child?"

"Nigh on two years, Brother. But I studied at Buckfast before I came to Paris."

"And you were sent to study—?"

"Theology, Brother, and possibly law or— It was intended that I should become a clerk and make a great career."

The friar's brows came sharply together for an instant as he heard the reply.

"And you have studied well?" He saw from the lad's garb that he was—now, at any rate—one of those students living as best they could in lodgings.

"At first, my Brother; but"—and he hung his head—"of late I have not studied at all. I left St. Victor's, where I was living, and drifted from the class-rooms to plunge into the gayer life of the city. I went with my companions to pot-houses and taverns. I spent my life in dicing and play, until this dreadful murder brought me to my senses. Oh, my brother! My brother! And now, oh, God!" he sobbed, "I dare not think of advancing in sacred orders! I dare not even think of the Lady Sibilla—not even as a far-off ideal! My life is broken—ruined! Oh, what am I to do?"

The Brother looked down upon the bent head with a great tenderness and pity. He saw the frame of the boy shaken with violent sobs. He understood, far better than the lad himself, the tempest that had raged within his soul. "Courage, my child!" Again his hand went out and touched the boy's shoulder. "All is not done and ended! Your life ruined? It is not yet begun! You say you have no vocation to religion; and I—I say that you have no call to the secular priesthood. Put the idea from your mind, my child! The Church is not in the world to provide careers—but to save souls. Would to God there were no rich benefices to be had, but that all were as we are—poor religious! You at least, my son, can refuse to use the Church as a stepping-stone to power. You have no call. No; when the voice speaks, it speaks with no uncertain sound; and you would both know it and recognize it!"

The kneeling figure uttered a long-drawn sigh. The boy's sobs had ceased as the calm, silvery voice had been speaking, removing one, at least, of the difficulties that assailed him. He had no vocation. There was one thing, at least, fixed and definite. One less agony of his indecision to torment him.

"And this maid—this Sibilla of whom you speak," the friar continued, "you love her?"

"Love?" answered Arnoul, lifting his tear-stained eyes to the gentle, placid face above him. "How could I help loving her? Yet how can I dare to love? She is so pure and good, and I a creature so vile! No; I may never hope! I have no estate. She is the heiress of Sigar Vipont, my brother's murderer. My brother—! My unhappy brother!"

"Your brother is with God," the friar interrupted him solemnly. "Forgive your enemies as you would be forgiven." And he traced the sign of the cross upon his breast as he spoke.

"And the maiden—does she also love you?" Brother Thomas continued calmly.

"Nay, I know not, my Brother. Still, I think—I thought"—the memory of Moreleigh rose before his mind—"I think she may have some care for me—some thoughts of me still. I am in your hands, my Brother."

Friar Thomas was silent for a moment, his great head bent in thought, his hand again upon the lad's shoulder.

And then: "Will you follow my advice?" he said.

"Gladly, Brother; and as the oracles of God." How strange it was, this complete possession that the personality of Brother Thomas took of his soul! How wonderful that he should promise blindly, and without a single misgiving, to do his utter bidding!

"Good, then! Put all thoughts of the ecclesiastical state from your mind. Reform your way of living now—at once.

You will still remain in Paris; and you will begin your studies afresh. Come and see me from time to time; better still, come to my own school. And as touching this maid and her father —'Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord!' Forgive him and pray for him, and keep her pure memory within your heart. God leads us by many paths, in many ways. It may be that He will make all clear and plain, that He has created these two souls for one another, that you will be united in His own way and in His own time. Look up to Him, my son—eyes to the mountains whence cometh help! Possess your soul in patience! Trust in God! And I"—he spoke with humble confidence—"I will make known your petitions at the altar of God. Courage, my son, and confidence! You may not see how or when, but all will come right. The crooked and devious will be made straight and plain—the rough path smooth —for with God there is nothing impossible, and He has thee in His keeping."

He removed his hand from the lad's shoulder and raised him from his kneeling posture; and then, looking straight into the lad's eyes with those wonderful, luminous eyes of his, he asked him gently: "And how long, my son, since you were shriven? Nay; answer not," he continued with infinite tact, as the dusky hue of shame mounted to the lad's brow. "Perchance even I can understand. But let no barriers of doubt or self rise in your soul now! You will come with me to the church; and Brother Antony shall shrive you—a holy man and a discreet."

"But, Brother, will you not yourself hear my confession and loose the bonds of my sins?"

"Nay, child; Brother Antony will hear your confession. You promised"—and a faint smile lit up the mobile lips and played in the inscrutable eyes. "You promised to obey. You will confess to Brother Antony."

Together they left the cell and passed through the monastery. The teacher struck thrice upon a little bell as he neared the door from the convent to the church. Together they knelt— the strong man and the lad, clothed, as it were, in the garment of his strength. A Dominican friar, bent under the weight of years, came towards them, and Brother Thomas signed to Arnoul that this was the discreet and holy man to whose keeping he was to entrust his conscience, whose aged lips, long consecrated to the service of his Master, were to pronounce the words that would strike the fetters of sin from his soul.

In a corner of the dark church, with Thomas of Aquin at his prayers, drawing down from heaven upon them both the blessing of the Crucified, he knelt and told his sins. The trembling voice of the aged friar rose and fell upon his ears. The whispered penance was given, and the counsel. His heart was soothed and wrapped in an ocean of great peace. And then the old voice swelled in the majesty of the awful formula of remission. The shaking hand traced the sign of salvation over him. Peace—infinite peace, and perfect rest! "*Dominus noster Iesus Christus te absolvat*—and I, by His authority, absolve thee—from thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen."

He was loosed in heaven! Great waves of consolation entered his soul. He was bathed, absorbed in an ocean of spiritual joy. His faculties were ecstasied—his whole being suffused with peace.

As he left the church, his penance and thanksgiving ended, he turned and approached his new-found friend and teacher. But as he drew near to the motionless figure, he saw a strange sight. Brother Thomas knelt upright, perfectly rigid, upon the bare pavement of the church, his hands clasped tightly together before his breast, his eyes fixed upon the figure hanging from the cross over the altar. His lips did not move in prayer, neither did he seem to observe Arnoul's approach. The very beating of his heart seemed to have ceased, so still was he and motionless, rather like a dead man than a living. But great tears welled up in his eyes and coursed slowly down his cheeks.

Brother Antony stood at his side, a palsied finger upon his lips, enjoining silence. He turned and led him to the door of the church, and then, raising a quavering voice, he whispered: You have seen this day a saint in his ecstasy. The eyes of Brother Thomas are beyond this world. He gazes upon God. May He keep thee in thy comings and goings!"

He blessed Arnoul with the sign of the cross, and moved along the cloister. The lad stood a moment looking back upon the kneeling figure; and then, stepping forth into the sunlight, he left Brother Thomas alone in the great temple—with his God.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF AN ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN.

CHOSEN AND COPIED BY ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A.

PART II.

I WILL here make an effort to analyze my somewhat complicated, if not contradictory, mental condition:

I believe all that I hitherto accepted to be intrinsically true; yet I do not believe it is taught, or maintained, by the Anglican Church. I cannot teach it as anything else than what I have arrived at, by the exercise of my private judgment. I cannot believe that the Anglican Church means to be catholic, without limitations. I cannot believe that her formularies are unequivocally catholic, or that High-Churchmen have any right to be more than a party in her, together with others who hold contradictory beliefs. I see as clearly as ever that the legitimate home of what I believe to be true and catholic is Rome; and yet I cannot sincerely admit the terms of admission demanded by Rome. I have never modified or reversed the conclusion at which I have arrived concerning the Anglican Church, on a review of the whole question. Time has deepened my conviction of its truth. My Anglican guides certainly gave me reasons for pausing—and so I find myself in a negative position, unable to believe fully in either church. As I am not one to rest satisfied with a negative position, perhaps, after all, I am only halting on my journey towards the goal. To settle on the lees and to be at peace again in the Anglican Sion, seems the least likely of all things to happen to me.

* * *

A friend called. We soon reached the ecclesiastical situation. Indeed he seemed to desire it. His state of mind interests me. He is so canny, so unemotional, so cold and slow, so Scotch, that one values his opinions; and Rome has no attraction for him. He seems in an unsettled state, without much belief in, or respect for, the Anglican Church. In fact, our judgments on this enigmatical body are similar. It is a case of disappointment, disillusionment, and irritation with us both.

* * *

I have been looking through—not reading, for I had no patience for that—the report of the "Round Table Conference"—and a glorious muddle it seems to have been. Had I not been already unsettled in Anglicanism, this would have upset me, and it will probably send several over to Rome. However, it gives me some satisfaction, in that it confirms my judgment of the Anglican Church, at which I arrived last summer; namely, that she has no mind of her own, and leaves her members free to believe, or to disbelieve, as they like. If a person asked me what I believed about the Blessed Sacrament, I could tell him. If he asked me what the Anglican Church believed on the doctrine, I could but say: I do not know. That "the virgin-daughter of my people is broken with a great breach" seems to be the thing chiefly made manifest by the discussions of the conference. Equally manifest is it that we have not yet found "a repairer of the breach." Certainly neither the English Church Union, nor any of its members, from the president downwards, will become *that.* The only result which ensued from the representations made in Rome, as to the reality and validity of our orders, procured their formal condemnation at the hands of the Pontiff; whilst this attempt to draw Anglicans into some sort of agreement in doctrine, has only resulted in manifesting the disunion and imbecility of Anglicanism.

* * *

Asked the same friend what he thought of the "Report of a (Round Table) Conference, held at Fulham Palace, in 1900." Like the sensible man he is, he cannot see what grounds it affords of hope for the future agreement of Anglican parties. As he said, however low they pitched a statement of belief, there was always some member of the conference who went still lower; until, at the end, they would not accept even a quotation from the "judicious Hooker" without qualification.

* * *

Called at the clergy-house at ——. All the time I was there, I was conscious how great a distance separates me from these Anglican clergy. It matters little to me what agreement about incense and reservation has been made with the new bishop. I cannot get up an interest in his lordship and the line he may take. These things seem so small and unimportant, when questions relating to the fundamental position, claim, and authority of the Anglican Church remain unanswered. What does it matter if two or three churches continue some ritual practices, and succeed in keeping the authorities at bay? One swallow does not make a summer: and the Catholic party (whoever they now may be) cannot make a church catholic. "By what authority?" are words never absent from my mind. The men at the clergy-house have their answer ready; but it is an answer that no longer satisfies me.

* * *

I attended a professor's lecture on the present condition of theology in Germany and its influence on us in England. As I listened to the able lecturer, the thought came into my mind, how strange it is for men now, at the end of the ages, to be studying *de novo* the origin of Christianity, as if the belief of past ages went for nothing. Yet if one rejects the conception of a Catholic Church, what else is to be done than to return again and again to the origin, and to construct, each man for himself, some fresh scheme or theory of Christianity? But under such conditions there can be neither progress nor permanency; for the system and theories of one age will be demolished by those of another. Any residuum must be something small and colorless. If Christianity be divine, surely it is something different from all this.

* * *

Wrote to X—— saying that my conviction of the truth of Romanism and of the falsity of Anglicanism was stronger than ever, and now fell little short of the conviction I feel requisite for going over in the proper spirit. It is so. The difficulties, which last summer I thought would prove to be bulwarks against Rome, are melting away. I do not ignore them; but the "Roman" explanation of them now seems real and true. I cannot tell how soon the few remaining difficulties may vanish also, and a call may come which I cannot ignore. Things seem to be taking definite shape in my mind.

* * *

Mr. Gore's book, on the "Body of Christ," has again stirred up all my doubts and difficulties. I begin to take stock of my position. It has shifted since last autumn, and I am nearer

Rome than ever. Quite apart from study of the strictly Roman questions, certain things in Scripture and history which were then real difficulties to me, have gradually ceased to be such. Either one sees them in a fresh light, or one has learnt other interpretations of them. On the other hand, belief in Anglicanism has not revived, as my friends prophesied and as I had hoped, under the stimulus of parish work. It is dead and, I fear, will never revive again. And so, at the present moment, I could "go over" with a firmer conviction of the truth of Romanism and of the falsity of Anglicanism than formerly. Still, I am not satisfied that I yet have that full and entire conviction of the truth of the Roman system, which I feel to be requisite for submitting to the Catholic Church in a proper way.

Mr. Puller's book, *The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome*—a bulwark I thought it—is also crumbling away before plain and simple conceptions of the functions of history, and of the qualifications needful for a writer of history. All my conferring with flesh and blood seems to have been of use only in manifesting all that Anglicanism could urge in its defense, and the unconvincing nature of that defense. In short, my mind begins to get clearer. I have made some rough notes of my controversial position; and as I made them, alone in my study, the first beginnings of *conviction* were developed in me. My last hesitations seemed about to vanish away. As I distrust sentiment and impulse, I merely state this as a fact.

* * *

My friend X—— wrote to me at this time:

I am sorry to know that you are still unsettled, although I am not surprised. In spite of all my earnest desires to remain in the Church of England, I am quite unable to believe her to be catholic. I fancy she is a sort of alloy or amalgam, known to spiritual metallurgists as Anglicanism. I do all I can to believe in her; but, although the matter of Anglican orders does not trouble me, I feel that we are in heresy and schism. I seem to have received no "call" to leave the Church of England; and so, I can only remain until I may see clearly how matters really stand. I have never read Puller & Co.'s books, because I feel a distrust of all Anglican writers. I seem to have a great regard springing up in me for every one and for everything Roman. Yet, I fancy that we must be doing God's work where we are, and a work which no one but a catholic-minded Anglican can do. You will see, from this letter, that, with me, it is all a "wobble," and that one's various inclinations pull one in various ways.

* * *

In reply to my friend X——, I wrote thus:

About waiting to receive a "call," we must take care not to dictate to God what kind of call we want. We must remember that it was a wicked and adulterous generation that wanted a sign, though blind all the time to the existence and authority of the Divine Teacher among them. We are always saying in the pulpit, that God's calls are easily missed. I am very much afraid of missing one myself.

About doing God's work where we are: I feel I have got to the end of that fallacy. No blessing can rest upon attempts made in so doubtful a spirit. So long as we were free from doubts, it is possible that God did bless our work to ourselves and to others. It is now quite impossible for me to teach as I used to teach, feeling confident I was teaching what I had a right to teach as a Catholic priest of the Anglican Church. I cannot now leave out the connecting link, and say that as a Catholic priest I am able to teach the Catholic faith. I feel that it was the doctrine and discipline of Anglicanism that I promised at my ordination faithfully to teach. I feel it was to Anglicanism, as contained in the prayer book and articles, that I consented. I feel that on the *bona fides* of that assent my license was given.

I think we also ought to bear in mind, that secondary considerations in our case are all in favor of our staying where we are—community of interests, friendships, work, etc., and the natural fear of all that may await one on the other side. Yet, one would not admit for a moment that any of these, or all of them together, ought to influence us in coming to a decision. In fact, the absence of worldly or personal advantage to be gained by "going over" is a good thing, inasmuch as it removes the danger of being influenced by such advantages, did they exist.

Another good thing is, that we are not under the spell of admiration for any particular individual, priest or other, in the Roman Catholic Church. I can imagine admiration for Newman or Manning having been a snare to some who afterwards may have waked up to the fact, that their submission had been due more to *that* than to belief in the Church.

Have you read the Roman Catholic Pastoral on *Liberal Catholicism?* I cannot see anything condemned in it which I too do not condemn "ex animo." It is useful in showing what submission to the Church really means, and the spirit in which it ought to be made. Only this morning I was reading once more the Anglican Archbishops' two Decisions at Lambeth—("On the Liturgical Use of Incense" and "On the Reservation of the Sacrament"). Now that the heats of controversy and irritation have cooled down in one's own mind, one sees how transparently sincere and honest their decisions are; and how necessary it was for the archbishops to decide the questions on the grounds and in the way they did.

* * *

Writing to another friend at this date, the avowal is forced from me:

I may as well say at once, that I am nearer Rome than I was a year ago. In resuming work, I had hoped that faith and confidence in the Church of England would revive, and that I should find it possible to go on as an Anglican clergyman, if not happily, at least conscientiously. This hope has not been realized. Although I have thrown myself into parochial work, and have given Anglicanism another and a fair trial, belief and confidence are dead. On the other hand, I have not again directly studied the Roman question; but rather, have commenced reading for my B.D. degree, with the idea of keeping my mind off the subject. Still several points, which were real difficulties last year, are difficulties no longer; so that, were I to "go over" now, I should go more convinced of the truth of Romanism and of the falsity of Anglicanism, than I was then. Of course, certain difficulties, chiefly historical, still remain; but they are few. I have no grounds for regarding them as insurmountable—rather the reverse. Indeed, were I free from personal influences, I more than suspect that I should take the step without misgivings. Ought I, then, to resign my work? I acquiesce in Anglicanism without believing in it, convinced as I am that the Church of England does not wish me to believe, or teach, several things which I most sincerely hold to be parts of the Catholic faith.

* * *

A little later I said to myself: Now that things are clear in my mind, and I really understand how much conviction of the truth of Rome I mentally possess, my next step must be, to see if such conviction be sufficient for reception. At the same time, another wave of thought comes over me; and when absent from my parish work for a few days, I realize how much of my hesitation is due to secondary and temporal considerations, which are absolutely beyond my own ordering. Away from influences which create such hesitation, I feel as if I could take the step at any time. The question has, indeed, passed from the doctrinal and historical level to the moral level.

* * *

About this time I wrote the following paper, in order to make matters plain to myself:

The two things to be afraid of are: 1. Acting from unworthy motives; and 2. Not giving due regard to all the considerations necessary for arriving at a right conclusion.

I. I wonder if every one finds it as difficult as I do, to ascertain whether his motives are bad or good? One examines oneself and analyzes one's own motives again and again, only to grow more befogged and to learn more plainly that our power of analysis has its limitations. I can quite understand that one may never arrive at certainty as to one's own motives; for a man cannot entirely make himself an object of analysis and examination to himself. Therefore, I fall back on the opinion of others, sensible people, who know me.

I have assurances from my friends, that they are not doubtful about my motives. It is true, they all consider that I should make a mistake by "going over," and regret the possibility of it exceedingly. But this is another question. I am satisfied if they bear witness, as they do, to their belief in my sincerity.

I can safely say that I have neglected no means for ascertaining the quality of my motives; for instance, prayer, self-examination, and a desire to get to the bottom of things. Therefore, I now feel justified in concluding that enough has been done in that line, and I can dismiss from my mind scruples on that point.

I cannot remember having in the past deliberately disobeyed what, at the time, I understood to be the will of God in matters of importance. To recognize that something was wrong, meant to me that it must be renounced; to recognize that a thing was right—for example, confession, or clerical celibacy—meant that it must be accepted. That one was long in effectually renouncing what was wrong, and found difficulty in doing what was right, is certainly true; yet, throughout, in my own mind, there was no doubt as to what must be ultimately done.

II. The ultimate decision cannot depend upon secondary considerations; yet, these last have their place and use in rendering one more cautious and circumspect in advancing towards the decision.

The most important of them all is this—the knowledge that I shall be causing pain and grief to others. So strongly does this appeal to me at times, that I feel as if no other consideration could outweigh it. Yet our Lord's words in the Gospel teach me to put it second.

Moreover, I feel that one, for instance, who taught me German twenty years ago, did right to become a Christian, though it meant to him separation from his Jewish relatives, and leaving Germany. I am reminded of St. Perpetua and her father, and I am encouraged by learning that she too felt how hard it was upon him: "Ego dolebam pro infelici senecta ejus"; and yet the saint did not give way.

Other secondary considerations are the consequence of such a break in one's life—uncertain future, new associates, loss of old friends, evils of which one knows not. But such fears are common to any important step in life. One would probably never have been ordained, or have done anything definite, had one allowed oneself to be terrified by the possibilities of an unknown future.

Should one remain, and not "go over," the prospect is scarcely more cheerful. It would mean remaining among circumstances and among people with whom one is out of sympathy. Already, a gulf separates me from my fellow-workers and old friends. In fact, were I to "go over," we should probably be more at ease with each other than we are now. I know the pain of ministering in a Church in which one has no belief; and I think that scarcely any unpleasantnesses across the Rubicon are likely to be greater.

There is comfort in the thought, that the secondary considerations are all in favor of remaining; for this relieves one from the fear of being lured over by the hopes of worldly advantage.

And so the conclusions arrived at are these:

1. That the purity of one's motives must be taken for granted, in the absence of grounds for doubting them; and

2. That secondary considerations—even the highest—ought not to outweigh the conviction that one would be doing God's Will by "going over."

III. Have I got this conviction? I am convinced that our Lord founded One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church to be the Teacher and Governor of all men in matters of faith and morals.

The Anglican Church does not claim to be this church in its entirety; but to be only a branch of it. As regards her claims to be even a branch, I am convinced she rejects parts of that deposit of faith which I believe our Lord entrusted to the keeping of His Church. Therefore, I put her aside.

There remain the East and Rome, both of which claim, with equal distinctness, to be the only Church of Christ. Disregarding their disagreements over other questions, it is easy to see that they are kept asunder chiefly, if not entirely, by the "Papal claims." If these claims are true, then the church which rejects them, rejects part of the deposit; and so must be put aside also.

Am I convinced that the "Papal claims"—as I see them in the Church from the beginning; as I see them in the Church now, after their latest, but not their strongest expression at the Vatican Council—form part of the original deposit, and are in agreement with the Will of our Lord concerning His Church? This is the real point at issue.

I am convinced that there have been Papal claims in the Church from the day on which our Lord said: "Thou art Peter, etc."

But are the claims, as expressed in the Vatican Council, in substance different from those made by the Roman See from the beginning? I say, "in substance," for one must, in all reason, allow for development in everything but what is of the substance. In the history of the Church, from St. Clement's time onwards, I see many facts which make for the truth of the Papal claims with varying degrees of cogency; and I certainly see some which make against it. But difficulties are to be expected. Difficulties exist in the proof of any Christian doctrine. Are the facts which seem to make against the truth of the Papal claims more insurmountable than those which seem to make against the truth of the Real Presence, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Sacrament of Penance? For, in common with Greeks and Latins, and some advanced Anglicans, I am convinced that these doctrines are to be believed as being a part of the original deposit, in spite of these adverse facts. Unless the difficulties in respect of the Papal claims are very considerably greater than the difficulties in respect of the above-mentioned doctrines, one is not justified in regarding as proved the case against these claims.

Just as there are limits to be placed to self-analysis, so are there limits to be placed to the analysis of history. To affirm that one knows all the facts of the history of two thousand years, to claim that one can attach to each of them its proper weight and significance, would be, practically, to claim omniscience. And so I fall back upon the conviction that our Lord promised *something* to St. Peter in the Gospel. What that "something" was, and what it entailed to the Church to the end of the world, I believe can be better told me by St. Peter's successors than by any one else. And this belief reaches the fullness of a conviction when, as a matter of fact, I see that the traditional teaching of the Popes about their own position is uniform and proceeds on lines of steady and natural development; and when I see also that the objectors to the Papal claims have never been able to agree together, or to maintain for long the same ground of attack, but are continually shifting their position, and neutralizing the force of each other's arguments.

I can well understand that the Papal claims assume altogether exaggerated proportions in the minds of people in my position, and that Anglicanism has preternaturally sharpened our faculties to detect and make the most of all that can be said against them. And so, I am ready to admit that, even now, I may not realize, in all its fullness, the force of what can be urged in their support.

* * *

In answer to a letter from me to Canon M——, he writes:

What you say of yourself interests me intensely. Far from me be the idea of saying, as you humbly suppose: "This is all very well; but he said something like this months ago, and he is an Anglican still." The process of conversion is so intricate, that one wonders how one ever gets to the end of it. Similar phases must often recur in similar cases. I think that you were rather premature in taking up work again in the Anglican Church; for your mind was never made up in favor of it again. But the position of men of catholic mind like yourself, in that system of contradictions which constitutes the Establishment, is always so peculiar, so artificial, that you had not the difficulty which ordinary men might, nay must experience, in contributing to uphold what they consider wrong. You distinguish between the responsibility which you have as a private, individual minister, and that public responsibility for your brethren which you have before those outside your own Church. Be sure that I will pray for you harder than ever.

* * *

To this charitable reply I made the following explanation:

I want to see more of the inside of things, and to get to know some people on the other side. One of your clergy said to me the other day, that sometimes Anglicans, whose knowledge of Rome is confined to books and the outside of things, find, when they "go over," that things are very different from what they expected; and so are upset and unhappy and create an atmosphere of restlessness round about them. He was very strong on the duty of finding out things as they are, before taking the final step. I have no love for "Liberal Catholicism," as it exhibits itself in articles and letters in the newspapers. I dread, above all things, getting into such a state of mind. Better remain where I am than *that.*

I have carefully read the "Pastoral Letter" against Liberal Catholicism, and can quite well understand that part of it which warns the clergy against receiving converts too readily, before they have grasped the true conception of Church authority. It is satisfactory to discover, that the conception of the Church, as the organ of the Divine Teacher, is the very conception which has been taking shape in my mind during the course of some five years past. I mean—if there be a Catholic Church at all, it must be what the bishops say it is.

Perhaps the conception of the Papacy in my mind is still inadequate. I cannot tell; and Anglicans cannot tell me either. I do not want to "go over" with less than the fullest belief in this dogma.

I have given up worrying about my own motives. Anglicans naturally blamed me for being impatient, or restless, or proud. I honestly tried to believe that such faults were at the bottom of my unsettlement; but unless God is allowing me to be quite blind as to my state, I must honestly say that I cannot trace my unsettlement to these, or to similar faults. I suppose there comes a time, when a man must say that he is the best judge of his own motives. I believe my motive all along —though, as you will understand, I have often failed in obedience to it—has been obedience to the Will of God.

You will ask: "What, then, keeps you back?" Two things:

1. Uncertainty as to whether my belief in Papal Infallibility and Jurisdiction is already full enough.

2. Simple nervousness at an unknown future; attachment to old friends and things; fear that I may not like persons and things on the other side; or that I may be viewed with distrust; and so forth. No one but a person who has been, or who is, in my position can fully realize all one feels in this condition.

* * *

To this Canon M—— answered in these terms:

After all, speaking logically, the truth is the truth. Your motive for submitting to the One Church which has come down from the Apostles will be, that this is God's Will. If we are agreeable, or disagreeable when you join us, the fault will be ours, not that of the Church; and the suffering will be inevitable, if we are so bad. The fact is that, as a whole, the Catholic clergy are the simplest and heartiest of men. There are foolish, inconsistent, grumpy, grumbling characters in every system; but they do not represent the system, only the defects thereof. The question of the Pope's position is more important. You must not join us until you have realized that truth. A quiet talk with one person, or two, is perhaps the best thing you could have.

* * *

In the forenoon I rode to ——. In the ordinary course of events, I should have made my confession; but I thought it right first to state plainly how I now stood. My confessor tried some of the old commonplaces of history, but without effect. His parable, stated in my own language, was somewhat as follows: Last summer I did only half my work. I found myself unable conscientiously to accept the Roman theory of the Church. But, besides this, I ought to have reconsidered my own religious position; that is, not only the articles of my belief, but the grounds on which I believed. Then, having thus eliminated from my spiritual system everything savoring of Roman methods and ways of thinking, I ought to have undertaken a work of reconstruction.

On what lines was I to reconstruct? It is significant that my confessor never hinted at Anglican formularies, or tests, in conformity with which I was to set to work. His last word seems to be, I must bring myself into line with Gore. In Gore will be my salvation from Rome. And in his teaching I am to find the true rule of faith.

* * *

As far as I can follow my confessor, the sum of Christianity is faith in Jesus Christ. This he connects, in some way, with Baptism, but chiefly with prayer—and that is all. This is the true attitude contrasted with the attitude of the Protestant, who rests his faith on a book; and of the Roman Catholic, who rests his on an institution. The Anglican, apparently, rests it on nothing. My defense was this: To pull down the edifice of one's religious belief is a serious matter. Why begin to doubt things about which I have no doubt? Having once begun the work of demolition, at what point am I to stop? As to taking Gore as an inspired prophet, or oracle, that I absolutely decline to do. In my present isolated and external position, I might as reasonably take any prominent Low-Churchman as my guide. If I can be loyal to the Anglican Church only by becoming a disciple of Gore, that is an additional reason for leaving her.

I have no power of stopping halfway, of retaining hold of just so many articles of belief as are convenient, or sensible, or are in harmony with the spirit of the age. It is because I seriously accepted the principles which High-Churchmen taught me, and acted on them, that I find myself where I am. Now it is as if my teachers were frightened at the results of their own teaching. They seem to say to me: We never meant you to take these things seriously. We never meant you to take them as principles at all. You should have adopted them as ornaments to make your religion more poetical and attractive.

* * *

For myself, I feel that those few Roman Catholic priests who have become Unitarian ministers, instead of being stumbling blocks, are aids to faith; inasmuch as they show, that there is no possible middle position for one who has once believed in the Catholic position: he must hold all, or must give up all. I cannot reconstruct my religious belief on the grounds suggested, because, on the one hand, I do not doubt the truth of what I hold; and on the other, I believe the kind of religious position now put before me to be false and insecure. At the same time, I no longer doubt my own motives, nor fear that I am attracted by externals. So far as I am able to judge, what has been going on in me, for some five or six years past, can scarcely be anything else but God's work in my soul. As for the Church of England, I acquiesce in her because I am in her; but for me, she ceased to be a church two years ago. All I can see is a congeries of people who have little other bond of union than the use of a prayer book, and an agreement to differ on nearly every point of doctrine. I can, however, be patient and trust myself to the Divine guidance; for I am sure that God will not allow me to be at peace in the Church of England, and grace will be given me to act when the end comes.

* * *

It is strange how Providence seems to have hindered one from reading certain books which lay ready to hand, until the proper time arrived for profiting by them. To day I began reading Dr. Newman's *Difficulties of Anglicans in Catholic Teaching.* Newman has never appealed to me, or influenced me. I have hitherto been unable to understand wherein his great power lay; but I understand it now. This book, though fifty years old, might have been written yesterday, so well does it fit with the situation of things at present. Moreover, it might have been written by one who knew my inmost soul, and spoke directly to me. *Cor ad cor loquitur.* It is a book, I know quite well, that I shall never recover from. The last supports seem giving way.

Besides Newman, I am also reading Cardinal Wiseman's *Essays*, Vol. II. (Vols. III. and IV. of the newer edition, 1853). One thing strikes me as I read—how completely the Anglican arguments were answered, from the very start of the Movement, by Wiseman, while Newman, a few years later, shows how false and unreal the whole Movement was; and yet, Anglicans go on ignoring this refutation from one generation to another. Having discovered for myself the artificiality of the Anglican position, these articles and lectures by Wiseman and Newman read fresh, virile, and sensible.

* * *

Went early to London and paid a visit to the church of the Oratory. I remember being in it many years ago, shortly after the new fabric was opened. It had then neither form nor comeliness in my eyes, for I was going through the usual Gothic craze. To-day, I looked at it with other eyes. I felt as if I were in Rome itself. Later on I had a long talk with Father P——, at St. ——'s. None of my Roman friends were daunted at my halt on the onward path last summer; or, at least, they judge me charitably in regard to it. They rightly calculated on things working out as they have done. The father repeated a good deal he had said to me before. He considers my conviction adequate for reception; but, I still wish for further advice on this point. I came away much comforted and encouraged, for I see, more clearly than ever, that I am neither mistaken nor deluded.

* * *

My Anglican friends have returned to the charge, and are pressing upon me all their arguments, with the result of rousing in my mind all the old Protestant doubts and difficulties. Once more the question seems too vast for me even to see on which side the truth lies. Moreover, "personal influences" have again been cruelly used against me, the effect of which has been to paralyze my will, and make it incapable of decision, or indeed of action. It is discouraging to find, after all one has gone through, that one is still no nearer the end than before. In short, as things seem now, I have no anticipation that the end will ever come to me. The strain of the last few weeks has quite overcome me; and I am unequal to take further thought on the subject.

* * *

Meantime, some passages in St. Augustine's *Confessions* seemed to apply strangely to myself:

I did not wholly separate myself from the Manichees; but, out of vexation at finding nothing better, I made up my mind to be provisionally content with such conclusions as I had blundered upon, till something preferable should break upon my life. (V. vii.)

The thought sprang up in my mind, that the wisest philosophers were the academics, who held that all is doubtful, and that certainty is unattainable by man. (V. x.)

I did not defend it (the Manichæan heresy) with the same keenness as of old; yet, the friendships of men disinclined me to look for anything else, the more so, because I despaired of finding the truth in Thy church . . . for, from this they had alienated me. (V. x.)

* * *

My friend X—— to-day poured out his complaints before me: how unsettled he feels in religious matters; how he conferred with some Catholic priests, and what they said; how he tells his vicar all about it, and how kind and considerate the vicar is; how he sought consolation from a friend, and found him a sorry comforter; how he wrote to ——, of Cambridge, and how he never got an answer.

Per contra, he considers my hesitation to accept such points as Papal Infallibility as academic and ridiculous, provided I have no other difficulties besides. He would have no difficulties of that kind. In short, he is not sure that his mind is not made up to go; only, he does not like the going. He would like me, or our common friend, ——, to go first and tell him how we found it. If one or other went, he says it would decide him.

He talks of going to London to confer with Father ——.

A fortnight later he was received into the Church by Bishop Brownlow, of Clifton—thanks be to God. By his submission X—— risked his whole worldly prospects for what he felt his conscience asked of him.

* * *

Away from home; was present at tierce in the chapel of the —— clergy-house. They use "Breviary Offices"; and I was amused to hear my old friend, ——, repeating the antiphons and responses of the Octave of the Assumption, a thing he would have sternly denounced in past years. He has a quiet way of changing his religious position, without knowing that he has changed it. He would deny that he had changed, and would be very cross with any one who accused him of having done so. The particular position he holds for the moment is the Catholic position, all others erring either by excess or by defect.

* * *

Read a pamphlet on the Anglican doctrine of the Eucharist. It is able and well expressed, the work of a man who knows his own mind, and thinks closely and clearly. I found it very interesting, for it confirms some of the points which my friend, Y——, and I had worked out for ourselves. The main point of the pamphlet is to prove that the Eucharistic teaching of the Tractarians is "a development," unsupported by the teaching of either the Caroline divines, or of the Protestant Reformers. Not until the rise of Tractarianism, had Anglicans ever taught that there was a Real Presence, localized, so to speak, in the Sacrament, independently of communion.

* * *

This evening I began to read Puller's *Primitive Saints* again. I am reading him more carefully. Perhaps the trouble one is going through has sharpened one's critical faculties. There now seems to me a distinction to be drawn between Puller's facts and Puller's conclusions from these facts. His facts may he true and be fairly stated; but I see that they do not exclude a conclusion being drawn from them, opposite to the one which he draws, and, indeed, even to favor it. Admitting his facts, one may, therefore, fairly question his interpretation. While reading his book, previously, one assumed that Puller's interpretation was the only one honestly deducible from his facts.

* * *

This has been a week of very great suffering. I am afraid that I have dishonored my conscience by going on in the Church of England. I fear that I am allowing "personal considerations" to take the first place. As for the simple dread which I feel at a plunge into unknown conditions, that I know to be purely constitutional. I was haunted by the same fear before my ordination at —— Theological College, where everybody and everything were encouraging me to go forward. Had it not been for ——, I should have drawn back from ordination at the last. Now, every one and all things are dead against me. I feel utterly weak and helpless. If ever I take the step, it will be a miracle of grace; for, certainly, I am unable to take it by my own natural power. And yet, if I do not, I shall always accuse myself of cowardice and infidelity.

* * *

At this juncture came a letter from Y——, who had, about a year before, become a Roman Catholic:

Your letter was painful reading (he said). Either you are exaggerating your state of mind, or else I am afraid you are allowing yourself to run a great risk. Your position seems to me such an artificial one, that I am sure it cannot stand the strain long, but will soon collapse one way or the other; and I am beginning to dread it may be the other.

It is just so, I mentally replied. It would be so easy for me now to let things go; and for myself to drift along into unbelief in everything.

* * *

I am no longer honest in my position. I believe in the Roman Church as deeply as one can who remains outside it. The English Church has crumbled away to dust. I stay on, from personal reasons. There are now three points clear in my own mind: I believe in the Catholic Church; I know that I ought to go; and I am losing self-respect. A friend suggests my traveling abroad. But Jonah tried *that.* I cannot see that a few months on the continent would alter the evidence for the Roman claims, though they would prolong the agony, and might result in a relapse into indifferentism. Whilst reading Puller, I can see Papal Supremacy written across every page.

* * *

The end seems to have come at length. I am quite sure that it is wrong of me to celebrate in such a frame of mind as that in which I celebrated this morning. Things have now come to a head. I came away from church feeling that never again could I, or ought I, or would I, go up to celebrate at an Anglican altar. I am frightened; and yet am glad things have become so plain.

I had a talk with the incumbent, who was effusively kind and sympathetic, and said he could always say to everybody that I had acted honorably by him. He added: It would be wrong for me to go on as I am; and wrong for him to keep me.

* * *

Rome, November 28, 1901: Words cannot express the happiness and comfort I felt as I once more walked up the nave of St. Peter's this afternoon. Now that I am safe in St. Peter's Barque, his Church has become far more to me than it can ever be to one who remains outside the True Fold. It is now a home—the central shrine upon earth of one's faith. During the journey yesterday the very sight of a church filled me with contentment; for I reflected that I had now as much right as any other Catholic to receive the Sacred Host reserved in its tabernacle. I could salute St. Peter's statue to-day frankly and in all reality, as confessing by that action my unquestioning faith in each and all of the doctrines of his Church; I could kneel at his Confession, no longer as an outsider, but as one of the fellow-citizens of the saints, one of the household of God.

WEST-COUNTRY IDYLLS.

BY H. E. P.

II.

A PATRIARCH OF MENDIP.

THE road to his house lies across one of the best stretches of the Mendip hills. One may go by various ways—three or four; but we turn off at Burnt Wood, the highest point of the road to Wells, just before one reaches that delightful view of the old towers of the cathedral, backed in the distance by Glastonbury Tor. It was the top of this lane, down which we are turning, and under shelter of the thick wood that was once the favorite haunt of highwaymen in early coaching days, if local stories may be trusted; and it is certainly a suggestive spot in its loneliness even now. To-day the only living things to be seen are the rabbits which scamper across the road by the dozen, and nearly get under the bicycle wheel in their fright. A few minutes more and we are on the other Wells road—a road better by far as an approach to the city than that we just left, if one is looking for a grand view. Under Pen Hill it twists and goes down, down into Wells, and all the time away to the left, and again in front, the country is spread out like a picture, from the Quantocks and the Welsh mountains to the Severn Sea. But we are not going along this road so far as Pen Hill, but only to the lodge gates of Hill Grove. A company of hatless patients are standing there, who have been rambling on the hills, trying to starve their unwelcome guests with the strong, pure air of the Mendips. Many look as if they had succeeded, for they are plump and rosy, while the newcomers cough wearily and seem to find the early days of the treatment as much as they can manage.

We turn off opposite this "Nordrach on Mendip," where the finger-post says the road goes to Priddy. There is nothing much to see at first, except that the whole character of the country is changing. Bleak, open stretches of land, with low stone walls, stunted trees which tell of wild winds and poor pasture, accounted for by the gray rocks scattered about everywhere—this is all we see as we skim along the straight Roman road. Presently a chimney-top comes in view, and as we get nearer it grows to the full height of an ordinary factory chimney in brick. It looks out of place and very lonely, and you wonder for what purpose a factory chimney exists in this wild. These are the Priddy lead-works. They seem now to be doing very little, although as they have come to an end twice before, perhaps they may yet be worked again. It was here probably that the Romans found and washed the lead they used in making their baths at Bath. The sturdy pipes they cast two thousand years ago still shoot the water to its place, and so thick are they, that they may well do their work for as long again. When the Priddy waters had washed the ore for the Romans, they took the best of the spoil away, but they did not take it all. A second time the refuse silt was washed through—the men there told me "in King Charles' time"—and further value obtained. And now to-day what was left after this second washing, is being washed yet again, and the yield till lately paid. But the first gleaning after the Roman harvest gathered up the best, and this third washing promises to be the last.

Priddy lead-works are behind us now, and the country is less wild. We are getting near to Priddy itself, and the land is cultivated again. It is not much of a place, and its chief feature is the green. Here once took place its famous wrestling matches, yearly at Whitsuntide. All the country round came to them, and rivals for the same maiden's hand settled their differences once and for all upon this green. It is very empty now, save for a few geese strolling about it, the usual donkey, and some stacks of hurdles square and black, waiting for the next folding season. The tower of the church is on our right, but we have no time for churches to-day, and almost directly we find ourselves on the other side of the village, and out again into the wild country. Ten minutes more and our bicycles are at the beginning of the Cheddar pass, and then we get a run, all down hill for two miles, right into the heart of the famous rocks.

We are almost at our journey's end. On our left, springing from the very roadway, rises a wall of rock four hundred feet in height, whose turretted tops are finished off, in the blue space above, with an ever-wheeling crowd of jackdaws. Staid and rather matter-of-fact as is old Collinson in his *History of Somerset*, which he wrote just a hundred years ago, he cannot help breaking out a little when he describes these rocks.

> Proceeding in this winding passage the cliffs rise on either hand in the most picturesque forms, some of them being near eight hundred feet high, and terminating in craggy pyramids. On the right hand several of them are perpendicular to the height of four hundred feet, and resemble the shattered battlements of vast castles. On the left hand, or west side, are two also of this form which lean over the valley with a threatening aspect, and the tops of many others at the height of several hundred feet project over the heads of the spectators with terrifick grandeur. In general the swelling projections on the one side, stand opposed to the corresponding hollows on the other; which is a strong indication that this immense gap was formed by some dreadful convulsion of the earth. In passing along this valley, the awful scenery is continually changing; but to observe all its beauties, it must be traversed backwards and forwards. In doing this there will be found ten points of view which are grand beyond description, and where the prospects exhibit that wild and tremendous magnificence which cannot fail impressing the mind of the spectator with awe and astonishment of the works of that Power, whose voice even the obdurate rocks obey, and retire.

In August, 1789, just about the time Collinson wrote the above, William Wilberforce visited the rocks. Hannah More says in her diary:

> The cliffs of Cheddar are esteemed the greatest curiosity in these parts. We recommended Mr. W—— not to quit the country till he had spent a day in surveying those tremendous works of nature. . . . I was in the parlour when he returned. With the eagerness of vanity (having recommended the pleasure), I inquired how he liked the cliffs. He replied they were fine, but that the poverty and distress of the people was dreadful. This was all that passed. He retired to his apartment and dismissed even his reader. I said to his sister and mine, I feared Mr. W—— was not well. The cold chicken and wine put into the carriage for his dinner were returned untouched. Mr. W—— appeared at supper, seem-

> ingly refreshed with a higher feast than we had sent him. The servant, at his desire, was dismissed, when immediately he began: "Miss Hannah More, something must be done for Cheddar." He then proceeded to a particular account of his day—of the enquiries he had made respecting the poor. There was no resident minister, no manufactory, nor did there appear any dawn of comfort, either temporal or spiritual.

The result of the conversation and how Hannah More established schools, for which Wilberforce paid, may be read in this earnest diary.

The inhabitants of Cheddar have changed since the day when good Mrs. More could write "there is as much knowledge of Christ in the interior of Africa as there is to be met with in this wretched, miserable place," but the cliffs are still much as Collinson describes them. The great wall of rock winds in and out, and as it twists with the road, we come suddenly upon those quarrying operations which have of late vexed the souls of so many. The work is being done on our right, and hence it is not the cliffs proper that are being blown up and broken down by the noisy paraffin-smelling stone cracker. Still the work and noise are out of place, and disturb the grand silence of the pass.

Another twist of the road, and in only a few yards, we are out of sight and scent of the quarry, for a rampart of rocks bars the way. Now we may stop. Through an arch, where we pay a shilling, we walk straight up to the face of the cliff, which is hung with long trails of ivy and overgrown with trees. Here at last we find our patriarch at the entrance of his home—and his tomb. He is resting, or as much of him as remains, in a glass case, pent-house shaped. His skull is in the middle, raised up, and surrounded below by what the pickax and dynamite have left of his pre-historic bones. The skeleton was found in December, 1903, while fresh openings were being made to extend the present cave. It lay in a layer of red, loamy cave-earth, upon a bed of stalagmite, and over the red loam, in the course of countless ages, another layer of stalagmite five or six inches in thickness had formed. It was the breaking up of this floor which so rudely disturbed the old man's long rest, and reduced him to such disorder. All round him were marks of his handiwork, for a hundred or so of flint instruments and their chips have been gathered up and put into the glass case. They form a sort of pebble beach, on which his broken bones rest uncomfortably, and coarse and uncouth as the skull suggests its owner to have been, yet these flints are cut with a certain fineness and delicacy which show he must have possessed some intelligence. The lower jaw strikes you at once as being very different from a jaw of to-day. The sex of the skeleton has been taken for granted, for there does not seem enough of it left to enable the learned to say whether it belonged to a gentleman or a lady; but the massiveness, squareness, and great strength of the bone in question raise the doubt whether the skeleton has been properly described. The jaw looks out of all proportion to the upper part of the head, and at least points to the ages that have passed since it was the fashionable type of the human race, and shows how we have developed in an upward direction. With flat shin-bone, instead of the more rounded form we possess, short to the knees, then longer up to the hips, with this coarse, brutal skull, the owner of the skeleton must have been a low-type savage, but little removed from the beasts. His height was only five feet three and three quarter inches, and this seems to tally exactly with that of other cave-dwellers of the same age, whose bones have been found at various times. As to the age when he lived, conjectures differ. The flint instruments give a clue, and the thickness of the stalagmite above his grave is also somewhat of an index, so that the time has been suggested as between forty and eighty thousand years ago. The man belonged probably to the early Neolithic period, and beyond that it may be rash to make a statement.

There he is then, in the archway of the cave, just in the place where he would often have sat, using his flint tools, thousands of years ago. We pass our old man, and enter his house. To-day there is no noisy crowd of sight-seers to giggle in the semi-darkness and make empty remarks about the shape and color of the stalagmite decorations, such as: "Lor, 'ain't that pretty!" and "My blessed, it's just like 'am!" No; there is nothing to disturb the thoughts that almost appal, as to the age that that gray cave must be. Those grizzly bones in the doorway are so old that the mind can scarcely get back to the day when they were a frame for flesh, and held a beating heart—but what are they for age to that pearly stalagmite, no thicker than your wrist, which gleams like a jewel in the electric light? Why, it was there in the darkness thousands of years before that old man's eyes ever fell on it, and it was but slightly less slender than it is to-day! But if this has taken untold ages to form, what about this column as thick as a big oak, away here to the right? A pendant from the roof, twenty-five feet above, has joined the pillar rising from the floor beneath, and it has thickened and thickened as millions of lime-laden drops have fallen from the rocky ceiling. But they do not fall fast; one every two minutes or so, is quick; sometimes only one in an hour. And how much does the drop deposit when it falls—a single grain of solid matter? Not the hundredth part of a grain very frequently; often so little that a trace can scarcely be discovered with the minutest scientific care. What ages then have passed, what patience of the tiny drops, before that pillar was complete!

The uncouth boy who takes us through the cave, and turns on the electric light, has learned by heart all he has to say by way of information, and he screams it on a single high note, forgetting that we are two and not a party. The effect of his harsh, screeching voice in the cave, is to make it echo the last half of all he says. I had remarked to my companion that the old man was very short, which was convenient in a place where the ceilings were so low—only five feet three. "Three and three-quarters," screeched the boy, correcting me as to the odd bit of the inch. "And three-quarters," yelled the cave back. "Three-quarters," came the echo from somewhere, much further away. And then, in the further distance, I heard the word "quarters" all by itself. It sounded as if the ghost of the old man was calling from these gloomy depths, and fighting to the last for his rights. When there is silence again, it is broken only by the music of the cave, for music it is, if you listen carefully—the falling drops seem to take parts. There is the high tinkle of the tiny bead as it falls into the hole below, a smart splash somewhere near at hand, and then a deep sullen "blob," making a sort of bass, and caused by several drops running together and falling at once into a pool. There is every shade of sound and interval of time in this falling water, which thus keeps up an accompaniment, as it were, to its building and its weaving.

Just before we come back into the daylight we are shown the spot where the old man was found. It is some thirty feet from the entrance, down a flight of steps on the left, through a little archway, and over a river-bed, which is said to flow about twenty feet beneath the floor, till it finds its way into the open, close by where we entered. As the spot is near the entrance, we can imagine that the poor old savage crawled into this hole to die, or found it in his weakness a safer retreat from wild animals than the wide open cave. The boy who guided us always spoke of the old gentleman as if he had known him personally, and seemed to me to use the word "prehistoric" as if it was his Christian and surname. It probably conveyed as much meaning to him that way as any other.

We are out into the open air again. The sun is making arrangements for going down, and the rocks are glowing in the light. The gray crags are golden, and the golden trees are red. The ivy glints like silver, and the briar berries and the fern are a blaze of fire. But it is only for a moment. Quickly a dull black shadow comes up from below, for the sun has sunk behind the rocks across the pass; the wheeling jackdaws have stopped, and a cold autumn mist wraps up the cliffs for the night.

The better way to return is by the road that leads through Chewton Mendip, as we have the advantage of a three-mile run down hill, so we turn off on our left when we come to the end of the road out of the pass. Before long we find ourselves on the very top of the Mendip hills, for we have been rising ever since we left the cliffs, and now we are at a height of over nine hundred feet. There in front of us, clear-cut against the sky, is that odd chain of "barrows" which gives its name to the place. What a contrast in burying places to the one we have just left! Here they laid out their dead upon a mountain-top beneath a hillock and the stars; there, back in that gloomy cavern, the lonely old man laid himself for his long cold sleep, while the waterdrops fretted a pall like ice above him.

It is getting darker, and we may not stay to examine these giant mole-heaps on Mendip, and we fly down the hill past the Miners' Arms, on past Tor Hole, and so to Chewton and Emborough, out on to the Wells road, and so home.

A FRIEND OF THE LITTLE SISTERS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE Hon. Violet Frant was visiting her cousin the Duchess at the Little House of Loreto in the Bow Road.

Bow associates itself with grime and poverty and meanness; but the House of the Little Sisters had once been a country house, and it still had its few acres of garden surrounding and isolating it from the seething, ugly world beyond. There was a high wall and a row of stumpy, pollarded trees, in which the birds sang delightfully in spring and summer. When the trees were bare the inhabitants of the opposite row of mean houses could see into the convent gardens and be seen; but in the leafy time the convent could forget that it had neighbors.

Miss Frant had come and gone at the Little Sisters' since her charming babyhood. Her father, Lord Pelham, was the Duchess' first cousin, and they were attached friends, although Lord Pelham administered a considerable portion of the empire while the Duchess only administered the affairs of the Little Sisters and their old children. And that was not always so easy a matter as might be supposed.

The Duchess by the way was not Duchess, but Reverend Mother to her little kingdom. There were several of the Little Sisters who had left their titles behind them in the world as well as she. Madame la Marquis and Madame la Comtesse were forgotten in Sister St. John of the Cross and Sister Magdalen. You might see a lady who could trace her ancestry back half-a-dozen centuries picking an old mattress to pieces, or cutting garments for the old people out of discarded garments of benefactors. They fed on the bits and scraps left over when the best of the food given by hotels and restaurants and private people had been selected for their old children, for whom they begged from door to door. The Sisters worked incessantly and often disagreeably, for the old people had to be waited upon, and in many instances washed and dressed like children; they had to be made for, mended for; and they were often extremely cross. One old gentleman of ninety—they were always "old ladies and gentlemen" to the Little Sisters—had dealt the Marquise du Château Ferrand, otherwise Sister Frances, a resounding box on the ears one day when Violet Frant was looking on. The nun had apologized, turning deeply red, for the failure that had been punished by the box on the ear. After all, an old child of ninety is hardly accountable for what it does in its froward humors.

To Violet Frant the life seemed one of unnatural austerities. She was a creature of a delicate refinement, and she felt that she could have endured austerities with any one, so long as the austerities were beautiful. But the work of the Little Sisters was often disagreeable, sometimes disgusting. Every one has not the vocation for minding old babies. With the Little Sisters nothing is wasted. The sight of a black-eyed French sister, who had been a great lady in the world, taking to pieces a feather bed which had seen much service, and showed it, affected Miss Frant with a sense of physical nausea.

She said as much, being a privileged person, to her cousin the Duchess. There were things that refined ladies ought not to be asked to do. The Duchess smiled.

"You have not the vocation, Vi," she said. "Your vocation is to marry Anthony Hamilton and bring him to God. You will serve God in laces and silks and fine linen; your personal beauty and charms are given to you by God to draw the soul of your lover to Him."

Miss Frant shook her head. Why would not her cousin believe that the rupture with Anthony Hamilton was final? She had come to the Little Sisters to find balm for her broken heart. She had even expected to be approved and praised by her cousin because she had sacrificed her love for the most golden of golden youth to her religious ideals. Anthony Hamilton came of an old Catholic family, indeed, but he was gay, he was worldly, he was indifferent; the world had taken possession of him, finding his youth and beauty and gaiety irresistible; he had laughed at Miss Frant when she had tried to lead him to her own lofty spiritual planes, quoting poetry to her:

"Bid me to live and I will live
Thy Protestant to be,"

and

"Chide me not, Sweet, that thee I love
More than the earth and heaven above."

Miss Frant would, in fact, drive him on too tight a rein. Though the sunniest of mortals, he had rebelled at last. She had been hard with him; and, suddenly stern, he had told her that the next advances must come from her; he was tired of serving so hard a task-mistress.

Miss Frant, being perfectly aware of her own high-mindedness in the matter, and also of how much she suffered, for Anthony Hamilton was not a lover to be lightly relinquished, had expected praise and consolation. And here was her cousin, a woman of the world as well as a saint, disapproving, not tacitly but frankly, of the rupture of her engagement and bidding her go back and make it up with her lover.

On her way to the Little Sisters' Violet Frant had developed a vocation. Not for the Little Sisters. She said to herself that she could not endure that—hers must be a clean austerity. Her thoughts went longingly to the Carmelites, who had a convent in a sequestered grove in Surrey where nightingales sang in their season and there were a green stillness and shade; where a fountain plashed in a pleasant garden; and doves wheeled in the sun through the quiet summer days. She thought she was certainly drawn to the Carmelites, and resolved to consult her confessor about it. And here was her cousin the Duchess, the Reverend Mother of the Little Sisters, bidding her go back to her lover and eat humble pie.

"An engagement is only less solemn than a marriage," she had said; "and since he loves you, you are responsible for him. A woman's grace and beauty are given to her by God that she may lay a golden chain over a man's heart to draw it to Him."

Violet Frant was a delight to look at in the old gray house of the Little Sisters and their charges. She was very beautiful, fair and tall and gracious, with what her lover had called "everlasting eyes," deep, shining eyes of dark gray. She was always beautifully dressed, being one of the flowers of the world. Lord Pelham was a rich man and grudged his only child nothing. She had always gone to the best houses in London for her clothes. She would not have known how to do otherwise. In her silks and velvets and laces and sables she was extraordinarily exotic in the house of the Little Sisters. She was too precious and too remarkable in the East End to be allowed to go out even with a Little Sister; so while she stayed she had perforce to take her exercise in the gardens.

She was a constant delight to the old charges of the Little Sisters. The old ladies would finger her garments and calculate their cost; the old gentlemen would blink at her as though the sun had dazzled them and make her pretty speeches. They all knew her, many of them from her exquisite childhood, and they loved to see her come and go; doubtless her beauty making to them unconsciously the bright spot in a life of safety and shelter, indeed, but the flat lands of old age, without color, without adventure, save what this brilliant young creature supplied.

Miss Frant had no idea that the Duchess had had a letter from Lord Pelham. She would not have liked the allusion to her charming self.

"Vi has got a bee in her bonnet that she wants to go to the Carmelites," he said. "She has been driving Anthony Hamilton on a tight rein. The lad is well enough—wonderfully unspoilt considering how the women run after him. Vi wants a saint for a husband. I am not sure that I want a saint for a son-in-law. A decent fellow is good enough for me; and I am satisfied with Anthony Hamilton. Send her back in a better frame of mind. This talk about vocations worries me—unnecessarily, I am sure."

This time Miss Frant's stay at the Little Sisters' extended to quite an unusual period. The Duchess had an idea that the young lady had expected her lover to follow her and make his submission; but if she had expected that it did not come about. The Duchess, watching her young cousin, saw that there was a cloud upon her beauty. She looked sad when she was abstracted in thought. There were purple lines about her beautiful eyes; she was languid and confessed that she did not sleep well at nights.

"The East End does not agree with you, Vi," the Duchess said one day. "You are not looking well. Why not write and say you have changed your mind about one of those invitations you refused. Why not go to the Riviera for Christmas with the Warringtons? Or why not go down to Quest for Christmas?"

"I should be all alone. Papa has arranged his Christmas holiday, excluding me, since he knew I meant to spend it with you. He goes to Vienna first, to the Ambassador; then into Bavaria. What should I do with a big empty house at Christmas? And the servants would be put out. They are looking to enjoy their Christmas without any one to wait upon."

"And where does Anthony Hamilton spend Christmas?"

"My dear cousin, I do not know. Mr. Hamilton's movements do not interest me."

"Ah! I am sorry, Vi. I don't see how you can help being interested though."

It was most irritating to Miss Frant that the Duchess would not take seriously her vocation to the Carmelites. It was as bad as papa, who never protested, but went on making arrangements for the future, for Violet's as well as his own, which left the Carmelites out. It was not in her dream of the spiritual happiness that should make up for the lost earthly happiness that the Duchess should join with papa in ignoring her vocation.

The month was December. It was too cold for the garden, except for the brisk constitutional which the Duchess insisted upon. Violet did not feel at all brisk; but in the walk round and round the garden she was accompanied by one or other of the Little Sisters, who kept her up to it. The place was less cheerful than in the old times when she had talked with the old ladies and gentlemen, and derived much pleasure and amusement from their oddities. She was less interested in her friends among the Little Sisters. Somehow it had been different when she had come for a brief visit, and the world had lain, smiling its invitation to her, beyond the gates of the House of Loreto.

As the days grew to weeks, and Anthony Hamilton made no sign, her heart was really sick within her. One day, in a passion of grief and resentment, she had sent him back his ring; she had not in the least meditated such a strong measure as that when she had run away from him to the Little Sisters. She had hoped he would come after her in her secret heart; even while she talked, and thought she talked sincerely, of the Carmelites. She had thought that he would abase himself before her and that she might consent at last to stoop and lift him to her own heights. And, lo and behold, he had taken her dismissal without an attempt to alter her decision; he had received the ring, that had meant so much when it was given, without a protest. Well, she would be done with him when she had escaped to the Carmelites. She wondered what he would think and feel when he heard that the impassable barrier of the convent had fallen between her and him. Would he be sorry that he had let her go so easily after all?

She made up her mind now that she would not go back to the world at all. She would stay at the Little Sisters till her father, influenced at last by her earnestness, gave her permission to go to the Carmelites. She would not face a world where any day she and Anthony Hamilton might meet. Doubtless he had consoled himself. There were plenty ready to console him, to make him forget her. Her heart ached atrociously while she said it—he had been so entirely hers. If only she could have lifted him to her own heights.

She secluded herself a good deal in the nun's cell which had always been her bedroom when she visited the convent. Concessions had been made to her—a couple of rugs put down, linen sheets and white woollen blankets on the pallet, where a Little Sister would have had sheets of the coarsest and other people's worn-out blankets. There was a looking-glass for her special behoof; a wicker easy-chair; a fire was laid in the grate so that she should not sit cold.

She left the fire unlit, even though it necessitated her wearing her furs. She rolled up the rugs and touched the bare floor with her feet. She sat on a penitential chair, while she read over to herself the spiritual exercises of St. Teresa, and St. Francis de Sales' *On the Love of God.*

She warmed herself in feeling cold and miserable, and felt injured when Sister Martina descended upon her with instructions from Reverend Mother to light her fire. She objected to the delicate fare provided for her, even while her soul revolted at the food the Little Sisters ate and thanked God for. She would have liked a diet of the most austere so long as it was dainty. The sisters, eating the coarser, less inviting portions of what was given to them for their charges, filled her with something that was almost disgust.

It had been a fine, open, mild December up to this. A few yellowed leaves yet shook upon the boughs in the convent garden. The Little Sisters were grateful for the mild weather, because it was so hard to keep the old folk warm when it was very cold. When the cold came there would be a crop of funerals at the Little Sisters'. The bed-ridden folk, despite all that could be done, died easily of the cold, the fire having gone out in their old bodies.

So the Little Sisters, who had their affection for the old people, thanked God for the mild season. The thrushes and blackbirds were beginning to sing, although the beginning of winter was a week ahead. The old people grumbled no more than usual when they crowded about the fires, the coals for which had been begged by the Little Sisters, even sifted by them out of heaps of ashes. And Miss Frant took no harm from her self-imposed austerities which, as she said to herself, were preparing her for the Carmelites.

She was making a new gown for herself—with unheard-of difficulty, with much pricking of her finger, and many blunders—a gown of black nun's veiling, of the most nun-like straightness and skimpiness.

"Better let Sister Bernadine help you," the Duchess had said. "Even a nun's habit requires fitting."

She had surprised Miss Frant at her task, to the girl's discomfiture, and her eyes had twinkled in the shadow of her veil.

"I had to get something," Violet protested shamefacedly, "I was like Madame Louise of France, who when she went to the Carmelites had no simpler dress in her wardrobe to wear, cleaning the pots and pans, than a perfectly plain tight-fitting gown of rose-pink satin. I hate all my fine frocks when I think of how you and the old people are clad."

"Don't hate them, Vi. The old people like them so much. I believe we do. Your gray gown now, with the gray velvet hat and the white ostrich plume, gives me positive pleasure, although I have had my silver jubilee as a Little Sister. You are our one peep into the world, my child. And St. Francis de Sales was of opinion that ladies should dress according to their station. Lord Pelham's daughter should dress beautifully—which you do, Vi. We shall have no delight of this black sack of yours."

The Duchess *would* go on believing her to be a worldling, without a real vocation for the Carmelites. Violet had a feeling that the Duchess even thought that she might stay overlong with them this time. All the world would be coming to town after Christmas, at least a considerable portion of it. There would be ministerial dinners and parties. Was Lord

Pelham to be left without his hostess? The Duchess let a word fall now and again which betrayed her thought that Violet should presently be by her father's side and not occupied with making frocks against the Carmelites. Violet was hurt about it; she had looked to the Duchess to help her with her father.

Letters followed her to the Little Sisters', worldly letters sometimes which jarred upon her mood. A letter from Lady Grizel Beauclerk, a smart and rather frivolous young matron, brought a disturbing element into her thoughts; a sentence of it troubled her more than she could have believed possible.

"Anthony Hamilton is *épris* with Mary Trefusis," it ran. "My dearest Vi, praying is all very well, but why not come back and fight for your own?"

Mary Trefusis was not a negligible rival. She too was of the old religion—a charming girl, who was like a light in the world. Violet had had for her a young girl's adoration for an older one. Why, Mary Trefusis could drive such a one as Violet Frant completely out of the heart into which she chose to enter.

She began to wonder if she had not been a little too unyielding, too certain of herself—too priggish, too pharisaical. Papa had said she was. He had almost lost his invariable good temper—Lord Pelham sat at life like the spectator at a good play—in rebuking her attitude towards Anthony Hamilton. He was very fond of Anthony Hamilton, who was in the Foreign Office, and thought well of his future. And she knew the Duchess bore with her as one does with a froward child. If it was true about Anthony and Mary Trefusis, then she would have given him up with her own hands. Why could she not have been more patient? She had expected too much of Anthony. Every one had said so. Was she to be wiser than papa and Cousin Ermyntrude—that is to say the Duchess? Why what was coming to her? Some sharp grief began to ache in her. Was it possible that she wanted Anthony just as he was—no impossible perfection, but just Anthony?

About the middle of the mild, gray December day a pall of fog swept in from the sea. London had been peculiarly exempt from fogs so far that season. Now the pall settled down with a suddenness. It was a cotton-wool fog, which presses on all the senses with a numbing force. In a cotton-wool fog one cannot hear, one cannot see, one cannot breathe; there is something terrifying in the way in which the familiar landmarks are blotted out. Where you could have found your way blindfold you are absolutely lost, at sea.

All London was paralyzed, all traffic stopped; life suspended under the immense pall of fog; and Sister Louis and Sister Imelda were out questing.

There was dismay among the Little Sisters. How were they to get home? They had gone far afield into the West End, where Sister Louis and Sister Imelda were well known. Sister Louis' brogue and her blue eyes and her smile coaxed gifts from the most unlikely quarters. She was a true daughter of Erin; and of a superabundant energy and enterprise. Once she had driven home a pig, offered her in jest, from the cattle-market, right across London, had built a stye herself to house him, and had wept when he fattened and had to be sold, because he had become a pet and very knowledgeable.

The fog was an unusually dense visitation; and the Little Sisters, who were given to accepting all that came as in the day's work and something sent by the good God, might be pardoned for their perturbation. Besides Sister Louis was driving a new horse in the little covered wagon that was known so well up and down London streets. He was not so wise as old Dobbin, who had been put out to grass for the remainder of his days. Dobbin would have found his way home through the fog as he had done before. But now Sister Louis would have to depend on herself, unaided by the wonderful instinct of the dumb creature.

All day the sisters prayed for the fog to lift, without answer to their prayers. It only thickened. The House of Loreto might have been in the midst of a great desert. There was a strange sense of silence, of aloofness from all the world. The short afternoon changed to evening. The lights had been lit all day. All day the curtain of the fog had hung in the rooms, blown hither and thither when a door opened like a substantial thing. With the coming of night the fog took on a new terror. It was unheard-of that a Little Sister should pass the night outside the House of Loreto. Five o'clock came, six, seven—and there was no sign of the two questing sisters.

The old people were all on their knees praying for the safe return of the wanderers. The sisters were murmuring prayers to themselves as they went to and fro about their duties.

There was a hush and a consternation over the evening meal, which the Duchess tried to lift by cheerful and sober talk.

Suddenly in the midst of the meal the bell of the hall-door clanged. All the Little Sisters were on their feet. For once discipline was forgotten. Sister Matthew, the portress, ran with her clanking keys. There was a hurry, a bustle, a happy confusion—and the two missing sisters were in the midst of the rejoicing throng.

Old Simon, who had been a coachman in his mundane days, had taken charge of the horse and van; so that Sister Louis was free to tell all her adventures. Sister Louis was as talkative as Sister Imelda was taciturn. Sister Imelda could only turn her black eyes up to heaven and wave her hands in the air. The narrative of their adventures lost nothing in Sister Louis' telling of it.

They were not famished, oh, no; they were not at all famished. That dear angel from heaven had fed them luxuriously before piloting them through the fog. "That dear angel?" Yes; Sister Louis would tell Reverend Mother all about it. When she had told all they could judge whether the Lord had not sent an angel to their help or not.

They had been in Piccadilly when the fog had swept down on them; and they had made their way by infinitesimal degrees down St. James Street and into Pall Mall. In Pall Mall the clubs were showing great lights which only made indistinct patches of luridness through the fog; but here and there the police were guiding the traffic by means of flare-lights; and urchins were rushing hither and thither with torches, offering to take foot-passengers across the streets for a penny.

Half-way down Pall Mall the new horse came to a full stop, terrified, poor beast. He was Irish-bred and had never beheld such a thing before. Sister Louis had got down and was trying in vain to induce him to move. She was illumined by one of the flare lights. Suddenly a young gentleman came, as she conjectured, from one of the clubs—or from heaven perhaps. He was beautiful enough for heaven; and he had a rose in his coat. As for his garments—words failed Sister Louis to describe how he was clad as the lilies of the field.

He had run to Sister Louis' assistance; had put her back in the wagon and taken the horse's head. The horse had yielded to his persuasions. Step by step they had walked through the world of dirty cotton-wool, with a golden haze somewhere beyond. The sisters, under the tilt of the wagon, could not see their benefactor; but they went steadily on. Now and again his cheery voice came back to them out of the darkness. He had a dear voice, said Sister Louis, really and truly like an angel of God.

Somewhere, where the flare beyond the darkness was very great, the wagon stopped and the gentleman came back to them. He asked them to wait a second or two. Presently he returned to them bringing them hot coffee and the most delicious food they had ever tasted. Really and truly the food and the coffee might have come from heaven. And they had been chilled to the bone and ready to faint from the fear.

The dear angel had led them every step of the way to their own door. At the gate he had said good-bye, lifting a top-hat, the polish of which had impressed itself on Sister Louis despite the fog. He had—Sister Louis opened her hand; she had been forgetting—he had thrust something into her hand. She unrolled the crisp scrap of paper—it was a Bank of England note for ten pounds.

"Ah! blood yet tells," the Duchess said, looking highly pleased, while Sister Louis asked if it was not likely that the club-man from Pall Mall were not an angel of heaven.

The House of Loreto prayed every day for this new benefactor, who was to be in the bede-roll of the sisters forever and ever. The sisters were still divided as to whether he was mortal man or supernatural. He had grown in Sister Louis' account of him till he looked like the Archangel Michael. He was that tall, Sister Louis said, indicating some eight feet of height, and forgetting how the fog magnifies till men are as trees walking.

The fog lasted nearly a week that time, and was long remembered for the paralysis of life in London town. It lifted at last and the wind blew like May. Vi's black robe was finished—with the aid of Sister Bernardine. It did not become her. She had not the relief of the nun's white coif. In the little greenish glass, which was all the convent afforded, she looked like a ghost. She could not help comparing herself with that radiant creature, Mary Trefusis. She was really, genuinely disappointed. She had expected something quite different when she looked in the glass. She had forgotten that the glass was almost deliberately unkind, an ill-colored thing, with the quicksilver gone in patches.

There was a tap at the door. A gentleman to see Miss Frant.

Violet's heart gave an illogical leap, then dropped to a soberer pace. It would be, of course, papa. Papa had promised to see her before he left town.

She had a momentary hesitation about her dress—then decided not to keep Lord Pelham waiting. In his leisured way he was, as might be expected, uncommonly busy. The Panhard probably was panting at the door to carry him back to Downing Street.

She ran downstairs and into the austere, brown-panelled parlor of the Little Sisters. Against a brown window-shutter she saw a gracious head—not papa's. All of a sudden she forgot that Anthony was a worldling, not serious enough for one with her ideals and traditions. She forgot Mary Trefusis. She forgot the Carmelites.

" My darling, what have you been doing to yourself ? " cried Anthony's dear voice, for which she had been pining, starving, dying all these sad days. She was in Anthony Hamilton's arms.

Never before surely—at least in the occupancy of the Little Sisters—had such a meeting taken place in the austere brown parlor, with the picture of an anguished saint for sole ornament. The reconciliation was complete. There could never again be misunderstanding between them. Lord Pelham had sent Anthony Hamilton flying in a wild panic to the House of Loreto because of the story of the vocation to the Carmelites. Now, when was she coming back—to-day, to-morrow ? He wanted to see her out of that black thing in which she looked adorable, dreadful. His sister Hilda was in town and had sent her messages. She was to come to Hilda till Lord Pelham returned to town.

While he whispered he had slipped her ring back onto her finger. They were looking into each other's eyes in a quiet rapture.

The door opened and they separated. There was a delicious smell of French coffee as Sister Louis came in carrying a tray. The Little Sisters were genuinely hospitable ; and their cooking was dainty when it was not for themselves. The coffee was accompanied by French rolls and a little pat of honey-colored butter.

"Reverend Mother sends her compliments," she began, as she put down the tray; and then uttered a little shriek.

"It is *our* young gentleman," she cried, running to Anthony Hamilton and shaking him vigorously by the hand. "Our young gentleman. The convent benefactor." Sister Louis had been praying that his name might be revealed to them—if indeed he were not St. Michael.

Some of the Little Sisters were rather disappointed that it was Anthony Hamilton and not St. Michael who had rescued Sister Louis and Sister Imelda in the fog. But, after all, there was enough of the marvelous in the fact that it should have been the fiancé of Reverend Mother's cousin to satisfy most of them.

Miss Frant took the revelation of her lover's hidden act of kindness with characteristic enthusiasm. In fact, swinging round the other way, she was inclined to set him on a pedestal; for which position Anthony Hamilton had no inclination. She asked herself rhetorically how she had dared to look upon him as worldly and unsuited to her seriousness, till she saw that she was making her lover unhappy by her humility—a mood which stirred her father to cynical amusement and set the Duchess' eyes to dance in the shadow of her veil.

London was robbed of one of its great weddings that year; for, by special arrangement, the marriage of Lord Pelham's daughter with Mr. Anthony Hamilton took place in the private chapel of the Little Sisters. The spectators were almost limited to the Little Sisters and their "old ladies and gentlemen"; and the breakfast cooked by Sister Pélagie was a revelation to the few guests from the outside world who had not known that the Little Sisters numbered a great culinary artist as well as a great lady among their numbers.

THE MODERN WORLD AND THE SACRAMENTAL LIFE.

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

IF the researches of the past quarter of a century have gravely modified our outlook upon that ancient formative world in which Catholicism first took root, they have also had the compensating effect of deepening our appreciation of the essentially evangelical character of much that was once confidently described in certain quarters as the product of a later period of growth. This is strikingly illustrated in the liturgical history of Penance and the Eucharist. With the dogmatic implications involved in certain theories that have gained currency at different epochs in response, it would seem, to the need of a popular metaphysic of these living Sacraments, we need not delay now. It will be more to the purpose, we imagine, if we postpone our consideration of them until we come to speak of Catholicism under the Gospel category of Truth. For the present, therefore, it will be enough to point out that for the candid thinker who has taken the trouble to examine the facts of the case there need not be any serious difficulty on this score. The pronouncements of Trent will remain as they were; and the assured results of modern scholarship will be found, in the long event, to justify at once their extraordinary courage and their equally extraordinary reserve.

What recent research, therefore, may be said to have done for the traditional attitude of Catholicism towards Penance and the Eucharist, especially as viewed under their several liturgical aspects, is to furnish the latter-day apologist with certain data which are neither the less remarkable for having been so long forgotten, nor the less instructive for having been so frequently misinterpreted by the non-Catholic historian of our past. Not a few of these data, as we took occasion to observe, in our remarks upon Baptism, carry one a long way back in the history of Christianity; and, as will appear later on in the case of the Eucharist, at least, they may be said in this respect to anticipate some of the most characteristic portions of the New Testament itself. They thus afford fresh evidence that Catholicism is at bottom an obedience and an art of life; and they prove further that no theory which attempts to account for it can really afford to ignore the mysterious continuity which links the activities of its apostolic period with the living institutions which make it so unique a spectacle in the religious world of to-day.

Scientific inquiry as to the nature and origin of Penance considered as a sacramental obedience in the Christian Church is, as might be expected, a thing of comparatively modern growth. It begins, curiously enough, not with the crude denials and counter-statements of the Reformation time, but with that remarkable movement in favor of a more exact study of the past which arose in the seventeenth century and which drew so much of its inspiration from the main points at issue in the Jansenist controversy. Antoine Arnauld's depressing book on Frequent Communion was productive, at least, of this much good, that it directed the more thoughtful minds of Catholic Europe at a very critical period in its history to certain fundamental aspects of its sacramental life upon which the Church's real efficiency as a molder of human character may be said always to depend. If the schools have been slow to avail themselves of the wider opportunities for scientific vision, as well as for spiritual insight, of which the crisis itself ultimately proved to have been the occasion, Catholicism, on the other hand, may be said to have gained immeasurably by the general result. Indeed, it seems scarcely an exaggeration to maintain that the religion of the average Catholic of our time, even in those portions of the world which are often too hastily supposed to be morally honey-combed by an unlovely blend of spurious Latinism and Free-Masonry, is as far above the religion of his seventeenth century forbears as those second or third century ideals of purity to which Jansenism so learnedly harked back, as with a kind of neo-Montanistic relentlessness of temper, were themselves beyond the reach of too many of the court politicians and ecclesiastics who prated about them. It is a more inward religion, for one thing; and not the less effectively disciplined for being so every-day-like and unobtrusive; it is also more enduring, and therefore manlier, more consistent, more healthful, more genial; it is saner, in a word, and more balanced, as Catholicism invariably tends to become when freed from the wearing anxieties of opposition; and all this through the sheer force of that inherent and resourceful kindliness, that regard for human nature, which proves it so Christ-like and universal. One may venture many explanations, psychological, economic, or racial, to account for the phenomenon; but it may well be doubted whether any of them will touch so simply or so infallibly upon the hidden core of the mystery as the obvious suggestion of a change in the old liturgical habit of soul on the subject of Penance and the Eucharist.

Without losing one jot or tittle of their essentially sacramental nature these mysterious ordinances of Christ have gradually assumed, within the past three hundred years, a certain flexibility of character that would have been thought foreign to the very idea and use of them during those statelier epochs in which the liturgy was looked upon as the more imperative expression of the Church's need for collective prayer. They have taken to themselves something of the elasticity and unceremoniousness of the "people's devotions." They have left the old high historic places, the cathedral, the minster, and the rest, and established themselves in the more convenient side-chapel or the more "popular" church. The Lenten shrift has almost lost its unique distinction. Confession at the greater feasts alone has given place to weekly or even to more frequent habits of self-accusation, in which "grave material," as the theologians call it, is seldom found. High Mass has been superseded by a rhythmic cycle of low Masses; and Holy Communion may be had at almost any reasonable hour of the morning, not only "in" Mass but out of it, by one soul or many, or even by whole troops and batallions of the devout. It marks an extraordinary change in *the Church's way of doing things*, when one stops to think about it; and what is more significant still, there are few parallels half so inspiring, even amid the exuberant devotions of the Middle Age. Indeed, one will have to go back almost to Apostolic times themselves to find the usage, as well as the spirit, that justifies it. The fact ought to be borne in mind by those who seek to appraise the real worth of the force described with such various and often sinister connotation as "Jesuitism" in the post-tridentine Church; for it is due to the essential conservatism of the incorrigible pioneers of novelty grouped under that name that so tremendous an increase in true reasonableness and sacramental spirituality has accrued at last to the Catholicism of our times. More than any other body in Christendom the Society of Jesus has made piety, as we conceive it to-day, sane and feasible and actual.

When the people could not "come up to religion" it was the Jesuits who brought religion down to the people.

As in all the subtler changes of spirit that have overtaken Western Catholicism in the long course of its development, the result came slowly and almost *without observation*, it might be said. Griefs and misunderstandings there were of necessity. Is not the history of the past three hundred years and more made up largely of such minor crises? Even the dullest may see now that they were the pains of growth, however we are to explain them in the case of the great order itself. Jansenism, by the sheer force of momentum, spent itself; and the Society of Jesus in turn passed for a while into eclipse. The French Revolution came, a product in great part, as we are now beginning to see, of the curious religiosities of the century that preceded it. This was succeeded by Waterloo and the cautious restoration of the Bourbons, when, for a comparatively brief episode, Catholic Europe seemed to find itself face to face with the distracting alternative of Romanticism with all its specious futilities and sham pedantry, and the more consistent Ultramontane spirit which now began to revive, with its inevitable instinct for the syllogism and its high regard for authority and the majesty of law. Meanwhile the essentially evangelical work of the restored Society of Jesus began to make itself felt. It revealed itself in many directions; most notably in theological manuals, in the revived scholasticism which Pius IX. and his far-seeing successor, Leo XIII., did so much to promote, in clergy-retreats and popular preaching, and in the encouragement given to the laity to make frequent and even weekly use of the Sacraments of Confession and Holy Communion. So far as our present ethos on this score is concerned, it was practically the beginning of the end. The mind of the Catholic teacher was ripe for the new scholarship. The materials that had been amassed under such unfavorable conditions and, at times, with so much rancor of perverted *a-priorism* during the old Jansenist schism, began to be worked over anew. Great theological masters, like Father Palmieri in Rome and Father De San in Louvain, sent men back from Perrone to Petavius; and the passage from that really profound and original scholar to the half-forgotten documents of antiquity was an obvious one. The *curiosum ingenium*, or instinct for research, without which even theology is doomed to cut a sorry figure among the sciences by which men live, was awake once more. The new era of investigation was at hand. The schools were really to be schools, as in the old, far-probing days. The wonderful and various story of the fortunes of Catholic dogma, that age can never wither nor custom stale, was to be told anew. Positive theology was coming into its own again.

It would be a grave misreading of the situation, were one to infer from these remarks that no stimulus from alien sources had been felt in the great scholastic centuries during all this while. The stranger at the gates had been eloquent in his own behoof; the Canaanite and the Philistine and the wise men of Babylon had given the scribes of the children of God much to reflect upon. The Ritschlian school in Germany, and that less important group of scholars in England and America, who draw their inspiration from them, had familiarized our teachers with new and extraordinary applications of the theory of development as applied to the sense of Catholic dogma. A fresh literature thus sprang up—not all of it equally defensible, indeed—of which we are only beginning to see the ultimate bearings to-day. It was a literature which, from the nature of the case, was accounted somewhat arid and forbidding at first in its general dearth of prospect; one which the ordinary student would be tempted to pass by as being scarcely germane to the rough and ready needs of the popular controversialist. But the authors of this new and perfectly loyal "positivism for Christ's sake and St. Peter's sake" knew what they were about. Careful, patient, indefatigable, austere, with an eye for the importance of the infinitely little, and yet never losing sight the while of its real pertinence to those who have always maintained, not only as a conviction of religious faith, but as a reasoned instinct of historic scholarship, that *Catholicism, as a whole, has never seriously altered its direction or its bent in the world*, they have gone on quietly, adding field to field, until the merest theological tyro, in all the more notable centers of Catholic learning at the present time, may be said to have a sound acquaintance with the outlines of the subject. One feels that in this way the priesthood of the generation upon which we are entering will be more fully equipped for the task for which they are, in part, ordained, and which they can ill afford to shirk at a period that promises to be both well-informed in the general level of its knowledge and critical in its abiding sense of values, even where religion is concerned. We are speaking, of course, of that comparatively restricted yet important public, in which faith will always be found to be in quest of a workable expression of itself in terms of the rational intellect. More and more that public will tend to sway the religious curiosity of mankind in the years to come; and the Church's spokesman must have his rightful place in it. Nor will such a state of things tend to produce that most unthinkable of hypotheses wherever Catholicism is in question—an esoteric Gnosticism, namely, the pride and privilege of the illuminated few. On the contrary, even in the case of the multitude, who may be only half-educated in everything else, but never so in the essentials of their creed if the Church can help it, and who are in that sense every bit as much the object of her most anxious concern as her regularly ordained ministers are, it will be found that those commoner categories of life to which they recur in deference to the same reverent instinct—*fides quærens intellectum*—are but the concrete, everyday equivalents of those more abstract forms to which the scientific mind inevitably holds.

It would be impracticable to attempt to reduce in these pages the results of the new scholarship on the two Sacraments of which we have been speaking. The subject is too technical and much too various; and the general reader, it might be added, altogether too incurious to warrant so hazardous a process. The student more particularly interested will find abundant matter according to his taste in those more serious and specialist reviews in which the English speaking Catholic world is at present so poor, but which may be found in sufficient number and always on a high plane of orthodox scholarship in France, Italy, and Germany. He may also consult with profit the articles bearing on our present theme in the *fasciculi* thus far published of the two great dictionaries of M. Vacant and Dom Cabrol. We do not say that a complete and perfectly satisfactory synthesis of the several findings and theories of so many independent scholars will be possible; what we do say, however, is this: that the general drift of this extraordinary material—material, be it observed, as candid and as far-reaching in its array of facts as any hitherto gathered by the curious bias of Harnack, Dobschütz, or Wernle—tends more and more to justify that confident reading of antiquity for which the theologians of the seventeenth century were so bitterly derided by their Jansenist opponents, who seemed to claim, in not a few instances, a larger actual achievement and a more stately prestige of what was then accepted as sound scholarship. The student of that desolate time in the history of the Sacramental life of Catholicism knows that the entire controversy did not turn upon the question of grace. The past was literally ransacked to find precedents, especially liturgical precedents, in order to discredit the learning of the Society of Jesus, and so drive it from the field. The attempt, as we know, failed; owing chiefly to the extraordinary breadth of erudition and the almost equally extraordinary courage and originality of view displayed throughout by the great Petavius. The order that had produced such a man could never be accused of setting mere showiness above scholarship. Yet by the outer Anglican and Lutheran worlds, for fully a century and a half after the echoes of the unhappy conflict had died away, it was quietly assumed that the weight of learning had all along been on the Jansenist side, and that the Society's victory had been won by mere cleverness, by an adroit use of partizanship and authority.

But the researches of the past twenty years have compelled candid men to reverse those hasty judgments. By one of those ironies which are so common in ecclesiastical affairs at all epochs, possibly as being God's perpetual response to His Son's Will to draw good out of evil, a slow comedy, similar to that which took place at the Reformation period, seems to be in progress to-day. Men turn too confidently from a usage in the living Church to some apparent counter evidence in antiquity. For a time they seem to have everything their own way. The plain man seldom ventures to call for proof; for there is a pomp about special knowledge in this half-read world that is all but irresistible; but truth gets its hearing in the long event. Call it special providence or "assistance," as you will. There is a certain mysteriousness about it, an evidence, as it were, of a superintending Personality, which makes it, for those who mark and reflect, not the least of those many tokens by which faith is continually made aware of Christ's presence with His followers in the Way.

If these things are so, surely it is no exaggeration to maintain that the story of the Jansenist movement becomes but a parable in little of that larger and more ecumenic lesson which Penance and the Eucharist may be said to enforce when viewed in all their liturgical variations from our Lord's day down to our own. Each of them implies a definite obedience, a childlike attitude of the heart, which emphasizes in every age the contention, made so explicitly at Trent and re-stated so authentically in our own times, that Catholicism—Roman Catholicism, in a word, for it is in that direction that the evidence in question points—is, in a sense most native and peculiar to itself, *the Way by which religious men must go up through Christ to the Father.* By these same obediences has that Church taught all mankind to go even from the beginning. Encratism, Montanism, Novatianism, Puritanism, masquerading under whatever disguises—whether as North African regard for the finality of a Baptismal change of heart, or as Jansenistic concern for the integrity of historic worship—she has turned mournfully away from each of them in turn and refused to make common cause with their narrowness; for, like her Master, she would bear "the lost kid" upon her shoulders with the same divine pity that she bears the lost sheep, if that were only possible! The sense of her plenary and unique possession of the power of the keys makes her merciful rather than hard, just as our Lord's consciousness of His divinity made Him merciful rather than hard towards sinners. While she has modified her discipline, sometimes making it long and rigorous and austere, she has never modified the spirit that inspired it, because that spirit has been identical with the fullness, the true *pleroma* of the Incarnation itself. It is this extraordinary note of her sacramental life which sharply differentiates her from every body of Christians that has ever stood apart from her in history, and gives her a distinction which is found on analysis to be as unique as her own Petrine claims. No sin is too revolting for her to turn to; no soul so fallen or brutalized that she cannot stoop to it and humanize it by the voluntary Penance which brings it back to the Cross and divinizes it there by the Eucharistic banquet of her Lord and Keeper. The religious inquirer who has grasped the profound psychology of this consoling truth will not boggle, we imagine, over such minor difficulties as "Papal demands," or remain long an alien to Rome's essentially human, because Christ-given, "obediences." It has been said of the Jansenist controversy * that "in their doctrine of 'sufficient grace' the Jesuits had preached a view of the conflict of good and evil in the soul which is honorable to God and encouraging to man, and which has Catholicity on its face. All to whom entrance into the Church, through its formal ministries, lies open are truly called of God, while beyond it stretches the ocean of 'His uncovenanted mercies.'" It is a fine saying; but the writer adds: "That is a doctrine for the many, for those whose position in the religious life is mediocrity"; the which is a very foolish saying; for mediocrity is a relative term; whereas salvation is one of the most positive and absolute things the Christian mind knows. None the less, the remark has its appositeness to the present inquiry; for what the Society of Jesus is admitted by this non-Catholic writer to have achieved for religious human nature in the Jansenist crisis Rome and Roman instinct has done for religious human nature from New Testament times. *Her treatment of Penance and the Eucharist has Catholicity on its face!* That only proves that *she also is for the many;* which is proving much; seeing that she may safely leave the mediocrity of our actual performance to the great Searcher of hearts!

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* *Miscellaneous Studies:* Essay on Pascal. By Walter Pater. Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Seton Hall, South Orange, N. J.

THE CENTENARY.

1808-1908.

BY FRANCIS A. FOY.

An hundred years ago, O Mother Church,
Thou saw'st a new-born day arise from out
The deeps of time!—A faint light streaks the east,
Then flashes far and wide across the morn,
Chasing the black mists from the brow of day.
E'en thus thy gospel light first struggled through
The gloom that hid thee from the hearts of men,
Till darkness owned the spell and parted wide,
Disclosing thee, sweet Empress; then light and love
Commingling made a perfect day. The span
We celebrate, from that far-kindled dawn
To where thou sittest now in noon supremacy.

The Catholic World, as a rule, never publishes articles dealing with particular works or institutions. The reason for the rule is obvious. The following article is an exception, and is published at the request of many readers, not to call attention to the particular work here described, but to set forth the ways and the means which, in a particular instance, have led to success; that similar means and ways may lead to like success in other places. [Editor C. W.]

FRESH AIR FOR CITY CHILDREN.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

THE children of a generation are its chief contemporaneous charge, as they are its future glory or shame. The institutions of the future depend on them; the ideals that shall one day dominate society, will lodge in the minds of those who today are prattling children. Hence the wisdom of an age is shown by the wisdom displayed in the care of children—a thoroughly natural as well as Christian test.

Now neglect of children has been a prominent characteristic of our time. Revolutions have been fought out for the rights of men; we see riots nowadays due to demand for women's rights; but the rights of millions of children have been overlooked. Their right to air, sunlight, and play; to the gentle illusions with which nature surrounds their unfolding faculties; their right to childhood, to education, to physical development, to safeguarded morality—these have come only lately into organized expression by the power of an awakened public opinion. Cities are built, and children have no playground but the street. Homes are built for children, but the company gets the best room and the children have only last choice. They have had the factory to work in, the street for play, the anonymous gang for companionship, dust and foul air to breathe, and unwholesome food.

However, a mighty reaction has set in, in associations to promote playgrounds, factory laws, educational laws; in societies whose members go to the children and instruct them. Clubs are formed, night schools are opened; thus a hundred forms of work are under way, all of which are filled with hope of good results.

The work of securing to the children of crowded city sections some country life and experience has taken on such proportions and definiteness that it has become an institution. In many cities the results are striking. The thought and effort are old. New York saw it done in a tentative way in 1849. Organized effort dates from 1874. The first Home was erected for this purpose in 1876 by a Brooklyn society at Coney Island. The work was begun in Switzerland in 1876, and in Germany in the same year. Whether under the form of a permanent home, for visits of large numbers of children, for a long period, or for a week; or under the form of single-day excursions; or under the form of finding private families throughout the country which will welcome one or more poor city children as guests for a time, the work has taken on enormous proportions. Newspapers, charity organizations, religious associations have been extremely active in every feature of the development. Such are the definiteness, mass, and complexities of the problems met and the aims kept in mind, that conferences are held, literature is created, and standards of method are coming into general adoption.

In a number of cities Catholic charity workers, notably the St. Vincent de Paul Society, have begun work in earnest. While the extent and resources so far shown are short of what is needed and too little known, there are hopeful signs of progress. Catholics should show results to be proud of in just such work, for they have equipment and a coherence of organization that enable them to meet readily the peculiar problems of the work. No other work that can be undertaken so unifies the agents of Catholic charity in a given city; no other so educates the average man to a sense of his ability and duty to give; few others can more widely enlist sympathy.

The tendency among those interested seems to favor a permanent property for fresh air work; a relatively long stay approximating two weeks; active management in charge of sisters, a resident chaplain, and some systematic influence on the religious as well as physical and mental life of the children. The balancing of these factors is a delicate work. The problems of organization, location, administration, discipline, and finance have been worked out to very general satisfaction in the

Summer Home for City Children, established near Baltimore by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of that city. It is hoped that a description of its work in its general features will interest all fresh air friends and stimulate rapid development. In that hope, THE CATHOLIC WORLD permits a deviation from its general practice, in publishing, instead of a general account of work and problems, this account of a particular way in which the work is done and the problems are met. The headings indicate the general questions and the paragraphs show the general features of the way in which these are worked out.

SITE. The St. Vincent de Paul Summer Home for Children is situated four miles from Baltimore, one mile from the trolley line. A tract of fifty-two acres of land, owned by the Sulpician Fathers, was placed by them at the disposal of the Society for a period of ten years, without cost. About half of the land is under cultivation; the other half is heavily wooded, varied by hill and valley, enriched by a small stream fed from springs. The farm is very high, overlooking the city and the bay. It is surrounded by beautiful summer homes.

A splendidly constructed stone building, 127 feet by 52, two stories high, which was built by the Sulpicians, serves as the residence for the children. The dormitory contains 140 beds, with mattresses and springs. Adjoining it are quarters for 14 sisters, also a wash-room which accommodates 28 children at one time. The dining-room, accommodating 160 at table, the kitchen with an enormous steel range, storerooms, the bathroom with 24 showers having hot and cold water, and two smaller dining-rooms, occupy the ground floor. Outside stairs and fire escapes give ample protection. The building is lighted by electricity, has telephones, and is connected with the city water and sewer system. Everything about the building is substantial, permanent, and thorough. A large farmhouse furnishes quarters for the chaplain, the caretaker, and the chapel.

MANAGEMENT. A Summer Home Committee of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, whose chairman is actively in charge of the work, takes over the whole care of the project. He purchases all supplies, makes and executes all contracts, approves all bills, superintends all improvements. The operation of the Home is in the hands of sisters, of whom there are usually ten in residence. They are assisted by a housekeeper and such other help as is needed. The chairman spends several hours every day at the Home, and works out, with the sisters, the policies which govern the children and the method through which to obtain the best results. The intermittent presence of this embodiment of gentle authority is of great value to the spirit of the Home.

FINANCES. The funds required to operate the Home are raised by subscription, a large number of annual subscribers, including some non-Catholics, assuring a considerable stable income. Subscribers are arranged in classes fixed by amounts; some giving $2, others $5, others $10, $20, $50, $100 each year, as may be called for by the committee. Catholic societies give generously. Neighborhood children hold "fairs" to raise funds. Religious communities also contribute. Most of the vegetables needed are raised on the farm. As the services of the sisters and the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society are given without compensation, practically all of the income of the Home is available for actual work among the children. In the summer of 1907, it cost the Society $4.86 for twelve days' outing for each child, an average of about 40 cents per day.

SELECTION OF CHILDREN. The parish conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society is the only agent with which the Home deals. All children sent by a conference are accepted without question and provided for. About 140 children can be cared for at one time. Boys and girls are taken in alternate bands, ages ranging between five and twelve years. Each band remains twelve days, arriving on Saturday and departing on Thursday. The interval of two days between bands permits all needed renovations and preparation. Any society in the city which contributes to the Home may recommend children to the conferences. At a meeting of representatives of the conferences, a number of children is allotted to each parish, in such a way as to keep each band full and offer opportunity to all parishes to be represented during the course of the twelve weeks that the Home is open. 746 children were cared for in the summer of 1907.

The representative of each conference goes to the homes of the poor in his parish, selects children to the number allotted, and gives instructions for preparation. On the appointed day all of the children assemble, meet their St. Vincent de Paul friend, who accompanies his little band over the trolley line to the Home. As his regular charity work usually makes him known personally to many of the children, a relation of trust and playful familiarity is quickly established. The representative of the parish conference remains "next friend" of his band of children during the time of their stay. The Home aims not to deal with parents or relatives of the children. Parents communicate with the Home through the parish representative, as it is presumed that he understands local conditions thoroughly, and usually is acquainted with the homes from which the children come.

In selecting children, the Society aims to find the most neglected and forlorn. It does not seek children from self-supporting families. The unfortunate little ones most in need are looked for. Children who do not go to school, or, neglected in moral and spiritual training at home, frequent schools where no religious instruction or specific moral training is given, are sought out, as well as those from the thickly congested districts of the city.

Parents are not permitted to visit children at the Home. Experience has shown that the custom of visiting demoralizes discipline, unsettles the children, and hampers the administration. Letters may be received or sent with entire freedom, the lonely boy who writes that he is going to die, being as free to send out his dismal prophecy as the happier lad is to write of his glorious times.

ADMISSION. Each child must be dressed cleanly and must have had a bath before entering. It must have been examined by a physician of the City Board of Health within twenty-four hours preceding admission. This is done as a precaution in justice to the body of children as a whole. No child may come from a home in which a contagious disease has appeared within six weeks, unless with the sanction of the Board of Health. Children bring no baggage of any kind, as they wear clothing provided by the Home during their stay.

During Saturday afternoon every second week, the bands of children arrive. After registering, each child receives a tag with name and address, which is attached to its belongings as soon as it has put on clothes furnished by the Home. If particular instructions accompany a child, they are noted at once and systematically followed. When all of that is done, the hundred and more children are turned loose to be happy.

LIFE AT THE HOME.

The first problem met is lonesomeness. In every band of 120 or 140 children, some few are found who are lonely as soon as they are registered; other cases become acute the first evening; a few on the second day. But by the third day it has vanished. Some discretion usually enables those in charge to cheer up the youthful sufferers, and this, by resorting to ordinary means of diverting a child's attention.

The playgrounds are ample. The merry-go-round, see-saws, sliding boards, sand piles, swings, baseball grounds, with an endless supply of balls and bats, flowers to pick, growing vegetables to watch, wading in the shady stream, with every variety of tree and vine and rock, invite the eager souls of the city children, and their joy expands them into other beings. This supply of resources in amusement, furnished by the natural beauty of the place and the thoughtfulness of the Society of St. Vincent and its friends, is not permitted in any way to stifle the natural resources in the children themselves. Their traditions, games, songs, dances, are all drawn upon, their ingenuity is appealed to, to add to the diversity of life at the Home. Every instinct of activity in the children is welcomed and converted into an element of the life, in a way that makes them partners in the work.

It was noticed on one occasion that many boys found it irksome to stand at table after meals while the long procession filed out. They, in their restlessness, began beating on the tables in time with the piano. The noise was not forbidden; the most skillful were organized into a sort of drum corps, and they kept perfect time, adding much to the scene, by using knives for drum sticks and a bench for the drums. This appeal to the nature of the children, and recognition of their tastes as far as possible, have won them uniformly and enlisted their good nature into co-operation for the success of the Home. The taste of the children for music is fostered by a musician, who is always ready to accompany their songs on the piano or to play for them.

Those in charge of the children watch for every sign of talent or game that the children show, and organize them into a "troupe," which gives an elaborate entertainment to the authorities toward the end of the visit. Songs, dances, dialogues, drills, declamations, addresses are made, always most entertain-ingly, and not infrequently with real credit. In earlier days an entertainment was provided for the children, but it did not engage their interest in the same way or offer such marked results as the method now used.

The last event each day, timely and refreshing, is the shower bath to which all are treated. Immediately the little army goes to the dormitory, where night prayers are said in common. Some patience and firmness are required to establish order and quiet at bed time. But usually, by the third night, peace is well established, and dozens of children, who ordinarily at 9 or 10 o'clock are playing in the streets, are safe and snug in bed, asleep at half-past eight.

The dining-room is 80 by 40. The children sit at tables that hold ten. Cleanliness, thoughtfulness, and order are insisted upon by the sisters who supervise each meal. The children form outdoors and march to and from the dining-room. At times the children of each parish march proudly under their parish banner. Wholesome food, such as the country affords, is given to the children, the vegetables being raised on the place.

THE SPIRIT OF THE HOME.

Gentleness, directness, and firmness govern the authorities in dealing with the children. There are few rules, and none are announced. A recognized routine, necessary for the purposes in mind, is established, while permitting much liberty to the children. There are no punishments, no evidences of force. A gentle, watchful pressure is brought to bear on the disorganized mass of children as soon as each band is welcomed, and within two days the discipline is very well understood and accepted. It is made known to the children that they are expected to be loyal; their sense of honor and manhood is relied upon; and the response justifies the method. Since those in charge are persons of large experience in dealing with children, it is not to be wondered at if they do not find any particularly hard problems to face. There is scarcely any watching, though some results from the nature of the situation. Last summer, out of over seven hundred children entertained, only two cases of truancy occurred, and both of them were on the last night of the band's visit.

While the inspiration of the work is religious, and the motives which support it are also, the humane features predominate everywhere. The children attend Mass only on Sunday, and at the evening Benediction once a week, they remain on the grass under the trees around the chapel to sing the evening hymn.

THE AIMS OF THE HOME. Back of all the joy and play and tedious care of these hundreds of children entertained each summer are large purposes and serious thought. It is recognized that these children are robbed of much that their nature craves and God would desire they should have. And hence, those who give money and time and thought to these children bring to concrete expression their Faith, their Hope, their Charity. Religion is shown to the children as a force that is gentle, thoughtful, self-sacrificing, and withal in sympathy with them, their games, and homes. Memories are set up in the young lives to which, in later days of moral turmoil and straitened loyalty, good impulses may anchor and save them. No doubt the children often return to squalor, to ill-regulated homes, to thoughtless routine, but they carry the memory of a glimpse into a world, clean, orderly, bright, regulated; and many of them have learned their first prayer or have realized the coarseness of profanity. Children who, for four or five summers, have come to the Home, will have had at least one new opportunity, and surely some will profit eternally from it.

The value of twelve days in the country to the health of the children is very great. Fresh air, wholesome food, intelligent care, are not lost. If those in the best of surroundings find a benefit in such a change, what is not the advantage to the neglected children of the streets? Lungs that are accustomed to dust and poor ventilation, thrive when allowed plenty of sweet fresh air and the stimulation of happy surroundings.

Watch is quietly kept of the children, in order that permanent or temporary physical ailments may be found and may receive attention. Defective hearing or vision, neglected sores, incipient disorders, forms of nervousness or physical mannerisms, are watched for, and, when found, they receive attention at once. St. Agnes' Hospital is situated two miles from the Home. The sisters, doctors, and nurses place all of their resources at the service of the children. It is not an uncommon sight to see the children being brought by twos or fours, as the case may be, to have sores treated and wounds dressed. Note is made of all ailments of more enduring nature, and, after the children leave the Home, the St. Vincent de Paul Society provides for their treatment at the City Hospital, which, too, places its resources at the disposition of the children.

Thus the physical feature of this charity is searching and wide awake. It takes in future as well as present, and consciously aims to remove every handicap to the self-sufficient usefulness of the children.

The social value of the Home is far from unimportant: here lessons of discipline, order, unselfishness, and self-control are learned under sympathetic circumstances. Thoughtfulness toward small children, friendly trust of those in authority, exact fulfilment of promises, are seen and lived out; the children are made to realize that loyalty and honor are expected of them, and, to their credit, the response is generous and direct. It is quite a triumph for government and order that an orchard in the midst of the playgrounds, clothed in all the tempting power of the apple, so far survived the visits of seven hundred children last summer as to have produced a good crop of apples in autumn. True enough, not a few incursions were made, but the self-control of the children was worthy of note, notwithstanding. Neatness in dress and appearance is insisted on, and such supplies of clothing as are necessary to that end are furnished without even a thought of economizing. A distinct dress is worn on Sundays and feast days, contributing in no small way to the joy of the children.

There are many educational advantages for the children. They have opportunity for much observation and curious questioning. They are taken in small groups among trees, vines, growing vegetables, and are instructed concerning their nature and uses. For the first time, many of them see a cow or growing corn or potatoes. The instruction that is given is combined with free and easy observation, and without the formality that often tends to repel the young.

During the early days of the visit of a band of children, those whose spiritual and moral training has been most neglected are gradually combined into small groups, and they receive particular attention. Instruction is given in prayer, in rudiments of religion, and those who are capable are prepared for first confession. Older children may go to the sacraments if they wish it, but the matter is left entirely to their discretion. Instruction is given mainly by the sisters, out of doors and informally.

An interesting accessory feature of the work is found in the aid that can, at times, be furnished to the families of the children. If any information comes to those in charge concerning distress at home, the local conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society is notified at once. When in this way the Society has established friendly personal relations with the family, the latter is benefitted greatly.

Fortunately the value of such a work extends far beyond the children. Enjoying, as it does, the blessing of the Holy Father, the Cardinal, and of the clergy of Baltimore, the Home has been a focus for the Catholic forces of the city. It has become an object of pride and interest to parishes, societies, communities. It has co-ordinated them and has awakened a consciousness of power and a sense of duty to the poor which promise well for Catholic life. As the movement develops, and it surely will, wisdom will be accumulated and the scope of the work will widen, while methods will improve. In the hope of furthering the progress of this manner of caring for the children, such general features of the Baltimore work as might serve for guidance generally or for suggestion have been described.

Many of the problems in the fresh air work in general are set aside in Catholic work on account of the personal relations existing between the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and the poor families from which the children come. Furthermore, a number of the children in each band are accustomed to the sisters in the schoolroom, and hence an air of friendliness is established. Finally, the experience of the sisters with children equips them with such power that practically no new problem is presented in the Home. The matchless resources for helpful work possessed by Catholics makes it incumbent on us to perfect the work. Good will and knowledge are required to enable the Church to keep her honorable place in the history of this charity; splendid equipment and bountiful resources are already at command in every large city.

New Books.

THE INQUISITION.

The translator of M. Vacandard* has done a notable service by furnishing, in the English language, a much-needed counterpoise to Mr. Lea's *History of the Inquisition.* The misrepresentation of the Church in Mr. Lea's work consists not so much in the relation of facts as in putting the facts in a false perspective, and interpreting them from a wrong point of view. M. Vacandard is as frank as Mr. Lea himself in his account of the historical truth; but he insists that the procedure of the Inquisition and the ecclesiastical legislation are to be judged with reference to the motives of those who were responsible for them, and the standards of the age to which they belong. Unlike Mr. Lea, he distinguishes between the legitimate use and the occasional abuse of a principle; and, again, between the spirit of the Church and the aberrations from it on the part of individuals. Not indeed that he leaves any ground on which he may be accused of evading difficulties or disguising ugly realities. He is completely immune from what Cardinal Newman calls "that endemic perennial fidget which possesses certain historians about giving scandal." He prefers to incur the charge of not writing edifying history rather than commit the fault, tactical as well as moral, of ignoring or distorting truth. There are very few Catholic apologists, he writes, who feel inclined to boast of the annals of the Inquisition; but it is worse than useless to endeavor to defend it by reminding its assailants that Protestants and rationalists have also had their Inquisitions.

M. Vacandard goes back to the centuries preceding the introduction of coercion, and shows the repugnance expressed for such methods in the age of the Fathers, and even during the Manichean persecution in the early Middle Ages; he proceeds to trace how the principle of coercion was gradually introduced, partly through secular influence, especially owing to the revival of Roman law, and partly because of the fierce opposition generated by the anti-social tenets of the Cathari and Albigenses. For the introduction of torture he makes no defense, except to observe that, at first, ecclesiastics were forbidden to enter the torture chamber, under pain of incurring irregularity. The juridical principles of the legislation and the practical procedure are exposed and discussed; and, where he believes it necessary, M. Vacandard takes to task for inaccuracies his compatriot Mgr. Douais as readily as he does Mr. Lea.

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* *The Inquisition.* A Critical and Historical Study of the Coercive Power of the Church. By E. Vacandard. Translated from the second edition by Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Having brought to a close the exposition of history, with a sincerity which must have sometimes cost him a struggle, M. Vacandard sums up the case for the Church with masterly ability, and argues eloquently that, when all is said, she has not obtained justice from hostile writers, especially from Mr. Lea. The Inquisition, established to judge heretics, is an institution whose severity and cruelty are explained by the manners of the age. Such judicial forms as the secrecy of the trial, the prosecution carried on independently of the prisoner, the denial of advocate and defense, the use of torture, were, certainly, despotic and barbarous. The Church, in a measure, felt this, for she fell back on the secular arm to enforce these laws. The system which she adopted succeeded, at least to a measurable extent. To-day we have higher ideals of social justice; in social questions the Church ordinarily progresses with the march of civilization. It is false to say that, while in the beginning she insisted strongly on the rights of conscience, she afterwards totally disregarded them—"In fact she exercised constraint only over her own stray children. But while she acted so cruelly towards them, she never ceased to respect the consciences of those outside her fold. She always interpreted the *compelle intrare* to imply, with regard to unbelievers, moral constraint, and the means of gentleness and persuasion. If respect for human liberty is to-day dominant in the thinking world it is due chiefly to her." "And if," is the last word of M. Vacandard, "to-day she manifests to every one signs of her maternal kindness, and lays aside forever all physical constraint, she is not following the example of non-Catholics, but merely taking up again the interrupted tradition of her early Fathers."

The translation is in idiomatic English which preserves the lucidity and strength of M. Vacandard's attractive style; and the translator has not shirked the laborious duty of reproducing fully and accurately the innumerable references and footnotes of the original.

PARERGA.

Once more Canon Sheehan gives us a welcome invitation * to share his company before the cosy fireside, while the wintry storm is howling outside; to walk abroad with him as the lark is singing aloft or the russet-clad maiden is shaking the leaves from the trees; and, if we follow him, as who shall not, on this sentimental journey, we shall have made not alone a *voyage autour de son chambre*, but also wide excursions into many lands which bards in fealty to Apollo hold. Imagination and feeling, literary criticism, moralizing on the mystery of things, keen but kindly observation of human nature, flow in an unstinted tide from this charming philosopher, as he flits from topic to topic with a sweep that embraces heterogeneity itself. But though the subjects vary indefinitely, they are reflected in the same idealizing mirror of the writer's mind. And of that mind the most insistent categories are a contempt for modern materialistic standards; a Solomon-like preference—Solomon's preference, by the way, seems to have been strictly theoretical—for the house of mourning over the house of laughter; a sense of the fact that the key to the world-riddle is kept by the spectre that holds the key to all the creeds; finally, that the flying years bring with them disillusionment—and resignation. The pervading spirit of the Canon's judgment of life is not optimistic. Why in the world should it be? he would probably reply. Though in one place he designates as petty the philosophy of the passage, "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day," etc., it is significant that the pessimistic speech of Scotland's fiend intrudes itself about half a dozen times upon our notice, as we accompany our entertaining and instructive guide through his reveries and reflections.

STUDIES IN ANCIENT RELIGIONS.
By W. S. Lilly.

In riper quality, and with more mellow sympathy, Mr. Lilly presents, or re-presents in his latest volume a good deal of the material which, nearly a quarter of a century ago, he published in his *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought*. Other portions of the present work have already appeared in leading reviews.* Two articles, "The Sacred Books of the East," and "The Message of Buddhism to the Western World," evince a high regard for what is of truth in the secular oriental religions. A still higher appreciation of Mohammedan asceticism marks "The Saints of Islam." In fact, a quotation which Mr. Lilly makes from Cardinal Newman might be taken to indicate the spirit in which Mr. Lilly discusses ethnic religions: "Revelation, properly speaking, is a universal, not a partial gift. It would seem that there is something true, and divinely revealed in every religion, all over the earth; overloaded as it may be, and at times even stifled by the impieties which the corrupt will and understanding of men have incorporated with it." In an ingenious—perhaps too ingenious to be quite convincing—comparison between the doctrine of Buddha and the philosophy of Kant, Mr. Lilly finds between the teachings of these sages seven "very striking parallels," and some salient differences no less "striking and significant." Scarcely in conformity with the title of the volume, but none the less valuable for that, are two essays treating respectively of the influence of Spinoza's pantheism and Schopenhauer's pessimism on contemporary thought. The last essay in the collection, an attack on Professor Pfleiderer's view of Christianity and Christ, is, more than any of the others, in the old slashing and (with apologies to Dr. Barry) "peremptory" style which characterized Mr. Lilly's pen in the days when it did sturdy service against Spencer and positivism.

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* *Parerga*. A Companion Volume to *Under the Cedars and the Stars*. By Canon Sheehan, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

IRISH RAMBLES.
By Bulfin.

If you would desire to know how a trip through Ireland ought to be made, in contradistinction to how it is too frequently made by visitors from this side of the water, read Mr. Bulfin's account of his rambles.† To be sure, those who would undertake to follow in his track—we cannot say footsteps—must possess a constitution that laughs at a drenching, and muscles to push a bicycle up hill and down dale over the well-made Irish roads through every county from Cork to Derry. But even the decadents who are condemned to depend upon the railroad and the jaunting car will find a treasure of suggestions in Mr. Bulfin's pages.

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* *Many Mansions.* Being Studies in Ancient Religion and Modern Thought. By W. S. Lilly. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Rambles in Erinne.* By William Bulfin. New York: Benziger Brothers.

A sojourner in a hundred cities and the South American pampas, without having lost his Irish patriotism and rollicking love of fight and fun, Mr. Bulfin saw Ireland "with larger, other eyes," in which, however, remained a keen sight for the picturesqueness of the land, and for the distinctive traits, good and not so good, of Irish character. He mingled with all sorts of people, took "pot luck" with country folk, and spoke out his mind, which has a decidedly anti-British bias, and a horror of "Shoneenism," whether in the jarvey's seat or the convent school, whenever occasion offered. A respectable knowledge of Irish history enables him to comment engagingly on the places that he passes; and his journalistic training is seen in the skill with which he makes the most of every incident or character that he encounters in his extensive tour.

REGINA PŒTARUM.

A bouquet of exquisite perfume for our Lady in her month of May is this collection of poems, selected from a wide range among the English poets.* The compiler has gathered from Sir John Beaumont, Rowlands, Constable, of the sixteenth century, from Crashaw, Reeve, and Henry Vaughan, in the seventeenth; and the solitary gem of the eighteenth is Mrs. Hemans' sweet poem, "The Italian Girl's Hymn to the Virgin." The nineteenth century is represented worthily by well-known names, among them, Gerald Griffin, the two Rossettis, Coventry Patmore, Aubrey de Vere, Lionel Johnson, and D. F. McCarthy. Contemporary poetry, too, contributes about twenty-four pieces that deserve the honor of inclusion in such distinguished company. The order of arrangement is that of the events of our Lady's life, beginning with the Annunciation. A few pieces are from foreign sources, one being from a pen which few people would associate with the praise of the Blessed Virgin—that of Henri Rochefort. Three from Francis Thompson afford some characteristic instances of deep pathos wedded to an airy, almost sprightly musical rhythm, and ingenious though not overwrought fancy in the thought. As an example, we might cite two verses from "The Passion of Mary":

"The soldier struck a triple stroke
That smote thy Jesus on the tree;
He broke the Heart of hearts, and broke
The saint's and Mother's heart in thee.

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* *Regina Pœtarum.* By the Hon. Alison Stourton. New York: Benziger Brothers.

"Thy Son went up the Angels' ways,
His passion ended; but, ah, me!
Thou found'st the road of other days
A longer way of Calvary."

It may interest American readers to know that the lady who has compiled the present anthology, and another published some time ago, entitled, *Our Lady's Book of Days*, is a daughter of Lord Mowbray and Stourton, whose title dates back to the thirteenth century.

VERSE.
By Eleanor Donnelly.

Miss Donnelly's very numerous admirers are certain to welcome a new volume from her pen. *The Secret of the Statue** draws from a wide variety of subject-matter—patriotic, classical, meditative, legendary, and religious—in which two latter fields the author may be said to reach her happiest and highest achievement. The "Madonna of the Rose," for instance, and "Per Dominum Nostrum Jesum Christum," are full of charm and tenderness; while the "Doom Crys," and nearly all of the varied narrative pieces, are admirably compressed and spirited.

The selections in this present volume are by no means uniform in poetic excellence; and verse upon such subjects as "malaria" or the "mosquito song" of unlovely memory, seems to us of very doubtful felicity. But Miss Donnelly may be counted upon to bring vivacity, a quick and graceful fancy, and a wholesome spirituality into all of her work. The poems now before us—several of which have already appeared in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the *Irish Monthly*, *Donahoe's*, and the *Rosary Magazine*—prove her (as always) the possessor of humor, deep sentiment, and that delectable if dangerous gift, facility.

CONVERTS TO ROME.

Another Roll Call of about three thousand names is a list of distinguished converts to the Catholic faith in America.† As the compiler declares, the list is not exhaustive, though it must have called forth a great deal of industrious inquiry for its compilation; and, doubtless, its appearance will prove a means for acquiring further information that will be available for another and enlarged edition. The list goes back about a century, and does not indicate whether the persons named are living or dead. On perusing the book, one is prompted to wonder what has been the standard employed to discriminate between the distinguished and the undistinguished. An interesting feature is a table of statistics prefixed to the list. Among the converts are: 1 Anglican bishop; 372 Protestant clergymen; 3 Jewish rabbis; 1 Founder of an Anglican religious order; 25 members of Anglican religious orders; 125 United States army officers; 45 United States senators and congressmen; 32 United States navy officers; 23 C. S. A. army officers; 12 governors of states; and 21 members of the diplomatic service. Of the converts, 4 have become archbishops; 4, bishops; 202, priests; 260, nuns. The tale of gains to the Church is a consolation, and an encouragement for those who labor for the conversion of America. It is in itself a strong apologetic argument for the truth of Catholicism. Yet this is a matter where we must not, through losing sight of proportions, allow ourselves to indulge in undue self-complacency. A not invidious critic in the Anglican *Lamp* observes: "The wonder about this list is not that there have been so many distinguished converts in America to Rome, but that the list is so small. When we take into account that there is a missionary army of over ten thousand Catholic priests, and something like one hundred thousand religious, and a Catholic population of over twelve millions, most of whom are zealous to make converts to the mightiest, the largest, and the most illustrious Church in Christendom, the wonder, I repeat, is not that Mr. O'Neill, after years of industrious census-taking, has been able to print in a book the names of 3,000 converts to Rome, a large percentage of whom cannot, strictly speaking, be called 'distinguished,' but that there should not have been at least twenty or thirty times that many."

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* *The Secret of the Statue.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

† *Distinguished Converts to Rome in America.* By D. J. Scannell-O'Neill. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Whatever may be the justice of this remark, one thing is certain, the achievement of the past is not, and will not be taken for an excuse to weary in well-doing. Incidentally, this critic proposes a very practical question, to which he gives an answer that is not quite so practical. "What," he asks, "should

Rome do to convert the non-Catholic majority of the American people to the faith and obedience of the successors of St. Peter?" His answer is: "In our humble judgment, the translation of the Latin Missal into English, and the use of the vernacular at all popular services, would do more to win back the Anglo-Saxon race to its ancient attachment to the Holy See than any other one thing that Rome could do?" It will be long yet before the event shall decide on the value of this opinion. Mr. O'Neill is to be thanked for having undertaken a task which must have brought to him, in the course of its execution, a plentiful crop of annoyances and disappointments, arising from the failure to respond on the part of many who might have afforded information.

THE PRIEST'S STUDIES. This title* inevitably recalls that of the late Father Hogan's well-known, forceful work. The resemblance between the titles may be taken as an index of the strong likeness which this one bears to the other in its general character. And that likeness is so pronounced that it might be interpreted as a proof of direct descent. There are, however, with the common family features, sufficiently distinct individual characteristics between the two to render Dr. Scannell's manual a valuable sequel to *Clerical Studies.* Father Hogan wrote primarily for young men in training for the priesthood, and for young priests who, conscious of being imperfectly equipped for their work, should desire to make up for their deficiencies. Dr. Scannell addresses himself to the priests who are bearing the heat and burden of the day in the pastorate; who, he observes, will not and ought not to pursue their studies in the same spirit which rightly inspired their work in the seminary. He says:

> All our priestly studies should rest upon and grow out of what we learnt long ago. But the spirit in which we study should be different. As boys and as young men we rightly sat at the feet of our teachers. A critical temper was by no means encouraged. Now that we have become men we put away childish things. We must now stand on our own feet and use our own judgment. One is glad at a conference to find a speaker quoting largely from the sayings and writings of his old professor; but it would be better still to find him

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* *The Priest's Studies.* By T. B. Scannell, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

> also thinking for himself. This is the proof that the priest is a real student. We should hold our teachers still in reverence, but always think for ourselves.

This thought may be taken to express the scope of Dr. Scannell's work; and, inasmuch as he has developed his instructions and counsels along this line, the book will prove for priests a real stimulant and a helpful guide to steady, systematic, and profitable reading. It is a common case that a priest, conscious of his needs, and desirous of devoting his spare time to studious work, can think of no other plan than to take down his old text-books and "review his theology." The result of this second ploughing is that he seldom goes as far down as he did in his seminary days; no new interest encourages him; he finds this recooking of old knowledge, to vary the metaphor, stale, flat, and, usually unprofitable; so that the dismal occupation is soon relinquished, with no great gain to the well-meaning victim except a livelier appreciation of the Scriptural verdict that much study is an affliction of the spirit.

Dr. Scannell outlines a broad, large, liberal scheme of reading, the fruit of which is not alone the acquisition of professional knowledge, but also the culture of a gentleman. The programme embraces not only the strictly ecclesiastical subjects—Scripture, Patrology, Theology, dogmatic, moral, and ascetic, Liturgy, and Church History—but also Art, Science, Literature, and Secular History. In each of these departments he suggests, with critical comment, a number of the most profitable works; and, it may be said, that the bibliography shows its compiler to be conscious that the world is moving. To mention another merit of this work, it is written not from the view-point of the academic or seminary closet, but from that of the man who, besides being a thorough scholar, is personally acquainted with the conditions that surround the busy priest on the mission. A passage in proof of its practical character:

> We are often asked questions in our ordinary intercourse with our flocks. They consult us on difficult problems of faith and morals, and expect us to be able to give them a solution off-hand. Every priest must have had painful experience of his failures in this respect. He is often tempted to hazard an opinion when he is but too conscious of his ignorance. It is only the really learned man who can afford to say

> that he will look the matter up. Again in these days of frequent conversions we may often have to meet the queries of highly intelligent seekers after truth. It may be a wise plan, but it certainly is a humiliating one, to have to refer them to Georgetown or Farm Street.

Many of the critical appreciations of authors recommended solicit citation; but enough has been said to induce any one desirous of improving the golden sands to consult this excellent manual for himself.

CATHOLIC MARYLAND. The historian of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal,* issues the documents to illustrate the text, nominally Part I. of Vol. I. They form, in fact, a large volume in themselves, which, even more eloquently than the first volume of the text, testifies to the laborious, painstaking industry which Father Hughes has devoted to his great task. The documents are arranged in three sections. The first embraces those which correspond to the first volume of the text, and consequently covers all that regards the controversy between Cecilius, the second Lord Baltimore, and the Jesuits. The second section consists of nearly one hundred documents of various descriptions referring to Jesuit property in Maryland and Pennsylvania from 1633–1838. It constitutes a "documentary excursus, narrative and critical, on Jesuit property and its uses." The third section is made up of papers bearing on the dispute carried on in the early part of the last century between Mgr. Marechal, third Archbishop of Baltimore, and the Jesuits regarding both property and jurisdiction.

The washing of dirty linen in public is a process that can seldom be carried on with dignity, even by the most tactful of laundrymen—and there is a good deal of drapery here that is far from immaculate. Father Hughes does not flinch from his task of publishing all the pieces, for the reason that, "if we omitted them now, others in course of time would produce them. We have put them in their place here." There will be, we believe, a general concurrence in his remark that "it may prove a source of satisfaction that so much of their contentious matter is decorously draped in the garb of foreign languages."

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* *The History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal.* By T. Hughes, S.J. Documents Vol. I., Part I. Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Company; New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Father Hughes leaves nothing undone to make sure that the washing shall not result in any added lustre to the character of Lord Baltimore, whose reputation he so fiercely assailed in the text. The founder of religious liberty in Maryland is held up to obloquy as an unscrupulous, self-seeking plotter; a plunderer of the Church; a "so-called Catholic landlord"; a liar and a robber. This is a hard saying; American Catholics will require Father Hughes' data to be thoroughly and impartially scrutinized before they will be ready to acquiesce in the conclusions which he draws.

Look on that picture and on this. One American Catholic, a Marylander and a priest, is already in the lists and touches Father Hughes' shield with the head of his lance. In his very interesting historical study just published,* Father Russell's special theme—which scarcely figures at all in Father Hughes' portly volume—is to claim for the founders of Maryland the honor of vindicating to Maryland "the peerless distinction of being, in modern times, the Land of Sanctuary," where the persecuted of every creed might find a peaceful home in which they could enjoy freedom of conscience. This achievement, so runs his pleading, was no haphazard result; but the guiding motive and resolutely pursued end of the Calverts in the founding and building up of the colony. "George Calvert and his son Cecilius were the first in modern times to design and establish an abiding sanctuary wherein those persecuted for conscience' sake might find a home. . . . The documents we have prove beyond doubt that religious liberty prevailed in Maryland from the beginning; that this policy was adopted voluntarily by Lord Baltimore, gladly accepted by his Catholic colonists, and faithfully adhered to both by Proprietary and people."

Father Russell has treated his subject with thoroughness and amplitude, from the foundation of the colony down to the time of the Revolution. He vigorously meets the charge—for which Senator Lodge, who ought to have known better, has lately stood sponsor—that no higher motive than self-interest prompted Baltimore to establish religious freedom; and the principles of Baltimore he proves to have prevailed as long as the Catholic *régime* lasted. The conduct of those who overthrew it stands out in very black colors on Father Russell's masterly canvas. He draws a striking picture of the contrast between the moral conditions of the colony in the Catholic and in the subsequent periods. One of the few criticisms that suggest themselves is that the value of his book would have lost nothing if he had been less unrelenting on this point; for anything that can by any ingenuity be twisted into evidence of a polemical basis necessarily detracts from the value of any historical study. There is, however, no ground for anybody to complain that Father Russell has not discharged his task in a spirit of fairness and courtesy; and that task is fulfilled in a fashion which leaves nothing to be done by any one in the future.

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* *Maryland: The Land of Sanctuary.* A History of Religious Toleration in Maryland from the First Settlement until the American Revolution. By William T. Russell. Baltimore: Furst Company.

But we had almost forgotten the companion to Father Hughes' portrait of Cecilius Calvert. Though Father Russell takes every opportunity that offers—and they are innumerable—to commemorate the splendid work and character of the Maryland Jesuits, and repudiates, in their behalf, the old charge that they opposed Baltimore because he maintained toleration, our author will not at all admit that the members of the Society were entirely in the right, and their adversary in the wrong. His contention is that the Jesuits looked for privileges such as the clergy enjoyed in old countries where Catholicism was established; that, with boundless devotion and self-sacrifice for the work of religion, they were, nevertheless, unable to share or understand the far-seeing policy of Baltimore, who perceived that "the time was come when the religious and political conditions of the world demanded religious freedom." As for Baltimore's character, we may quote the closing passage of the summary. After pointing out that Baltimore remained a Catholic when he had nothing to gain, in a worldly sense, and everything to lose by so doing; that when his enemies attacked him for fostering and patronizing Jesuits; when those whom he protected were leagued with his enemies; Father Russell writes:

> A man who under such conditions had the courage, the heroic courage, to defy all opposition and to stand before a

> persecuting world a professed Catholic, needs no apologist. His Catholicity cannot be impugned. The invincible logic of such an unquestionable fact cannot be obscured, much less smothered, under any amount of musty documents, raked out of holes and corners, fragmentary, dove-tailed, and heaped up. Cecilius Calvert was a Catholic, a genuine Catholic, a self-sacrificing Catholic, explain the rest as we may.

Father Russell is careful to give his authorities and sources at every step; and has attached to his work a copious set of appendices. One who had no other grounds for his opinion than the work itself would infer that it was the product of a professional student rather than of a man actively engaged in the onerous labors of a large parish.

DEFENSE OF THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS.
By Henry VIII., King of England.

Of the strange vicissitudes which history registers, none is more suggestive of the phrase "the irony of fate," than that associated with the famous doctrinal treatise on the sacraments, written by, or ascribed to, the royal theologian, Henry VIII.* It contains a vigorous defense of the Real Presence and of the indissolubility of marriage; it was addressed, with profuse expression of filial obedience and loyalty, to the Pope as the Vicegerent of God on earth; and was submitted to his judgment. In return, Leo X., after expressing his high esteem for the author and his work, declares:

> Having found in this book most admirable doctrine, we thank God, and beg you to enlist like workers. We the true successor of St. Peter, presiding in this Holy See, from whence all dignities and titles have their source, have with our brethren maturely deliberated on these things; and with one consent unanimously decreed to bestow on your Majesty this title, namely: "Defender of the Faith."

When the present King of England, as successor of Henry, assumed that title among the others, he took the coronation oath, which denounces the doctrine of Transubstantiation as abominable idolatry.

Several editions of the text and of English versions were published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but copies have become exceedingly scarce. Hence the editor of the present edition—who has done his work in a thorough fashion—is to be thanked for bringing into public notice a book that, independent of its intrinsic theological merits, which though respectable, are not of the first order, has an intense historical interest. Its present controversial value lies less in its defense of the sacraments than in the indirect but powerful witness it bears to the historic subordination of the English Church to the Roman See.

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* *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum.* By Henry VIII., King of England. Re-edited, with Introduction, by Rev. Louis O'Donovan, S.T.L. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This edition contains the Latin text and the English translation taken from an old edition, the date of which is not exactly known. To these the editor has added a brief synopsis of the "Assertio"; an historical and critical account of its origin and results; the oration of the king's agent, who presented it to Leo X.; the correspondence which passed on the occasion of it between Henry and the Pope; the Papal Bull conferring on Henry the title of Defender of the Faith; and a brief discussion of the question whether that title was meant by its donor to be hereditary. The abundance of references and the full bibliography which the editor gives us indicate that the book is the fruit of intelligent and extensive study.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE FAR EAST.

A preceding number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD noticed the remarkable study of M. Joly on the history of Catholic Missions in India, Indo-China, China, and Corea. The writer found that after long efforts, extending through centuries of successive generations of truly apostolic men, the net results have been very inadequate. The reason why the Church has never become thoroughly planted among these immense populations—so ran his verdict—is that a native hierarchy was never established, and Catholicism, in the eyes of the native races, never divested itself of the suspicion that it was primarily an instrument of European conquest. The Canon has completed his study with a volume on Japan.* There, too, like causes produced like effects. Such is the inference with which he sums up a complete, methodical, fascinating history of Japanese missions, from the arrival of the apostle, St. Francis Xavier, to the visit of Archbishop O'Connell. Japan was a fair field for apostolic zeal. Nowhere in the world did converts prove themselves more heroically loyal. The Canon relates the wonderful fact regarding the natives who came from the interior to meet the Catholic priests, when, after two hundred years of exclusion, missionaries were again allowed to enter the country in 1865. Fifteen thousand descendants of the people converted in the early part of the seventeenth century were found to have preserved the faith for which their fathers died. How they did it, without priesthood, without sacraments, subject to the constant surveillance of a hostile government, is a mystery of grace. That, under these circumstances, the faith was preserved by so many, M. Joly considers to be a peremptory proof that, had a native episcopate and clergy been established the seed sown by St. Francis Xavier and the later missionaries would long ago have grown into a flourishing, extensive, Japanese Catholicism.

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* *Le Christianisme et l'Extrême Orient. II. Mission Catholique du Japan.* Par Chanoine Léon Joly. Paris: Lethielleux.

> After a meritorious, laborious apostolate, visibly blessed by God, to which we offer once more the homage of our profound admiration, the missionaries died in attestation of the truth which they preached. This is beautiful. But the Church of Japan died with them, because they had neglected before they died to hand on the torch of faith to valiant hands that were ready to receive it—and this will be eternally deplorable.

The same judgment is reached by another writer who knows his Japan, and surveys missionary Christianity from a standpoint other than that of M. Joly. The Anglican bishop of Tokio, in an essay which is not behind the work of Canon Joly in generous admiration for the zeal of our missionaries, expresses the view that Japan destroyed Catholicism within her borders because it wore the garb of a foreign institution, and therefore appeared to be a menace to national unity.

> When the foreign teachers were removed, and access to them closed, the descendants of the old Christians were dependent for all their knowledge on the ever-decreasing remnant of what had been orally taught from generation to generation. Even the formulæ such as that used in Baptism, being in a foreign language, became more and more mispronounced, and less and less understood, till probably to most it became nothing more than a charm of mystic value.

Speaking of the present situation the same writer says:

> In most ways the present methods of the Roman mission are admirable; for instance, their quietness, due in part, no doubt, to the unpopularity and suspicion due to their past history, and the foreign center of their Church; their poverty, their discipline, their persistence and ubiquity, without entering into controversy with other Christians. Or, again, their high-class boarding schools, in which parents feel their children to be morally safe; their care and use of the poor, their training of thousands of orphans and destitute in institutions where they imbibe Christian faith with their daily food. Their literature also is far more thorough and popular, and deals more effectively and rapidly with the religious and moral questions that the Japanese press is discussing than that of any other body.

This excerpt is taken from a book * that is well worth study by those among ourselves—happily, thanks to our recently acquired responsibilities in Porto Rico and the Philippines, a growing class—who are interested in the spread of Catholicism in the foreign missionary field. The book consists of a series of essays, by conspicuous Anglican missionaries, on the conditions which confront them in Japan, China, India, the South Pacific, and among the negro race. The editor contributes an introductory paper in which he makes a psychological analysis of English character in contrast with that of the Oriental, and of the relation of the national character to the national Church. All the essays converge on that insoluble practical problem, How to make that Church universal which, to support its claim to existence, is driven to prove itself local and national. The good bishop in the process of demonstrating that the English race is constitutionally opposed to Roman Catholicism cannot permit himself to look very far back in the history of his country. He says: "The Church of our race, for example, will never accept the materialization of fancy in the Latin Church, as in the dogmas about the intermediate state, or the Assumption of the Virgin." But do not Anglicans claim that the Church of England of to-day is the Church of the pre-Reformation times? And the Church of the pre-Reformation times,

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* *Mankind and the Church.* Being an attempt to estimate the contribution of Great Races to the fullness of the Church of God. By Seven Bishops. Edited with an Introduction by Right Rev. H. H. Montgomery, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

when, we suppose, the Englishman was as genuine an Englishman as is the Englishman of to-day, did accept "the dogma about the intermediate state" and the other dogmas of the Roman Church.

Another volume of essays similar in scope to the above, *Church and the Empire,** shows, at once, the earnest labor which representative men of the English Church are devoting to evolve some sort of bond between the home institution and those of the colonies; and the difficulties of the task, which throw into the shade those that beset the promoters of Imperial federation.

PRINCESS NADINE.
By Christian Reid.

That strong novels of "high society" as it is to-day can still be written without offensive uncleanness or tedious psychologizing is proved by this story of Christian Reid's.† The heroine is the daughter of a Russian prince and granddaughter of a California miner who amassed an immense fortune. Princess Nadine, shortly after the story opens, becomes engaged to a Serene Highness, who is, under Russian auspices, a candidate for a petty throne in the Balkan States. Her grandmother is a type of the title-hunting American women of the plutocracy. A young cousin of Princess Nadine is involved in anarchistic schemes; and brings the Russian secret service into the plot. Nadine has another admirer, a Spanish-American dictator, who is the strong man of the story. The princess finds occasion to test whether her princely lover is disinterested; and shows herself a sterling woman, while he proves counterfeit. Her character is the artistic merit of the story.

THE GREAT SECRET.
By Oppenheim.

Although one cannot cease to protest against the utter improbability of the general plot and many situations of this story,‡ nevertheless curiosity is aroused from the first and carries us along to the finish, just to find what is the great secret on account of which an Englishman is pursued by the murderous emissaries of a Continental Government, among whom is a young American woman who, for the old, old reason, changes sides before the denouement. In what class is this novel to be placed? Well, the high-class detective genre; where none of the pursuers or pursued, however, display any of the Sherlock Holmes powers of inference and scientific analysis of facts.

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* *Church and Empire.* A Series of Essays on the Responsibilities of Empire. Edited by Rev. John Ellison, M.A., and the Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Princess Nadine* By Christian Reid. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons

‡ *The Great Secret.* By E. Phillip Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

LIFE OF ST. JEROME.

The Life of St. Jerome,* by Fray José de Sigüenza, which has been translated into English by one of his compatriots, long enjoyed a high place in Spanish literature for the purity of its style. The author was considered the most learned Spanish ecclesiastic of his day. No less a personage than Philip II. said of him, to a circle of his ministers: "Why fatigue yourselves recounting what he is and what he knows? Better state what José de Sigüenza does not know, and you will end the discussion sooner." The work, which fills nearly seven hundred pages, is cast in the stately, methodical form dear to the scholarship of those days when the writer loved to ransack the learning of the ancient world to enforce an argument with historical or mythological illustration. The writer has missed nothing that, in his days, was known of St. Jerome; and, as he proceeds through the long life, which —with eloquent apologies for so doing—he divides into *Seven Ages*, he abounds on almost every point in digressions, which are full of spiritual wisdom, mingled, here and there, with quaint ideas, such as the sacredness of the number seven, the mysterious character of the grand climacteric 81, or 3x3x3x3 (the age which Jerome attained), that have long lost their ancient prestige.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

The first and second volumes of a projected complete course of Thomistic philosophy, by a Dutch Dominican, possess the qualities proper to a good text-book.† It has order, lucidity of arrangement, clearness and simplicity of language; and the scale of treatment is a just medium between over-minute diffuseness and insufficient development. Thoroughly Thomistic in doctrine and rigorously scholastic in form, these two volumes, one on Logic and the other on Cosmology, wear a pleasing air of, to borrow a French phrase for which we have no exact equivalent, *actualite.* Father Hugon aims at bringing traditional doctrine to bear upon the thought of the day. Students are introduced to names which figure in contemporary thought, and, if their professor supports the initiative of the author, they will acquire that very necessary, yet too often conspicuously lacking element of a proper course in philosophy—a clear perception of the form in which the unbelief of to-day lays its strategic lines.

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* *The Life of St. Jerome, the Great Doctor of the Church, in Six Books.* From the original Spanish of Fray José de Sigüenza (1593). By Mariana Monteiro. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Philosophia Naturalis.* Pars Prima: Cosmologia, I. Logica, II. Auctore R. P. E. Hugon, O.P. Paris: Lethielleux.

The third volume, or rather the second part of it, of the Cursus Philosophiæ of Father Hickey,* the Irish Cistercian, embraces Ethics. The treatment is in the traditional method, and is fairly proportioned to the division of a three years' course of philosophy. The author pursues the commendable practice of giving copious citations, in footnotes, from English writers; but the circle in which he confines himself is not very extensive. Both Father Hugon and Father Hickey would have conferred a further favor on their prospective readers by adding a well-constructed index.

In *La Notion de la Verite,*† which originally appeared as articles in the *Études*, M. Tonquédec refutes the opinions of MM. Le Roy, Wilbois, and other advocates of the new philosophy regarding the nature of truth, philosophic and religious.

Taking as his text those propositions in the recent Syllabus which refer to the divinity of our Lord, M. Lepin opposes to the conclusions of Abbé Loisy the true portrait of Christ in the Gospels. The discussion forms only a small, but a remarkably compendious volume,‡ which establishes the following conclusions: From the beginning, Jesus was conscious of being the

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* *Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ.* Vol. III. Ethica. J. S. Hickey, O.Cist. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *La Notion de la Verite dans la Philosophie Nouvelle.* Par J. de Tonquédec. Paris: Beauchesne.

‡ *Christologie.* Par M. Lepin. Paris: Beauchesne.

Messias and He manifested His Messianic character throughout His ministry; he declared Himself to be the true Son of God, and God; in His humanity He possessed unlimited and infallible knowledge; by His death He became the Redeemer of mankind, as He had foretold He should do; finally, after being buried, He arose corporeally from the grave. The entire Gospel evidence on all these points is succinctly stated.

The subject-matter of the two publications just mentioned, are treated, with their surroundings, in the entire general question of Modernism by the Dominican Father Allo, professor in the University of Fribourg.* The work, he remarks, was composed before the appearance of the Encyclical, *Pascendi;* but no change was required to bring it into conformity with the Papal rulings. Of the innumerable writers who have been busy about the question, and the controversies which surround it, Father Allo is perhaps the one who most clearly presents the main elements of these controversies, and defends the orthodox position without overstating it.

In an introductory chapter he addresses himself to those Catholics who manifest a dread lest an inopportune diffusion of the indisputable results reached by orthodox critics may have injurious results. We must, he argues, convince ourselves that no truth is ever dangerous for those who understand it properly; and that men, *de conscience*, *de science*, *et de foi*, have the right to pursue their investigations boldly, provided they are guided by past decisions of authority and hold themselves ready to submit to such as may be made by the Church in the future. We must, he proceeds to show in his next chapter, be on our guard against the exclusivism which dreads lest historical and psychological methods, even if rightly pursued, may hurt our religious convictions. He criticises and combats in succession the position of MM. Le Roy, Blondel, Loisy, and Harnack, and distinguishes the true from the false theories of development. In conclusion, he essays to sketch "the pragmatic apologetic which we may, without tearing each other to pieces, and laying aside our speculative divergences, employ against unbelievers, who, too often, take us to be adepts of different religions having nothing in common but the badge of Catholics."

***Foi et Systèmes.* Par E. B. Allo, O.P. Paris: Librairie Bloud et Cie.

A protest which grows more and more emphatic is being voiced against the note of depravity so common in much of our popular fiction, and in many of our successful plays. Dr. Barry contributed to the October *Bookman* an article entitled: "The Fleshly School of Fiction"; and another article is given in the current *National*, entitled: "The Coming Censorship of Books of Fiction." No better example of the crying need of a strenuous crusade against the indecent in literature could be furnished than the latest play by D'Annunzio, entitled: "*La Nave*—The Ship." The *Avvenire d'Italia* denounces the play in unmeasured terms, and maintains that the author has managed, "in an extraordinarily skillful manner, in impregnating the whole work with a powerful undertone, a destructive, demoralising current of sensuality and unnerving, unmanning decadence, and the play is full of suggestion in its worst sense." D'Annunzio, it is said, spoke of the play as a Christian tragedy. Apropos of this, the London *Academy* adds: "Possibly D'Annunzio based this idea on the fact that his tragedy is rather blasphemously dedicated 'to God,' for the play has much of D'Annunzio, but remarkably little of Christ n it." "'The Ship,'" continues the *Academy*, "is reported as being under weigh for other countries, and doubtless once 'up anchor' she will visit our shores. We heartily wish she would remain where she is in her own port—*viz.*, in the Tiber, and take up her permanent anchorage, if exist she must, nearby her true sister-ship—*The Cloáca Massima.*"

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (29 Feb.): Another contribution in criticism of Socialism is given to prove that this theory it not in accord with the teachings of Christ or the early Christian Church.——Literary Notes makes an appeal for greater support, lay and clerical, of our Catholic press.

(7 March): The attempt at the secularization of Italian schools is said to have aroused the Catholics of Italy to some degree of activity in defense of their rights and in the improvement of their system.——A defense of Abbé Loisy by Freidrich von Hugel. The *Matin* interview quoted in the *Tablet* is declared to have been repudiated by Abbé Loisy, but his letter of protest was not published by that paper.

(14 March): Great praise is bestowed on the January number of the *Dublin Review* in the Literary Notes. ——Contains the text of the excommunication pronounced against Abbé Loisy.

The Month (March): In the second week of next September, a Eucharistic Congress will be held in London. During the past twenty-five years, no fewer than eighteen such conferences have been held in different Catholic centers. The object of the Eucharistic Congress is to draw men to a deeper and more solid love of the Holy Eucharist. ——"Do we neglect the Catholic press?" is the title of an article which depicts the Catholic attitude toward Catholic publications, as presented from a symposium by authoritative Catholic writers. French Catholics have neglected the press, and they are submerged beneath the tide of Secularism. The Catholics of Germany have maintained themselves, to a very great extent as a religious factor, through the agency of the press. English Catholics neither read nor propagate Catholic publications to the extent which might reasonably be expected. Our schools do not inculcate a tendency for select and beneficial reading.——The article entitled "Laicization of French Hospitals," presents a brief survey of the work accomplished by the different religious communities in the hospitals of France. The system at present in vogue is characterized by numberless abuses, originating, perhaps, in the three following causes: the inadequate salaries of the nurses; their wretched accommodations; and their insufficient number.——"What is Modernism? This article furnishes information concerning the Papal Encyclical on Modernism. The Pope appoints a judicial commission of Cardinals who, in turn, appoint a consultative commission of the best experts in the land. The tenets of Modernism are presented in all their relative bearings on philosophical and historical studies.

The National Review (April): "Episodes of the Month" deals with clandestine correspondence between the German Emperor and the British First Lord of the Admiralty. ——The first article, by H. W. Wilson, is a continuation of the same subject, and an appeal for an increased British Navy.——"The Coming Censorship of Fiction," by Basil Tozer, treats of the change for the worse that is coming over our modern novels, and the enormous financial success resulting from the circulation of the "fleshly" books of fiction, and the likelihood of the appointment of a public censor of fiction.——Alfred Mosley writes on the evils of dishonest corporation finance.——D. F. Lewis writes of the late French operations in Morocco, and expresses the hope that tranquillity and development will now, as a result of French rule, come to the country.

The Crucible (25 March): L. M. Leggatt advances "Fiction as a Power in Education." In support of this view the author states the need of awakening imagination in minds in process of formation. The novel is, at least, a fair counterbalance to the unwholesome newspaper.——"Hygiene and Temperance," is a summary of the movement for ameliorating unsanitary conditions. Children should be instructed in hygienic laws.——Margaret Fletcher comments on the "Woman Question." Two views are treated: one of "accepted Christian ethics"; the other of "those who wish to create a wholly new social order."

The Expository Times (March): The second volume of the *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels* is noticed in this number. The reviewer calls attention especially to Dr. Sanday's article on St. Paul, which he thinks has very great importance in view of what appears to be an impending controversy concerning Paul's part in the spreading of the Christian religion.——Mention is made of Dr. Drummond's *Studies in Christian Doctrine*, which is in reality a work on Systematic Theology.——Considerable space is given to Dr. Baljon's article "Contributions from the History of Religions to the New Testament," in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for January. The tendency of Dr. Baljon's views may be judged from the following: "The influence of strange religions upon primitive Christianity is not very important. . . . Above all things else, let the full light be concentrated upon the person of Jesus Christ, Who is the creator or rather the center of the religion that names itself after Him. If history in general cannot be understood without the significance of those exalted personalities who gave the impulse to any great movement, and who cannot be interpreted as mere products of their times, how much more does this apply to the sacred history of the origin of Christianity, in view of the person of Christ."

International Journal of Ethics (April): Prof. J. S. Mackenzie believes that the solution of the problem of moral instruction is to be found in the more thorough training of our teachers, the more careful differentiation of their work, and the more systematic organization of our schools.——"The Struggle for Existence in Relation to Morals and Religion," by Mabel Atkinson.——George H. Mead pleads for "The Philosophical Basis of Ethics": "It is interesting to compare the intellectual treatment which moral problems receive at the hands of the scientific investigator and the pulpit. In the latter there is at present no apparatus for investigation. Its function is not the intellectual one of finding out what in the new situation is right, but in inspiring to a right conduct which is supposed to be so plain that he who runs may read. The result has been that in the great moral issues of recent industrial history such as child labor, woman's labor, protection of machinery, the pulpit has been necessarily silent. It has not the means nor the technique for finding out what was the right thing to do. The science of hygiene threatens the universal issue of temperence, while we can look forward to the time when investigation may enable us to approach understandingly the prostitute and her trade, and change the social conditions which have made her possible instead of merely scourging an abstract sin."——"Wars and Labor Wars," by Waldo L. Cook.——"The Ethics of Nietzsche," by A. C. Pigon.——"Evolution and the Self-Realization Theory," by H. N. Wright.——"The Ethics of State Interference in the Domestic Relations," by Ray Madding McConnell.

The Hibbert Journal (April): G. Lowes Dickinson, writing of "Knowledge and Faith," maintains that "it is poets and musicians, not philosophers and theologians, who alone can give (for faith) an expression that is at once adequate and elastic." This view is supported by Prof. Frank Thilly in a contribution entitled "The World View of a Poet: Goethe's Philosophy."——"The Dualism of St. Augustine," by Paul E. More.——"British Exponents of Pragmatism," by Dr. E. B. M'Gilvary.——Prof. A. O. Lovejoy, now of Columbia University, writes of the "Religious Transition and Ethical Awakening in America."——Mgr. John S. Canon Vaughan emphasizes both the unity of the Catholic Church as an efficient organization for the promulgation of Christian doctrine, and the infallibility of the Pope in pronouncing *ex cathedra* Christ's teachings and divine truth.——"The Permanence of Personality" is argued affirmatively by Sir Oliver Lodge.——Mrs. H. F. Petersen, in writing of "An Agnostic's Consolation," says that "agnosticism possesses, in common with every faith, one sanction, most efficient of all—the knowledge of cause and effect, and of the mundane consequences of our actions."

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (March): E. J. Cullen, C.M., discussing the "Scriptures for the People," praises highly the work of the St. Jerome Society in spreading authentic copies of the Gospel among Italians, and mentions the two books of M. l'Abbé Lesêtre, *Les Clefs des Evangiles* and *L'Histoire Sainte*, as eminently adapted for popularizing Scriptural knowledge.——Very Rev. T. P. Gilmartin examines the development of the Mass Canon, with particular attention to the Epiclesis, or solemn invocation of the Holy Ghost.——As a help in the struggle against secularism, Rev. Thomas M'Geoy advocates the establishment of a branch of the C. Y. M. S. in every parish; this will give the priest an opportunity of meeting the younger element of his congregation and gaining their help and sympathy.

Le Correspondant (25 Feb.): Writing of the strained relations in Morocco, M. Dubois claims that at the bottom of all the trouble is Germany's passionate desire for commercial supremacy.——Geoffroy de Grandmaison contributes a short history of Napoleon in Spain, from November, 1808, to January, 1809.——P. Giguello gives an account of the help rendered to the deep-sea fishermen, by a society formed for that purpose in France.——Italian life and civilization during the Renaissance are treated of by André Chaumieux.——The apathetic and mistaken attitude of the French administration and people toward their colonies is the theme upon which Francis Mury writes.

(10 March): The life of Madame de Charmoisy, the "Philothea" of St. Francis de Sales' *Introduction to a Devout Life*, is contributed by A. Bordeaux.——An anonymous correspondent contributes a study of the French colonial army—its method of recruiting, etc.——Henri Brémond criticizes three recent works on de Lamennais.

Études (5 March): M. de Tonquédec offers a philosophical paper on the interpretation of order in the world. It is largely a discussion of M. Bergson's recent book, *Creative Evolution*, in which the writer argues for intelligent finality in the universe, as opposed to blind mechanism.——M. Cros writes on the apparition at Lourdes in March, 1858.——M. Eymieu continues the paper on "Habit and Self-Discipline."

(20 March): In an article on "The Revelation of the Son of God," M. Jules Lebreton takes up the history of the doctrine of the Trinity in the Old and New Testaments. The pre Christian evidences are weighed, in their relation to the Messianic hope culminating in the person of Christ.——M. Pillet examines the problem of peace among nations and the utility of the Conferences at the Hague.——M. Lucien Roure contributes a paper on "Scholastics and Modernists."——In an article on "Re-

ligious England" M. Joseph Boubée enumerates the personnel of Catholic leadership in England. He then discusses the prospects of legislation regarding the schools in England.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (15 March): M. Guignebert is taken to task for his rationalistic attitude towards the Catholic religion in general and towards the Old Testament in particular. According to his way of thinking, the three essential parts of the Catholic faith—dogmas, sacraments, and submission to the discipline of the Church—are difficult to accept. The inspiration, the Canon, and the history of the Old Testament, together with various texts and versions, he comments upon with severity. ——H. Ligeard concludes his series on the natural and supernatural as viewed by the scholastic theologians from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century.——Various questions regarding the rights and powers of a bishop in regard to condemning a journal are answered.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (8 March): Mgr. du Varoux, Bishop of Agen, writes of the relations of Church and political parties, giving a few practical suggestions as to what should be the attitude of Catholics in this regard.——A letter from Spain, by A. Castroviejo, treats of the progress made by the "Christian Democracy" in various parts of that country.——A paragraph commenting on the condemnation and suppression of the two journals, *La Justice Sociale* and *La Vie Catholique,* states that they were probably suppressed not because of their Democratic Christianity, but rather from lack of it.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (March): V. Ermoni regards the "Forms of Religion and the Classification of Religions." Christianity is unique among the religions to which the conscience of man has given expression, in that it satisfies absolutely and perfectly the aspirations and needs of man's soul. It is eternally fruitful, eternally supple and vital; Christianity shows a power of adaptability to all conditions of humanity, to all discoveries of science, to all the conquests of progress.——"St. Ambrose and Allegorical Exegesis," by P. de Labriolle.——"St. Epiphanius: Religious Knowledge," by J. Martin.——M. Lebreton offers some remarks in criticism of M. Laberthonnière's recent article "Dogma and Theology III., to which M. Laberthonnière answers with some warmth. He ventures that his position will be better understood when he has finished his articles on this question.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (14 March): H. Koch, S.J., in a paper "A New Middle Class," asks the question whether the growing class of salaried officials can replace the gradually decreasing class of independent traders and artisans. The class of salaried officials which forms the link between capitalists and common laborers should be strengthened by better legal rights and a more secure income.——V. Cathrein, S.J., begins a treatise on "The Question of Superintendence of Schools in Prussia," explains the different positions held, and whether or not this superintendence may be exercised by the clergy. ——Cl. Blume, S.J., in an article "Gregory the Great as a Composer of Hymns," takes issue with an article in the *Theologische Quartalschrift*, which urges that there are no grounds for declaring Gregory a poet. The writer proves, from Dublin manuscripts and from Gregory's relation to Ireland, that the "Hymns of the Week" must have been composed by Gregory.——K. Schlitz, S.J., considers, in a paper on "Pan-Americanism," the possibilities of a politically united America, and concludes that the economical relations of South America to Europe and Japan will probably prevent the realization of Pan-American ideals.

La Revue des Sciences Ecclésiastiques et La Science Catholique (Feb.): A life study of Pope Pius X., by M. l'Abbé Lourdeau, begun in the January issue, is continued.—— Chan. Gombault studies mystic states from the point of view of psycho-physiology.——The "Legal Form of Marriage," apropos of the recent decree "Ne Temere," by M. l'Abbé N. Rousseau.

La Civiltà Cattolica (7 March): "Public Education and Catechism" urges the study of Catechism in the Public Schools.——"The Solemn Greek Liturgy in the Vatican" —an account of the centenary of St. John Chrysostom in Rome.——"The Twilight of Roberto Ardigo." The eightieth birthday of this "Prince of Italian Positivists," gives occasion for an account of his life and works.

(2 March): "The Veto in the Conclave"—a review of Dr. Alexander Eisler's "Das Veto der Katholischen Staaten bei der Papstwahl."——"Modernistic Theology and the Vatican Council"—the acts and decrees of this council considered as bearing upon the theology of the Modernists.——"The Theatre in Italy"—a continuation of a former article.

La Scuola Cattolica (Feb.): "St. John Chrysostom," by Ferdinando Pogliani.——"F. S." examines some Modernist conceptions of biblical criticism as applied to the New Testament, and points out their error.——The "New Canonical Discipline Regarding Matrimony," by Angelo Nasoni.——"Research in the Cloister of Volterra near Gavirate," by Diego Sant' Ambrogio.——In a review of a recent book by J. Laminne, *La Théorie de l'Evolution*, which is a criticism of Spencer's *First Principles*, it is pointed out that while Spencer's agnosticism must be reprobated, there is much in his theory of evolution which is true.

Current Events.

France.

The French army still remains in Morocco, in the occupation of Casablanca, and in more or less frequent conflict with the tribes. While carefully refraining from an advance into the interior, a slight change has been made in the method of carrying on the desultory warfare that has for so long been going on. Hitherto, after the necessary castigation had been inflicted on the restless tribes, the troops used to return to their base. This was taken as an indication of weakness, and in consequence it has been decided to occupy temporarily the positions captured, even when they are at some little distance from the seacoast. This decision has not, as might have been expected, excited invidious criticism, for confidence is generally felt in the good faith of the declared policy of the government not to undertake anything like a conquest, or even a protectorate, of Morocco. The French people, moreover, would not tolerate any such adventure. The Act of Algeciras, legitimate French interests, the determination not to be supplanted by any other Power—these are the objects to the defense of which France, both government and people, has determined to limit her action. Within these limits, however, a firm resolution has been taken to act efficiently, and not to withdraw until they have been secured.

The Socialists, of whom M. Jaurès is the leader, have, in the Chamber, made a renewed attack upon the government; they were, however, defeated by a majority of 425 votes to 83. It would seem that M. Jaurès must be numbered among those, to be found everywhere, who are the friends of every country except their own. M. Jaurès charged the French soldiers with a ruthless massacre of women and children. This was altogether untrue; so far is it from being the case that the French are carrying on warfare with undue severity, that the Moors are astonished at their humanity. M. Jaurès' wish is that the appeasement of the country should be brought about by the creation of schools and of beneficent institutions, and that they should in this way be won over little by little to peace and civilization. This, doubtless, is highly commendable in the abstract; but, when people like the Moors have to be dealt with, harsher measures are necessary—at first at all events. The Moors were the aggressors, and have carried on the war like savages, in a way which is indescribable in these pages. The eyes of the wounded have been plucked out and living men have been thrown into the fire. M. Jaurès is a harsher critic of his own countrymen than the most hostile foreigner.

Very little progress is being made in France itself with the promised measures for social improvement. The scope of the Bill for pensions for old men and women has been restricted on account of the large expense involved, nor has it yet been finally adopted. The Income Tax Bill has been the subject of protracted discussions, and is still *in via.* An Amnesty Bill, the sixth of its kind since 1900, has passed through the Chamber with only five votes recorded as opposed to its passage. Why the nation should be so anxious to pardon breakers of the law it is somewhat difficult to see. Surely the laws are not unjust, nor is it the innocent, it is to be hoped, who have been convicted. The persons benefited by the present Bill are those who were convicted of resistance to lawful authority in what is now called the rebellion, which took place last year on account of the low price of wine in the Midi. Efforts were made to include the anti-militarists, anti-patriots, and the insubordinate civil agents who insisted on joining trade unions as well as those who took part in resisting the Separation Act and deserters from the Army. These attempts, however, did not succeed.

The conscience of the legislators has been roused—and none too soon—by the open sale of indecent literature which has gone on so long. A bill for the suppression of this abuse of liberty has passed both the House of Deputies and the Senate. The ministry of M. Clemenceau still remains in power; and, bad as it is, if it were to fall, it would very probably be supplanted by one more extreme. M. Combes is the most active aspirant to office, and is trying to organize an opposition for the purpose of supplanting the present holders. Too great zeal, on his part, however, has been the cause of a decisive set-back to his efforts, and, although the various groups which support the present Prime Minister are not very firmly united, there is no immediate prospect, so far as can be seen, of a change of government.

Some time ago the present representatives of France in the Assembly came to the conclusion that their services to the country were not adequately recompensed, and accordingly proceeded to raise their salaries, or indemnities as they are called, from eighteen hundred dollars a year to three thousand. They did this without consulting their constituents, and have had to undergo the mortification of being subjected to an emphatic condemnation because of the too high value which they have placed upon themselves. At every subsequent election clear condemnation has been pronounced. Everything that touches the purse is keenly felt. This sensitiveness is shown by the fact that the failure of a financial adventurer, although it was not for what we should look upon as a very large amount, was the cause of debate in the Assembly of Deputies. Members of the Chamber were said to be involved in the dishonest practices of the defaulter; even the course of justice, it was alleged, was being deflected to shield him. This, however, was indignantly denied by the Minister of Justice.

The proposal of the government to transfer the body of M. Zola to the Pantheon shows what kind of men it delights to honor. Although no one has pictured in a worse light the life of the people of France, or more cruelly slandered them, and in so doing vilified humanity itself and exploited unhesitatingly the misfortunes of his own country, the Chamber of Deputies voted the sum necessary for the translation by a majority of 356 votes. It was to the eloquence of M. Jaurès that this was largely due. What called forth this eloquence was the love of justice and of truth which was shown by M. Zola, particularly, he said, "in his famous article 'J'accuse.' Moreover, he was an optimist and a worshipper (strange to say) of humanity."

The time for presidents and princes to pay visits has returned. The German Emperor, on his way to Corfu, has met the King of Italy at Venice; President Fallières is to visit London in May and Stockholm in July, and then, it is reported, St. Petersburg. Nothing political, it is always said before they take place, is involved in these visits; but afterwards it is equally invariably found that more or less important decisions have been made. The visit of the French President to London is on account of the Anglo-French Exhibition which is to be held there as a consequence and as a symbol of the *entente cordiale*.

Germany.

The result of the meeting of the German Emperor and the King of Italy has been to reassure the latter that the proposed visit of the Emperor to Albania springs from the pure love of sport, and that it will not in any way interfere with the claim of Italy to be the heir of this part of the "Sick Man's" possessions. The Emperor's letters and visits cause no little apprehension in the minds of those who are in charge of the public interests of Europe. Since the question of Dr. Hill's transfer to Berlin has been raised, the public men of this country have had a like experience. His letter to Lord Tweedmouth may not have done much harm, but it certainly has done no good. The best appreciation of this occurrence is found in the *Times* correspondence from Vienna, giving the opinion of that capital. Direct unofficial communications between the head of a foreign State and any British minister—so it is declared—are incompatible with British constitutional principles and traditions. As constitutional government is a check upon the initiative of a monarch in regard to the affairs of his own State, so diplomacy is a kind of organized check upon the relations between the heads of States in international affairs. Both institutions are meant to serve as safeguards against arbitrary personal action. The Emperor William, whose temperament is characterized as mediæval rather than modern, by sending this letter broke through the salutary restrictions of diplomacy. He ought to have written to King Edward, and even then there would have been a departure from strict constitutional lines of law and order; for even Bismarck held that the monarch ought never to be seen without Ministerial raiment. The letter has not been published; but the fact of its having been written and answered cannot fail to have results we fear not favorable to the good relations of the two countries.

The proposed measure for expropriating Polish landowners having become law, the second of the reactionary bills of the government has been under discussion, but in this case, largely owing to the active opposition of the Radicals, who form an element in the *bloc* upon which Prince Bülow leans, an opposition which was supported by the Catholic Centre, a compromise has been made which brings the bill into closer accord with liberal views. Among the provisions of the Associations' Bill, as introduced, was included a clause which rendered it unlawful for any language except German to be used at a public meeting unless permission had been obtained. This was too hard a restriction, not merely for the Poles and the other nationalities within the Empire, but also for the Radicals. The alteration which has been made, excepts from the obligation of using German, international congresses and election meetings, and also provides that in those districts in which the indigenous inhabitants are of non-German origin, and constitute more than

60 per cent of the local population, the use of their mother-tongue is to be permitted at public meetings for the next 20 years, if notice is given to the police. After 1928 only German is to be spoken and, as a Berlin paper says, from that date those who cannot or will not speak German are to hold their tongues. Even as altered the bill deals harshly with the Poles who work in the mines of Westphalia. They form 10 per cent of the inhabitants of some districts, but 10 per cent is not 60 per cent, and they cannot use their own language at public meetings.

The regulation of Wall Street is desired by many reformers in our country. Some years ago the Bourse in Germany was subjected to a rather severe law, and when made in Germany laws are enforced. The consequences have not been pleasing to dealers in stocks and bonds. The irritating restrictions imposed by the law have made the Bourse chronically weak and apathetic, and have caused a general decline. The Liberals and the Radicals have induced the government to bring in a Bill to remove some of these restrictions; but the Catholics and the Conservatives, not being convinced of any good accruing to the State from the fights between bulls and bears, have joined hands in opposition to the proposed concessions, and have altered the Bill so effectually as, the supporters of it say, to render it worse than the existing law. A compromise has been made, however, but the fate of the Bill is still uncertain.

In a recent discussion upon the Colonies, a Catholic member ventured to say that colored people had souls. This provoked the legislators to roars of laughter, and not only the legislators but the members of the press in the reporters' gallery. It is only fair to state that it is a matter of controversy whether it was the thing said or the manner of the speaker which caused the laughter. However this may be, one of the colleagues of the speaker in the Centre, excited by the conduct of the reporters, had the temerity to style them pigs—"those pigs are at their usual tricks." Thereupon warfare broke out between the Press and the Reichstag. The reporters struck and refused to report the speeches of the members, until their outspoken critic should apologize. The speeches became short—the members of the Reichstag anxious. Like the members of other legislative bodies, they were not satisfied to address the immediate audience; it was the country and the world at large that they wished to enlighten. So pressure was brought to bear upon the user of the opprobrious epithet; he was compelled to apologize. The Press gained the victory over the Parliament.

Little has been heard of the movement of the Social Democrats of Prussia to obtain an extension of the franchise since what may be called the abortive demonstration of last January. The government has not yielded. In fact in the Reichstag Prince Bülow took an opportunity to make an attack upon the universal suffrage under which its members are elected. It was not right, he said, to treat it as sacrosanct, as if it were above the Deity and the country, the monarchy and the family, and everything else which the Socialists attacked. He doubted whether any other system attached so little importance to mature opinion, intelligence, or political experience. Only the most doctrinaire Socialists still regarded universal and direct suffrage as a fetish and as an infallible dogma. For his own part, he was no worshipper of idols, and did not believe in political dogmas. The welfare of a country did not depend, either in whole or in part, upon the form of its Constitution or of its franchise. Mecklenburg had no popular suffrage at all, and was better governed than Haiti, which could boast of possessing universal suffrage. Prince Bülow has, of course, the right to defend the opinions he holds on universal suffrage; but when the Chancellor of the Empire addresses to the Reichstag a criticism of this kind the question arises whether or not something practical is to come from such an address. It is easy to think that an effort to alter the existing franchise may possibly be in view. It certainly seems impossible that two such opposed systems as the Prussian and the Imperial can long continue to exist side by side. One must come up, or the other go down.

The long-looked-for financial proposals have at last been made public. They place upon the German people a large addition to an already heavy burden. In a time of peace it is found necessary to raise loans amounting to more than two hundred millions of dollars, the smaller part for the Empire, the larger part for Prussia. As in January a loan for some forty-five millions was raised for Prussia, a sum of more than two hundred and fifty millions has been added to the burden of public debt during the present year. The new loans are to pay 4 per cent and are issued at a fraction below par. The increase of the Navy, the expropriation of Poles, the extension of State railways, are the causes of the expenditure which requires this great additional burden.

Austria-Hungary.

How strange are the relations between Church and State in Austria has been revealed by certain proceedings with reference to a Professor of Canon Law at the State University of Innsbruck in the Tyrol. This professor made speeches and published a pamphlet which are of a blasphemous character. The Nuncio of the Holy See made representations to the Foreign Minister, without, however, making any definite request, in which he pointed out how incongruous it was for a professor of Canon Law to make attacks upon religious beliefs. Public opinion seemed to recognize this incongruity, but no sooner was it known that the Nuncio had intervened than a loud outcry was made. The Professorial Senate of the University of Vienna declared its inflexible resistance to all efforts to remove the Innsbruck professor, declaring that it was not necessary in order that Canon Law should be taught juridically that its teacher should believe in the Articles of Faith of any Church. The pupils of the professor seem to have been able to form a sounder judgment, for his colleagues have requested the pamphleteer to suspend his lectures, lest there should be disturbances.

The Kaiser passed through Austria on his way to Corfu without stopping; but a special visit to Vienna has been paid by his Chancellor. In many quarters the Triple Alliance, for reasons which it would take too long to discuss, is looked upon as moribund; but the wish is entertained, especially by Germany, to infuse into it more life, and with this wish opinion generally connects the advent of the Chancellor. The usual official assurances were given that the Prince had no special political object. Official assurances, however, are not always believed. Accordingly, the papers take no notice of the denial, and are convinced that very serious political discussions took place, and, as subsequent events indicate, not only discussions but decisions. A few days after the departure of the Chancellor, the British proposal for the appointment of a Governor of Macedonia was rejected by Austria. Of this we shall speak later.

The Universal Suffrage proposals for Hungary have been published in outline, but have not yet been introduced into the

Parliament. The treatment to be accorded to the non-Magyar races is so unfair that it is foreseen that those races will use every possible form of obstruction in order to defeat the plan of the government. To obviate this in advance the government, which owes its own existence to the success of obstruction that lasted for two years, has brought in a revised form of standing orders for the suppression of obstruction. Unfortunately obstruction can be used to prevent those standing orders being passed; and, as a matter of fact, has already been used for six weeks and, for aught we know, may still be going on. The conflict with Croatia still continues, the new Ban, as the governor is called, is using violence, and is suffering violence. The situation is, in fact, far from satisfactory.

Russia.

In the midst of so much that is discouraging some relief is to be found in the fact that the government has recognized, in one instance at least, the right of the *Duma* to criticize and to reject proposals laid before it. The question was about the Navy, the details of which are immaterial. The important point is that the government accepted the decision of the *Duma* and altered its proposals in submission, perhaps, to its vote. This is a step on the road of constitutional progress, and is a recognition of the right of the *Duma* to be something more than the registry of ministerial decisions. But as all depends on the autocrat's will, the right of course is very precarious.

In other respects the outlook is dark enough. Repression still holds sway, and very few days pass in which there are no outrages or executions. The prisons are full to overflowing. Thousands of men and women are being marched off every month to Siberia by administrative order, that is to say, without trial of any sort. The hardships which they suffer are beyond belief. The fact that three cents per day is all that the government grants for food is an indication of the treatment meted out to them.

The duel fought between General Fock and General Smirnoff, and the circumstances attending it, indicate how small has been the progress of Russia. There was no concealment; it took place in the riding-school of the Horse Guards; not only were officers of the army present, but several ladies graced the combat by their presence. The two combatants took their positions at twenty paces distance from each other without saluting. Shots were to be exchanged until first blood was drawn.

Another illustration of the Russian type of civilization is found in the rise of a new sect called "Joannity." Every one has heard of Father John, of Kronstadt, the holy priest whose blessing Russian Admirals went to seek before setting out to war. Many of the peasants have formed so high an idea of his sanctity, that they are teaching that he is the Messias, and great excitement has been caused by this preaching. It was, however, thought to be harmless until it was found that children were being kidnapped in order to be devoted to the service of Christ returned to earth. These children have been subjected to cruel treatment, made to rise at three in the morning, to sleep on the floor, to spend eight hours a day in devotion, bowing down to the earth hundreds of times, and fed with the worst kind of food. In process of time a woman was joined to the sect as an object of worship, this woman being said to be the mother of God. As is usual in such cases, grave irregularities became common, and then the police and the ecclesiastical authorities took measures to prevent the propaganda.

The Near East.

The affairs of Macedonia are becoming prominent in the negotiations which are being carried on by European diplomats. Macedonia forms a vivid example of the importance of what is called the European Concert. It has become almost a charnel house. Ten thousand murders out of a population of about one million and a half, with innumerable outrages and unlimited devastation, Europe and the Turk looking on—such is, without exaggeration, the scene presented by this wretched country during the past few years. Is it to go on forever? If left to the "Concert" we fear there is but little hope. The railways projected, if carried out, may open the country to intercourse and commerce; but they will not be made for several years, and the making of them depends upon the Sultan's *motu proprio.* The action of Austria in seeking permission to make a survey for a railway was thought by some to be equivalent to a dissolution of the co-operation heretofore existing between Austria and Russia. Great Britain then came forward with the proposal that a Governor of Macedonia should be appointed for a term of years; that he should have a free hand for that term, and to be irremovable without the consent of the Powers. The proposals included an extension of the judicial reforms which have been already attempted and a conversion of the *Gendarmerie.* On the other hand, the Powers were to guarantee the Sultan's right to rule over the country in its integrity. Soon after the publication of the British proposals Russia came forward with a scheme. This does not go so far as the British. It proposes to give to the existing Financial Commission an extension of its powers so that it may effectively supervise the administration of Macedonia. Austria, it is said, hesitates to go as far as is proposed by Russia, and *a fortiori* she could not be expected to accept the more thorough scheme proposed by Sir Edward Grey. So it is no surprise to learn that she has definitely rejected the English proposals. Whether the latter will be pressed or not the near future will reveal.

It is a great pity that just at this time England should lose one of her best-informed and most capable ambassadors. During the past month Sir Nicholas R. O'Conor, British ambassador at Constantinople, died in that city. Sir Nicholas Roderick O'Conor was born in County Roscommon, Ireland, in 1843. He was educated at Stonyhurst, and entered diplomatic service at the age of twenty-three. During his career he represented Great Britain at all the prominent embassies throughout the world. Sir Horace Rumbold gave him the friendly nickname of "Feargus" in allusion to the famous leader, Feargus O'Conor. The nickname stuck to Sir Nicholas through the whole course of his career. While acting *Charge d'Affaires* in Pekin, in 1883, he concluded an agreement respecting Tibet, and negotiated the Anglo-Chinese treaty regarding Burma. From 1892 to 1895 he served as British Minister to the Emperor of China and the King of Corea. Lord Curson in his *Problems of the Far East,* referring to the reception accorded to Sir Nicholas at Pekin, says "that it sufficiently indicated the rejoicing of the British community in the Far East at the appointment of a man who really knew both the country to which he was accredited and the business which he would have to transact." In 1897 he was created a G. C. B. and received the Diamond Jubilee Medal. At his funeral in Constantinople popular sympathy manifested itself in a way rarely seen in that capital. The Catholic Cathedral was filled to its utmost capacity, and the funeral was attended by the entire diplomatic body.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

FOR a period of eleven weeks the Catholic Summer-School will provide a varied programme of university extension studies at Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain. The report of the Committee on lectures, presented by the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., contains the following announcements:

First Week, June 29–July 3.—Lectures on historical episodes connected with the Tercentenary of Quebec: the appointment of the first Bishop of New York, and early founders of the Church in Philadelphia, by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., President of the Catholic Summer-School.

Second Week, July 6–10.—Five Round Table Talks describing scenes of travel among the Bretons and elsewhere, by A. Helene H. Magrath, of New York.

Evening Song Recitals by Mabelle Hanlyn McConnell, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Third Week, July 13–17.—Five morning lectures by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D. Subject: Studies in Modern Literature.

Evening lectures on the Chief Errors of Modernism, by the Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P., New York.

Fourth Week, July 20–24.—Five morning lectures by the Rev. Robert Schwickerath, S.J., Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. Subject: Education During the Renaissance Period.

Evening lectures on Some Rulers of the Orient, by the Rev. William L. Sullivan, C.S.P., Chicago. Gleanings from the Humorists, by William P. Oliver, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fifth Week, July 27–31.—Five morning lectures by the Rev. John B. Peterson, St. John's Seminary, Boston. Subject: Liturgical Origins—the Times, Places, and Material of Christian Worship.

Evening Song Recitals by Kathrine McGuckin Seigo, contralto, Philadelphia.

Sixth Week, August 3–7.—Five morning lectures by the Rev. Francis P. Duffy, D.D., St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y. Subject: Phases of Modern Materialism.

Evening lectures (August 3–4) on John Boyle O'Reilly—the Man and his Work, by Katharine E. Conway, of the Boston *Pilot.* The Irish Monks and their Services to Civilization, by the Rev. William M. Dwyer, S.T.B. (August 6–7), Syracuse, N. Y.

Seventh Week, August 10–14.—Five morning lectures by James J. Walsh, M.D., LL.D., Fordham University, New York. Subject: Some Evolution Presumptions.

Evening lectures (August 10–11) on Catholic Progress in Germany, by Charles G. Herbermann, LL.D., Editor-in-Chief of the Catholic Encyclopedia. Prosperity, Panics, and Hard Times (August 13–14), by Thomas F. Woodlock, New York.

Eighth Week, August 17–21.—Five morning lectures by Professor Alcee Fortier, Tulane University, New Orleans. Subject: The History and Literature of the Creoles.

Evening lectures on the Forces and Factors in American Industrial and Commercial Life, by Professor James C. Monaghan, Chicago.

Ninth Week, August 24–28.—Five morning lectures by the Rev. Herman J. Heuser, D.D., Editor of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, Philadelphia. Subject: The New Views and the Old Traditions About the Bible and its Contents.

Evening lectures on the Friends of Lafayette, illustrating social conditions in France, 1789–1808; Views of a Recent Trip to Alaska, by Lida Rose McCabe, New York.

Class talks for Sunday-School Teachers for one week (August 24-28), conducted by B. Ellen Burke, of the New York Training School for Catechists.

Tenth Week, August 31–September 4.—Five morning lectures by the Rev. Francis P. Siegfried, St. Charles' Seminary, Philadelphia. Subject: St. Thomas Aquinas versus Modernism.

Evening Song Recitals (August 31–September 1) by Eva Mylott, contralto, New York. Melodies from Dixie (September 3–4) by Elizabeth Pattee-Wallach, Philadelphia.

Eleventh Week, September 7–11.—Recitals with varied programmes and the musical drama of Hiawatha, by Professor Edward Abner Thompson, Brighton, Mass.

Round Table Talks for Reading Circles, August 9–10, at 11:45 A. M., by the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., Albany, N. Y.

Reading Circle Day, August 11. Meeting of Trustees, August 12, and unveiling of bronze Tablet in memory of the late Warren E. Mosher.

Round Table discussion of Catholic Educational Advancement, July 28, under the direction of the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P.

Ample provision is made for recreation by the athletic exercises and the social events on Saturday, Sunday, and Wednesday evenings. Children under twelve years of age will have a class of free hand gymnastics, combining Swedish and Delsarte movements, taught by Elizabeth Crotty, instructor at Mt. de Chantal Academy, Wheeling, W. Va.

Lessons in French by Madame Le Droit Thompson, Buffalo, N. Y.

Instruction in music by Professor Camille Zeckwer, Director of the Germantown Branch of the Philadelphia Musical Academy.

* * *

The following suggestive study course for the season 1907–8 was prepared by the Fenelon Reading Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y., under the general title of The Great Christian Epics:

Dante's Hell.—Dr. John Carlyle's Inferno in Prose; Hell, edited with translation and notes by Butler; Life of Dante—M. O. Oliphant; Cayley's translation with notes; Dante and His Early Biographies—Moore; The Ten Worlds of Dante.

Dante's Purgatory.—Leigh Hunt's Stories from Italian Poets; Dante's Life and Times—Balbo; Introduction to Study of Dante—Botta; Spiritual Sense of Dante—Harris; Napier's Florentine History; Study of Dante—Blow.

Dante's Paradise.—Paradise of Dante—C. M. Phillimore; Concordance of the Divina Commedia—Fay; Readings in Paradise of Dante—Vernon; Comments on the Divina Commedia—Ruskin; Dante and the Divine Comedy —Wright; Paradise, with tranlation and notes, by Butler.

Poema del Cid.—Poets and Poetry of Europe—Longfellow; History of Spanish Literature—Ticknor; Cid, Ballads, etc., translation by J. Y. Gibson; History of Spanish Literature—Clarke; Spain—De Amicis; Curiosities of Human Nature—Lockhart; Cid, the Campeador—Clarke; Spanish Literature—Fitzmaurice Kelly; The Cid—Corneille.

Klopstock's Messiah.—History of German Literature (translation)—Conybeare; Hours with German Classics—Hedge; Studies in German Literature (Lecture 8)—Taylor; Germany—Stael-Holstein; Loves of Poets (Klopstock and Meta)—Jameson.

Milton's Paradise Lost.—Biography of Milton—Anderson; Life of Milton—De Quincey; Account of Life, etc., of Milton—Keightley; Criticism of Milton's Paradise Lost—Addison; Remarks on Character of Milton. —Channing.

Milton's Paradise Regained.—Concordance to Works of Milton—Bradshaw; Lives of Famous Poets—Rossetti; Life in Poetry—Courthope; Essays in English Literature—Scherer; Handbook of Universal Literature—Botta.

Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.—Translations by Wiffen, Hooke, Fairfax, Hunt, Griffiths, etc.; Tasso—Alison in Essays; Lives of Italian Poets—Stebbing; Life of Tasso—Milman; Stories from Italian Poets—Hunt.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Old Mr. Davenant's Money. By Frances Powell. Pp. 328. Price $1.50. *Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism.* By Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D. Pp. 209. Price $1 net. *The Nun.* By René Bazin. Price $1.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:

Lord of the World. By Robert Hugh Benson. Pp. xxv.-352. Price $1.50.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:

The Life of Antonio Rosmini-Serbati. Translated from the Italian of the Rev. G. B. Pagani. Pp. xii.-491. Price $3 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Parerga. A Companion Volume to *Under the Cedars and the Stars.* By Canon Sheehan, D.D. Pp. 353. Price $1.60. *A Mind that Found Itself.* Price $1.50. *History of St. Vincent de Paul, Founder of the Congregation of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity.* By Mgr. Bougaud. Translated by the Rev. J. Brady, C.M. Pp. 416. Price $1.50. *The Dream of Gerontius.* By Cardinal Newman. New Edition, with photogravure portrait and other illustrations.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:

Humorous Hits and How to Hold an Audience. By G. Kleiser. Pp. xiii.-326. Price $1 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Regina Pœtarum; our Lady's Anthology. By the Hon. Alison Stourton. Price $1.50. *Common Sense Talks.* By Lady Amabel Kerr. *The Holy Gospel According to St. Mark.* Introduction and Notes. By Rev. C. Burns, M.A. Pp. 145. *Children of Light; and Other Stories.* By M. E. Francis. *Tommie and His Mates.* By David Bearne, S.J. *My Very Own; and Other Tales.* By S. M. Lyne. *The Condemnation of Pope Honorius.* By Dom John Chapman, O.S.B. *Social Questions and the Duty of Catholics.* By Charles S. Devon. *A Parable of a Pilgrim.* By Walter Hilton. *Infallibility and Tradition.* By the Rev. R. H. Benson. And a number of other pamphlets of the Catholic Truth Society. *The Mission Remembrance of the Redemptorist Fathers.* By Rev. P. Geiermann, C.SS.R. Price 50 cents. *For Frequent Communicants.* Price 15 cents. *The Presence of God.* By Brother Laurence. *Spiritual Maxims and Gathered Thoughts.* By Brother Laurence. *The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes.* By Mgr. Duchesne. Translated by Arnold Harris Mathew (*De jure* Earl of Landaff). Price $2. *The Catholic Church, the Renaissance, and Protestantism.* By Alfred Baudrillart. Translated by Mrs. Philip Gibbs. Price $2. *Althea; or, the Children of Rosemont Plantation.* By D. Ella Nirdlinger. Price 60 cents. *The Test of Courage.* By H. M. Ross. Price $1.25. *Parents and Frequent Communion of Children.* By F. M. Zulueta, S.J. Price 5 cents. *Practical Preaching for Priests and People.* By B. W. Kelly. Price $1.25. *The Secret of the Green Vase.* By Florence Cooke. Price $1.

DUFFIELD & CO., New York:

A Modern Prometheus. By Martha G. D. Bianchi. Pp. 413. Price $1.50.

ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, New York:

Style-Book of Business English. By H. W. Hammond. Designed for Use in Business Colleges, High Schools, and for Self-Instruction. Pp. vii.–130. *Course in Isaac Pitman Shorthand.* Special Edition in Form of Lesson Sheets for Use of Instruction in Shorthand by Correspondence. Price $1.50.

SOCIETY OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, New York:

A Catechism of Modernism. Founded on the Encyclical *Pascendi Dominici Gregis* of his Holiness Pope Pius X. Pp. 155. Paper. Price 20 cents.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston, Mass.:

The Weight of the Name. By Paul Bourget. Translated from the French by George Burnham Ives. Pp. 349. Price $1.50.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

We Preach Christ Crucified. Considerations and Meditations for Boys. By Herbert Lucas, S.J. Pp. viii.–328. Price $1 net. *The Following of Christ.* By Thomas à Kempis. Small pocket edition in various bindings. *Qualities of a Good Superior.* Compiled chiefly from the Instruction of the Ven. Father Champagnat, Founder of the Little Brothers of Mary. By Rev. F. Girardey, C.SS.R. Price $1.25.

H. H. PUBLISHING COMPANY, Aurora, Ill.:

The Angelus. A Poem. By Leo Gregory. Pp. 30.

PAUL ELDER & CO., San Francisco:

The Mother of California. By Arthur W. North. Illustrated. Pp. xi.–169.

WELLS, GARDNER, DARTON & CO., London:

Origines Euchasisticæ. A Study of the Liturgy under the Light of Recently Published Documents. By A. E. Alston and Z. H. Turton. Pp. ix.-83. Price 1*s.*

VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:

Saint-Séverin, Apôtre du Norique. Par P. Baudrillard. Price 2 *fr.* *St. Benoît Labre.* Par I. Mantenay. Price 2 *fr.*

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE., Paris:

La Provence Mystique au XVII. Siècle. Antoine Yvan et Madeline Martin. Par Henri Bremond. Pp. xvi.-394. Price 5 *fr.*

BLOUD ET CIE., Paris, France:

Saint François de Sales. Par Fortunat Strowski. Pp. 364. Price 3 *fr.* 50. *Discours de Marriage.* Par Abbé Klein. Pp. 327.

P. LETHELLIEUX, Paris:

Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ. Atlas Biblicus. Edited by Martino Hagen, S.J. Paper.

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THE IMPENDING RETURN OF HALLEY'S COMET.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

WHEN a great comet appears, like those of 1858, 1861, 1874, 1881, or 1882, the first question asked probably is, whether it was expected. Or perhaps it will be taken for granted that it was expected; then the query will be: "When was its last appearance?" Many seem to imagine that comets are, or ought to be, as definitely predicted as eclipses of the sun or moon. And if an astronomer says in reply, that great comets are practically always unexpected, then people jump to the conclusion that there is something "erratic" about their movements; that they are not subject to the law of gravitation which controls those of the planets. "Why," it will be asked, "should they not be expected or predicted, if they are subject to that law?"

The fact, however, is that they are as completely subject to it, and verify it as perfectly, as any other bodies which move around the sun. The curves which they describe are perfectly smooth and symmetrical, and as simple a matter of calculation as that of the earth itself; indeed usually they are more simple. But the difference is that in most cases, they are practically infinite in extent, and are considered so theoretically. The curve of a comet's orbit, as a rule, is what is called a parabola, while that of a planet is an ellipse; but the ellipse and the parabola are simply different kinds of what is generally known as a conic section.

It is worth while, and it is not at all difficult, to understand what is meant by a conic section. Every one who has any

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knowledge at all of geometry (or even of sugar-loaves) knows what is meant by a cone; it may be called a circular pyramid. If we cut a cone straight across, or, as we may say, horizontally, the section will, of course, be circular in form. If we cut it at an angle, the section will be oblong, evidently; or oval, as we sometimes say. But "oval" is not exactly a correct term; for "oval" means like an egg; and an egg, usually, is bigger at one end than the other. Some eggs, however, are about the same at both ends. Take an egg of this kind, and its shape will be, approximately, that of an *ellipse*.

But now suppose that we cut our cone at such a slant that we never get across to the other side. This we can easily do by giving the cut the same slant that the side of the cone itself has. Of course it will be said that we shall come out at the bottom of the cone. But there need not be any bottom to it. It can be supposed as carried down without any limit. Our section will now be infinite, or without any limit also; and this is what is called a *parabola*.

But we can increase the slant still more; even cut the cone right up and down. If we do not cut right through the top or peak of it, we shall have another infinite curve, which is called a *hyperbola*.

One can see a hyperbola quite easily without bothering to make and cut a cone. All that is needed is to have a gas light with a globe shade, near a wall; turn the gas down low, and have the room, generally, dark; the cone of rays coming from the turned-down gas will be cut by the wall, and there the hyperbola will be, right on the wall.

The parabola is the curve made by a stone or a ball thrown into the air, provided that the ball has no twist given to it, such as is given by a baseball pitcher. Even that will not interfere much with the curve.

Now a body moving under the force of gravitation emanating from the sun must necessarily move in one of these conic sections. This is easily enough shown, nowadays, to any one at all familiar with the differential calculus, to be an inevitable consequence of the fact, that this force of gravitation is, in its amount, inversely proportional to the square of the distance. And, vice-versa, if it is shown that a body does move about the sun in one of these curves, the sun occupying a special point inside the curve called the *focus*, it can be inferred that the force proceeding from the sun is actually inversely proportional to the square of the distance.

This, as has just been said, can be shown easily enough, nowadays, by the calculus. But still it required an immense mathematical genius, like that of Sir Isaac Newton, to discover it in his day. Kepler had shown that the planets did move in ellipses, with the sun in the focus; but at that time no one, except Sir Isaac, could from this deduce with certainty the law of gravitation. Nor did Sir Isaac himself obtain it by the calculus, though he was one of the inventors of that; at any rate, he did not get this result by the short and compendious form by which it can now be obtained. He was not familiar enough with his own invention to use it skillfully. His proof, though involving the fundamental ideas of the calculus, was a sort of clumsy demonstration by old-fashioned geometry.

The planets, then, move in ellipses; and these ellipses differ little from circles. Draw the earth's orbit on paper, as accurately as possible; it will take careful measurement to show that it is not a circle, with the sun in its center. But if it should get a push sufficient to add about four-tenths to its present velocity, so that it would go twenty-five miles a second instead of eighteen, it would shoot off in a parabola; and though still strictly subject to the law of gravitation, it would never return. If still greater velocity were given to it, its curve would be hyperbolic. The difference would be that if only just enough push was given to turn the earth's orbit into a parabola, it would, theoretically, stop at an infinite distance; whereas, if enough were given to make its orbit hyperbolic, it would have some velocity remaining, even at infinity. The final state of things in this case would be movement (practically in a straight line) with considerable speed.

As an actual fact, as we have said, comets seem, as a rule, to move in parabolas. Now do not ask, as some will always insist on doing in scientific matters, "How do you account for this?" They seem to think that science is all finished, and that everything is accounted for. Various theories can be proposed on this particular subject; perhaps some may occur to the reader, on the basis of what has just been explained. But to discuss such theories would lead us too far afield, and would also make the matter too technical for our present purpose. Let it suffice that the great majority of comets actually have parabolic orbits; that hyperbolas are very rare; and that those which now move in ellipses seem to have been made to do so by the attraction of some planet near which they have passed; their original path having been parabolic, like that of the rest.

Some, then, have been drawn into elliptic orbits. Originally visitors to our system from outside, they have by the attraction of Jupiter or some other great planet, been induced to become permanent members of it. Such comets have a definite time to complete their revolution round the sun; in most of those which are known, this time is not long, say ten years or less. These of course *are* expected or predicted, and observed, if the conditions are favorable, by astronomers at every return. But almost all of these are small and faint, so that only persons with good telescopes can see them at all. From this, then, we see how useless is the question with regard to conspicuous comets, such as those mentioned in the beginning; namely, "Was it expected?" or, "When did it last appear?"

There is, however, one very notable exception to this general rule. There is one elliptic or "periodic" comet, as these returning ones are called, which is easily visible to the naked eye; and indeed it has usually been very conspicuous; sometimes splendid and even terrifying. It is the one named in the title of this article, "Halley's" comet.

Why is it known as "Halley's"? Did Halley discover it? Of course he did not discover it in the sense of being the first man to see it; for it has probably been seen, we may say, by every one living at the time, at every return, since B. C. 11; it has certainly been conspicuous at many of them.

Halley, then, did not discover the comet itself; but he did discover that it was periodic. To make such a discovery nowadays is no very glorious matter; any good computer can find that a comet is elliptic or periodic, if such be the case, and he has a good set of observations to work on. But in Halley's day (he was a contemporary of Sir Isaac Newton) of course the computation of orbits was quite a troublesome matter. It was, however, possible even then for a first-class mathematician to accomplish it with a fair degree of accuracy, though not with that which would be attainable at present. But the discerning of a parabolic orbit from an elliptic one *of long period*, is even now rather a delicate piece of computation.

Still this is not absolutely needed. If a comet, though apparently moving in a parabola, seems to have actually traveled in about the same path round the sun at regular and long intervals, it may well be supposed to be no accidental matter. We are fairly justified in believing that these successive appearances are not due to various bodies having the same orbit, but to one single body moving in a long elliptic one.

This was really the argument on which Halley depended in predicting that this comet, which he saw in 1682, would return in 1758.

It is time now to say something about Edmund Halley himself. This illustrious astronomer was born in 1656, fourteen years after Newton, and was, therefore, a young man when he made this remarkable prediction. But his fame by no means rests solely, or even principally, on this. He had independently discovered, even at this early age of twenty-six, that a force emanating from the sun, and inversely proportional to the square of the distance, would probably account for the movements of the planets, though he did not obtain a rigorous demonstration of this. Newton had obtained such a demonstration a few years earlier, but was deterred from publishing it by an apparent discordance of observation with this theory in the case of the moon, so that Halley was unaware of his researches. Halley, however, knew that Newton was occupied with the subject and interested in it; he, therefore, went to see Newton in 1684, and finding what results he had obtained, and that he had found the apparent discordance just mentioned explained by recent and more accurate measurements of the dimensions of the earth, prevailed on him to publish this result, as well as his previous discoveries, in the immortal work *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, which accordingly appeared in 1687, and which Halley prepared for the press at his own expense; prefixing to it some hexameters ending with the line

"*Nec fas est propius mortali attingere divos.*"

Perhaps there has been no more striking instance in the annals of science of the spirit of generosity and of simple search for truth which all scientific men ought to show, and indeed often do, than that shown in the action of these two great men. Newton, in the first place, instead of publishing his own discovery at once, and suspecting inaccuracy in the work of others, as most men of anything like his ability would have done, concluded that he must have made some mistake.

Halley, instead of rushing into print with an announcement of the truth of which he felt quite sure, sinks himself entirely as soon as he finds that Newton has anticipated him, and does all that he can to promote the glory of his rival.

Newton was undoubtedly the greater genius; still, if he had not lived, it seems quite probable that the accurate proof of gravitation would ultimately have been made by Halley, who lived to the good age of eighty-six; and, as we have seen, Newton's fame was largely dependent on Halley's generous co-operation.

Beside Halley's work in this matter, that which he did in other astronomical lines would have been more than enough to make his fame enduring. He detected, at the age of seventeen, the change in the variation of the compass. He went to St. Helena at the age of twenty, and came back two years later, having observed with accuracy the positions of many of the southern stars. He executed a careful survey of the tides and coasts of the British Channel. He discovered the "long inequality" of Jupiter and Saturn, and the proper motion of the fixed stars. One of his greatest inventions was that of the idea and method of determining the sun's distance by the transits of Mercury or Venus.

These matters are commonplace enough now; but it is pretty safe to say there are very few living astronomers who would have been able to accomplish such work then. Halley had, it is true, one advantage in having plenty of money at his command; but that advantage was not of such great importance, except in his being exempted by it from having to spend time and brain work to make his living.

To come back now to the facts concerning the comet known by Halley's name. As has been stated, he ventured to predict its return in 1758. We see now, better than he did, that in its history there was good foundation for such a prediction. Its probable apparitions since B. C. 11 have been as follows: A. D. 66, 141, 218, 295, 373, 451, 530, 608, 684, 760, 837, 912, 989, 1066, 1145, 1222, 1301, 1378, 1456, 1531, 1607, 1682, 1759, and 1835. Some of these, of course, are not very certain, and we have to depend on the Chinese, more learned in early days than Europeans in these matters, for a good proportion of them. The average period between them will be found to be about 77 years. Halley took 76, as resulting from those with which he was acquainted. The comet, in the above list, will be seen to have actually appeared in 1759; quite early however, in the year. Its return, of course, excited great interest, and furnished matter for much calculation, then and subsequently. It was due again, evidently, in 1835 or thereabout. As that time drew near (astronomy having then become a science of great precision) attempts were made to fix the exact day at which it would pass its perihelion, or nearest point to the sun. It may seem that all that would be required for this would be to take the interval from September 14, 1682, to March 12, 1759, which were the times of perihelion passage for those years respectively, and add the same interval to the last one; this would bring us to the beginning of September, 1835. The time was computed, however, as early in November instead of September of that year.

What was the reason of this? Simply that the movement of a comet (or of a planet, for that matter) does not depend entirely on the action of the sun, but is influenced, as we have already noted, by the action of the planets, especially of Jupiter and Saturn. Sometimes, especially with Jupiter, this is sufficient to change the orbit very considerably; indeed if a comet comes within fifteen million miles of Jupiter, or about one-sixth of our distance from the sun, Jupiter's attraction on it is stronger than that of the sun itself. If, however, the comet's orbit is so situated that it cannot come into anything like so close an approach to a great planet, the only effect will be that the orbit will be slightly modified, and the time of describing it slightly changed. All this is a matter of calculation, rather difficult, it is true, but by no means impossible.

In 1835, then, Halley's comet passed perihelion on November 4, about two days from the time predicted by the computers. It was not very conspicuous on this occasion, as it was, at the time of its greatest brilliancy, quite far from us, on the other side of the sun.

Of course the next return could be at once foretold, roughly, as early in 1912. But it was found, on examining the subject more accurately, that this time the influence (or perturbation, as it is technically called) of Jupiter would be very considerable, indeed enough to bring the comet here two years earlier than this. The investigation was made by the astronomer Pontecoulant nearly half a century ago. In his paper there seems, however, to be a confusion as to the date for perihelion, as he says in one place May 16, 1910, in another May 24.

This is probably a mere error of copying, but it seems impossible now to tell which date he really intended to give. But other able astronomers are now repeating the computation, and the date will before long be more accurately known.

In any case, it is pretty clear that the coming apparition is going to be a very fine one; probably indeed splendid. The circumstances as to the relative position of the comet to the earth, are much the same as in 1456, shortly after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, when it seemed to terrified Europe a sign of greater calamities to come; or in 1066, when it was regarded as a portent of the conquest of England by the Normans.

On this occasion the perihelion distance has also been somewhat stretched by Jupiter, so that the comet's orbit, we may say, practically crosses that of the earth when it crosses its plane; nearly enough, at any rate, for us to be actually in the head or coma of the thing, if we happened to be there at the time. And if the comet should pass perihelion about April 11, instead of in May, we *would* be there; it would strike us about May 18, as it would take about 37 days to get from perihelion to that point. And even if it did not make any great shock of collision, it would certainly be pretty hot, from its recent approach to the sun; and the relative velocity of the earth and comet would be about fifty miles a second. They would strike pretty nearly head on.

The precise conditions of the coming appearance cannot be well determined till we know the perihelion time better. The new moon comes about June 7, which is about the time of the greatest splendor of the comet, as far as can now be ascertained; but if that splendor should come later, the moon might somewhat interfere with it. An interesting event, however, in this connection, is a total eclipse of the moon occurring about midnight of May 23 in this part of the world; but the darkness of the eclipse will probably be over before the comet rises above the eastern horizon. Still, it is possible that the tail may, during the eclipse, be partly visible. To those who will get up early, say at three o'clock, the whole thing may probably be seen a week or so earlier, after the setting of the moon. In the earlier weeks of its appearance it will be seen in the morning sky; in the later ones, in the evening.

We know pretty well, even now, where to look for the comet with a telescope. Professor Wendell, of the Harvard Observatory, has computed its apparent place in the heavens for intervals of three months, beginning with October 1, 1907. It is now on the other side of the sun from us, and can hardly be sighted, even by large telescopes, before the fall of this year; but it is quite possible that by that time it may be visible to telescopes like those at the Lick and the Yerkes observatories. By the fall of 1909, it ought to be easily enough found even by much smaller ones. It will then be no farther away than that of Donati in 1858 was at the time of its discovery; and that one the present writer saw with a little three-inch comet seeker two or three weeks later.

By the actual observations made from that time forward, the precise course of the comet can be more accurately determined than by any long range prediction. It will again disappear behind the sun; but when it reappears in May, it ought to be seen by the naked eye when it gets far enough in the sky from the sun. Its increase in brilliancy toward the end of May and in the early days of June ought to be very notable; and the rapidity of its apparent movement from night to night will be very obvious. Altogether, even independent of its history, it ought to be a very interesting spectacle.

But the great interest about it is historical. We shall then see the same object which has been a real terror on many of the occasions when it has previously appeared; and also the one which furnishes the most conspicuous triumph of the great discoveries of Newton and Halley. It will have come back, obedient to the law discovered by them, from a distance of more than three thousand millions of miles, governed simply and solely by the attractive force of the sun and of the great planets, which have not lost their hold of it for a moment. It will have beauty in itself; but its great beauty will be that of complete obedience to law. The majestic curve in which it moves round the sun would be beautiful to us, if we could see it; but the intellectual beauty of the law of the curve itself is greater than what simply appeals to the eye. We may, of course, be disappointed as to its actual splendor, though now much seems to be promised; it may have lost some of its substance in its many apparitions; its train may not be so grand as that of some which we have seen; but even so, on account of its known past, and its illustration of astronomical laws, it will be the most interesting object that has been seen in the sky since its own last return.

New Yo
Cathedral Branch,
123 East 50th Street,

AN ARTIST'S PROOF.

BY MRS. WILFRID WARD.

PART II.

I SAT down by my fire to digest my bad temper and to wait for my next sitter, Mrs. Pierpoint; and then I remembered that it was from Mrs. Pierpoint that I had first heard of Lady Burrell. Mrs. Pierpoint had been a neighbor in the country to the Swinburne family. It might be worth while to make her talk about the professor. If I were to do any good with his picture I must manage to know something more about him.

Mrs. Pierpoint, soft, fat, pink, showily dressed, and comfortable, was soon firmly seated on my platform fully prepared for talk; she was "quite convinced," she had once told me, that "no artist could make a good portrait of a sitter who did not talk—there must be some play of countenance to show the character." Her own tongue certainly played enough and the little beady eyes twinkled, but the rest of the face was too solid for much movement.

After a few moments of chatter, I managed to tell her that I was commissioned to paint a portrait of the late Professor Swinburne. She was full of interest in a moment. "Who had ordered me to paint it?" "Miss Swinburne, the professor's niece." "Ah, indeed; quite so, it is what I should have expected—*not* Lord Swinburne of course. The professor was devoted to that niece, his youngest brother's child, they were inseparable quite. The child went to all his most difficult lectures and was supposed to understand them; which was absurd, you know. I suppose he will leave her what he had, but it was very little. She will be no match for any one—"

I was anxious not to appear too inquisitive and could only trust that the lady would continue the subject. "It is curious," she went on after a few moments breathing space, "very curious that you should be occupied with the portraits of Lady Burrell and the professor at the same time, a very strange coincidence indeed—" She paused with an air of suppressing her own thoughts.

"They were cousins," I said innocently, as if attaching no deeper meaning to her words. Mrs. Pierpoint gave a little chuckle.

"That would not be much of a coincidence," she cried. "But surely, Mr. Hardman, you know that they were once engaged! Dear me, it takes me back thirty years to think of it— Oh, yes; there was the announcement: 'A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between the Honble. Edward Swinburne, second son of Lord Swinburne, and his cousin Miss Clare Swinburne, only child of Mr. J. Swinburne, of Colethorpe Hall.' We were neighbors of Swinburne Castle and we were much excited at the news. Two months later, when we were in London, we received our invitations to the wedding, which was to be solemnized a fortnight later; but four days before the date fixed for the wedding we heard that it would not take place. How we talked and guessed and argued and quarreled as to what the reason could be! We never clearly made out what had happened, though I must confess that we did our best; but all the gossip we could glean agreed in saying that it was the lady who broke off the engagement. Edward Swinburne had left home when we were again in the country, and it was said that Lord Swinburne had forbidden him to return; at any rate that he never went home again I know as a fact. His family always kept up their friendship with Clare, and it was even said that the eldest son, Henry Swinburne, proposed to her. If so she might have done much better than to marry old Lord Burrell, though I daresay a younger man might not have allowed her to frisk about as she has done."

"And the professor," I inquired, "what became of him?"

"He studied for some years in Germany and soon got a great name as a learned man—I believe that he spent the greater part of twenty years abroad. Then his youngest brother, who was an unsuccessful barrister, was taken ill, and on his deathbed asked to see the professor. He came back from Germany on hearing this from his sister-in-law— I believe his own family would not write and would not see him when he arrived. That Edward and the dying John made their peace was clear, for John made him joint guardian, with his wife, of his only daughter. After John's death Edward lived in London, near his widow, who only survived her husband two years. Lord Swinburne, it was said, was very angry with John's will, and quarreled with the widow when he found her firm in her determination to keep on terms of warm friendship with the professor. Whether he or his eldest son have ever seen this child, Flora, I don't know."

After this I did not gain much more from Mrs. Pierpoint; she had been quite unusually consecutive in telling her story, but now lapsed into a series of pointless anecdotes and reminiscences of her youth which had been roused from some quiet corner in her brain by her recollections of the Swinburne family.

After she had gone I went out for a walk. I think I must have gone towards the city, but I have a much clearer recollection of my thoughts that day than of my surroundings. I know I jostled my way through a thick, hurrying crowd, between dark houses and amidst many unpleasing smells and noises, probably among unpleasing sights, but I did not notice them. I had come out to think over Mrs. Pierpoint's story, and to fit into it Lady Burrell's words, and Miss Swinburne's looks. I may as well mention now that subsequent inquiry did prove the truth of Mrs. Pierpoint's gossip as far as it went. It may seem absurd, but I felt quite vehemently on the subject. The dead man's face had taken such a hold of me that I longed to take Miss Swinburne's view of her uncle. I understood now her extreme sensitiveness to Lady Burrell's intrusions—whatever she knew of the past, she must know that her uncle had lived and died under a cloud, outcast from his relations, of whom this lady was one. But what dark sin had ruined his life, had cut him off from love and home? I might wish that the condemnation had been unjust while I thought of Miss Swinburne; but was it likely that a young man should be cast off by his family, abandoned by his betrothed, without absolute proof of his guilt?

On the other hand, it is not impossible that the most dark or violent crime may be repented of, may be lived down, and may make the penitent even a gentler, tenderer friend, a humbler more religious man, than he would otherwise have been. This was a truism, but a truism that I had to remember in thinking of Miss Swinburne's almost filial grief. Yet in the portrait which pleased her there were no marks of a humbled, saddened spirit. Though not self-confident and self-asserting, the face had in it more of the sweetness and light of one who had gone from "brightness to brightness" in quiet holiness. That was what was clearly stamped on the dead face; it did not give the impression of a man who had had much to repent of, it seemed rather to have the quiet strength of earnest and successful struggle. Yet from what I had unwittingly drawn out of the photograph there appeared to have been in his face, as a younger man, capacities of violence, strong passions, and vehemence of some sort, which might bear the most sinister interpretation, and which evidently agreed with Lady Burrell's own judgment of him, a judgment which had completely changed both their lives.

I wondered, and wondered aimlessly, what crime he had committed, what defence he had made; whether he had asked for pardon later in life, or had remained wilfully in proud isolation from his family. None of them, I knew from the newspapers, had seen him buried, which surely they would have done if peace had been made at the end. Yet there had been one reconciliation with Flora's father years before. What had passed between the two brothers at that deathbed? The professor must surely have cleared himself completely in the eyes of the dying man, or how could he have trusted his daughter to him? But if he had a convincing proof of his innocence for John, why for John alone, and not for John until he belonged more to another world than to this? It then flashed into my mind that it was some one else's secret that he had told the dying, that in fact the proof of his innocence was the proof of another's guilt. I heaved a sigh of relief as this clue came before me, the wish I know was father to the thought, and the thought thus planted rapidly developed. The professor had lived and died in disgrace rather than disclose another's guilt; and who was that other? My excited imagination pointed without the faintest justification to the eldest brother, his rival, according to Mrs. Pierpoint, in the affections of Lady Burrell. I had to remind myself that the point I had to think of was not somebody else's guilt, but my own belief in the professor's innocence.

I did not, in consequence of my new idea, accept my ideal and dreamy drawing of the professor as having been the true one. It had never been satisfactory to me: the glorifying touch of death was too evident in it. The other portrait I had liked far better, there was more life even in the unpleasing expression I had elicited. I still inclined to this later picture as having the more valuable materials in it, materials that must take a different interpretation. The violence must be calmed into quiet strength—the strength of a self-restraint that had never failed. There must be hard lines in the face of a man whose life had been ruined by another's baseness. He had had no domestic happiness till his niece had been taken to his care. Could I convey any of that tenderness—special and peculiar when called forth for the first time in the winter of later life?

This third sketch was not the work of a few hours, it was nearly a week before I was satisfied that I could make nothing better of it. I was intensely depressed, certain that I had failed; I concluded that I had combined the defects of the first drawings without their good qualities; I wrote to Miss Swinburne and asked her to come to my studio as soon as possible, and added that I would contrive to see her alone at any hour that suited her. Her note in answer a good deal surprised me: "If it would be quite convenient to you, I should be glad if you could get Lady Burrell to meet me. Perhaps I might come to you for a few minutes before she arrives and form my own opinion before hearing hers. I should certainly like to see it first by myself."

I did not write to Lady Burrell, but I suggested to Miss Swinburne to come to my rooms half an hour before I expected the other lady for a sitting. It was on a Wednesday morning, a bright and lovely day. Miss Swinburne was punctual to the moment. The sadness had not faded from her eyes, but her color had come back; a beautiful and healthy coloring it was. She looked grave and anxious, and almost immediately asked me when I expected Lady Burrell. I told her at twelve o'clock. "Then we have half an hour," was her reply. "Please show me the drawing."

I put it on the easel with strange agitation, I think my hand trembled. She herself was much calmer than she had been during her last visit; she knew what to expect, and she knew also that her own emotions would be unobserved, or observed merely by one whose thoughts were of no consequence. She was silent for some moments, changing her point of view more than once. I looked by turns at her and at the drawing.

As I did so I became more confident—I felt that I had wisely chosen an attitude of repose for the face: it indicated great strength at peace; sweetness in eyes and mouth but no smile; the capacity of sternness but no violence.

"I think," said Miss Swinburne "that this is far better than I could have expected—it is wonderful. May I compare it with the one I liked best last time? Ah, yes, this is the best; though the other is very beautiful, this is the most characteristic."

She had thought of nothing but her uncle until this moment, her eyes had filled with tears and she had gazed at it with a yearning reverence which I cannot describe; then she suddenly recollected, and turned to me with a smile though the tears were still flowing—she was quite forgetful of herself.

"Oh, Mr. Hardman, how can I thank you enough?"

It was gently and quietly said, no excitement in her manner, but I never heard conventional politeness and real feeling more happily mingled.

"I could, I think, suggest some slight improvements, if you would be willing to take them—the chin seems to me to be almost too square, the thickness of a line taken off it would make it right, I should think."

After that I made several slight alterations at her suggestion. We were thus busily occupied when we heard the bell ring. Miss Swinburne started nervously.

"May I ask," she said hurriedly, "as this picture is for me, that you will on no account pay attention to Lady Burrell's criticisms?"

I bowed assent, and a moment later Lady Burrell appeared. She looked surprised, but I thought pleased, on seeing Miss Swinburne there. I moved to the other side of the room while they met, and I could hear Lady Burrell say, in an even lower key than usual: "My dear, I hope you are keeping well; but you must have a great deal to do, much to look over, papers to sort, all that kind of painful work which I know well. I had to go through it after my dear husband's death."

I thought the remark was not without its purpose; she must be curious to know, perhaps intensely anxious to know, what traces of his early life had been left behind him. There was an undercurrent of great eagerness, perceptible through her conventional expressions and artificial manner. Miss Swinburne was silent; she looked as if speech were too great an effort.

Lady Burrell turned from her and walked to the further side of the easel. A hard, resentful expression came into her face as she looked at the drawing. She was silent for what seemed to me a long time, then she spoke almost the same words as Miss Swinburne had used.

"I think this is wonderful, even better than the one I liked before"; then, turning to me with her little smile: "Really, Mr. Hardman, you are a magician; but there is always something of magic in genius."

Her compliments had an unfailing charm for me, her most open adulation had that momentary appearance of sincerity which is the perfection of flattery.

"It would be interesting," said Lady Burrell," to compare this with the one I admired before—thank you—no, you are right—that might be the look of a moment, this is the real face. It is wonderfully like him as I saw him last, at some evening party, I think."

Whether it was in order to deceive herself or others, it seemed characteristic of this lady to choose to speak lightly of the very things that must have been most painful to her; her most spiteful enemy could not have been more ingenious in speaking of what hurt her than she was herself.

Miss Swinburne had asked to meet Lady Burrell, but she paid little heed to her comments on the drawing, she seemed to be more embarrassed and less quietly unfriendly than at their last meeting. I had withdrawn to the other end of the room, to leave them more free to discuss the drawing. I heard Miss Swinburne move, and then in low hurried tones she said: "Lady Burrell, I have found this packet among my uncle's papers, with a note to myself, telling me that I was to give you these letters and also this paper, but on the one condition—that you will solemnly promise never to reveal its contents."

"I swear it!" exclaimed Lady Burrell aloud, quite forgetful of my presence.

"Take care," said Miss Swinburne in a low voice. "I would have chosen another opportunity; but, as you know, there are reasons why I should not go to your house. Good-bye."

I heard no answer from Lady Burrell and Miss Swinburne walked down the room to me.

"If you would like to send that drawing to the Royal

Academy I have no objection; but I should like to have it at home till then."

"I will send it directly it is quite finished," I answered.

"Thank you!" She spoke quietly and a little absently. I think she was watching Lady Burrell, who was standing by the window with her back to us, and a rustling sound of papers being opened reached us. I took Miss Swinburne downstairs and stayed a moment to see her drive away, a little sorry that it was so unlikely that we should ever be thrown together again. The fine, simple characters are not common in these complex later days in which we live, and I had recognized this one a little wistfully as she passed by my way. I turned, thinking of this, to go back to Lady Burrell, and I had reached the first landing when that lady came hurriedly down the stairs, her veil was thick and I don't think she saw me in the dark of the narrow staircase until she touched me. Then she said something, I could not make out what, and in another moment she was fumbling with the handle of the front door. I hastened to her aid, she bowed slightly as I opened it and walked away with great rapidity. I watched her disappear and then went back a little ruffled to my studio. Had she forgotten her sitting and how inconvenient her conduct might be to me? Then I remembered the papers Miss Swinburne had given her, evidently those papers had upset her not a little.

I was pacing my studio, lost in curious thought, when I noticed a folded piece of yellow paper lying on the floor, as I stooped to pick it up I saw the large flowing signature, "soon to be your own Clare Swinburne." I am ashamed to own that I was tempted to read that letter, so much tempted that I thought it wisest to fasten it in an envelope and address it to Lady Burrell to go by the next post. The letters, then, of which Miss Swinburne had spoken must have been Lady Burrell's own letters to the professor during their engagement; but what was the paper as to which she had sworn inviolable secrecy? My interest in the subject revived, and I tried to estimate what new facts had been brought to bear upon the case in my own mind by the events of the morning. First Miss Swinburne had decided that the face expressing strength, power of self-restraint, some hardness and yet capacity for tenderness, was wonderfully true. This face had nothing in it characteristic of a penitent. Lady Burrell too, though she must have been inclined to find signs perhaps of violence, and perhaps cruelty or deception in the face, had decided for the drawing which was without any trace of them rather than for the one in which they might be discovered. That two people who would naturally prefer the other drawings, one choosing the more ideal, the other the more repellent, should concur in thinking my picture the truest, was strong testimony to the truth of my idea; but that was no admissible proof of his innocence, it only involved the complicated question of whether the mind's complexion can or cannot be read in the face. What I wanted—longed to know (though I had told myself only an hour ago that it was nothing to me) was what the professor had written to Lady Burrell and what effect it had produced on that lady. I don't think I did any work for the two or three following hours, I was listless and preoccupied. About four o'clock I was trying to read a book of poems when Lady Burrell was announced. I started up, annoyed with my servant for having shown her straight into the studio. Her own picture was upon an easel and I did not wish her to see it; but I am sure that she never saw it. She kept her veil down and tried also to keep up some shadow of her ordinary affectation, but it was useless. She seemed far more soft and gentle than I had yet seen her, but she was evidently in a state of great excitement—her hand shook so that her umbrella dropped from it, and she seemed hardly able to pick it up. As I bent to do so she began to speak.

"Mr. Hardman," she said, "could you let me have one of your drawings of Edward Swinburne, the one we looked at this morning belongs, I know, to his niece, but there is another which I should like to keep"; her voice shook as she finished the sentence.

I put away her own picture and took out of my portfolio the drawing which she had liked best at first. I felt sorry that she wanted it, as I believed it to be a libel on the professor's expression.

"That is the one you preferred," I said, "but I hardly like—"

"That one," cried Lady Burrell, and her voice was full of pain, "oh, no; not that one, there was another."

It was then the idealized, beautiful, refined, almost ethereal portrait that Lady Burrell asked for—the picture which she had told me that only Flora Swinburne's excited imagination could think a good likeness.

"It is exactly like," she murmured; and this time she made me no compliments or indeed any thanks.

"Let me take it with me," she said rather imperiously.

"Certainly," I answered, "if you will be so good as to promise me that it shall never be exhibited without my permission."

"I should never think of exhibiting it," she exclaimed; and I felt that my idea had been considered sacrilegious. Still I was unwilling to lose sight of the drawing with which I was so little satisfied.

"I could make you a copy of Miss Swinburne's portrait," I said, "of the one which you both consider to be far the most successful."

"You are mistaken," she said quickly. "I think this is much the most like of the three."

Then seeing I hesitated, she added: "I will give you anything you like to name for it."

I should have been much irritated if the remark had come from any one else, but I never thought of bad taste in connection with Lady Burrell. I hastily rolled up the drawing and gave it to her, but as I did so the intense sadness of her expression struck me painfully. "Too late, too late," I fancied would be written in that face till death.

"I think this must be yours," I said, handing her the envelope. "I had done it up to go to you by post. I only saw the signature." I added the last words nervously, as the lady snatched it from me. A little cry of pain broke from her involuntarily as she saw the signature, but, true to herself she turned to me and said:

"This must be some mistake, it must be something belonging to Flora Swinburne, I will send it to her."

By this time the little smile had returned to her lips, and bowing gracefully she left me.

Professor Swinburne then had conquered!

So much for this lady's truth of vision! But the evident conclusion to my judgment that followed from her conduct was that the professor had cleared himself in her eyes, and surely this was something more than an artist's proof? Poor Lady Burrell, she has always been to me a painfully pathetic figure. By the time I knew her she must have been very different from the Clare Swinburne who won and returned the affection of her cousin! There is something intensely sad in a life-long estrangement between two noble souls; still as Clough, to whom such a pain was well known, tells us—

> "Yet seldom surely shall there lack
> Knowledge they walk not back to back,
> But with an unity of track."

Had this woman of the world—for such her dress, manner, reputation, proclaimed her—with her power of charming, her easy insincerity, her frivolous talk, but also with her deep undercurrent of passionate enduring feeling, kept to a "unity of track" with the lonely professor, whose life, as I had learnt, had been retired, religious, laborious, and, as I fancied, had been one long chivalrous, patient suffering under unjust suspicion? Had their spirits grown apart or together "as each to the other went unseen"? Men and women of infinitely varied degrees of moral worth or worthlessness can love each other on earth, but how will it be when their spirits are laid bare to each other in another world? We need not fear, for the pardoned sinner and the saint will meet together in the embraces of an eternal love.

And why am I telling this old story—which never amounted to a story—to-day? Why? Because I have to-day received a letter from old Lord Swinburne, a nonogenarian at least, asking me to paint a full size picture in oils of his son, Professor Swinburne, to hang among the family pictures. It is too late now, they should have asked me years ago. If they want to proclaim the innocence of the man they wronged, let them publish the whole story. I for one should extremely like to hear it. I did my best with the drawing. Do not let them come to me now for another artist's proof.

WHEN ROMANCE MET RELIGION:

A LITTLE STUDY OF THE MEDIÆVAL VIEWPOINT.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

THE term romance is of very variable significance nowadays—and indeed it can never have been easy of precise definition. It is too vast a thing for human computation; and so our tendency is to belittle, to dismember it, or else to take refuge in a vague and sentimental use of the word. The thing itself is, without doubt, vague and sentimental; but our error is in attaching an unfavorable meaning to these terms. We speak with a certain contemptuous tolerance, a sense of fiction mistaken for fact, of the "romance of youth." And of late it has become fashionable to talk about the "romance of science"; most of us being respectful even if unconvinced when the stupendous achievements and possibilities of material science are in question. But there is still a suspicion of unreality and exaggeration about the word; and practical people are shy of mentioning the romance of labor, or the romance of religion, or the very essential romance of life. That is a thousand pities; that is where practical, modern people are both disappointing and—impractical! Have we forgotten that romance is one of the most real and salutary facts in the universe—that it is necessary just because it seems so unnecessary? Romance is the glory of sunset and the glamor of purple mist: it is the wonder and tenderness of life: the essence of poetry: the seeking and finding of the ideal. And even the most practical of us cannot go very far without some sort of an ideal before or beside us!

Children infallibly love romance and move in a world of romantic creations; and there was a time when men and women did the same. They were not jaded or world-weary, and their heritage was one of robust physique, robust imagination, and robust faith. The outer life and the inner life were alike romantic to the mediæval mind. Man was born into a world of conflict and mystery. On one side was the pride of life, the lust of the eyes and of the senses; vari-colored garments and shining armor, song and wine and love and war. On the other was a haunting vision of

> Death waiting in his shoe,
> Him quietly to foredo—

a consciousness of sin; mighty penance; a very real and poignant yearning for the crucified Saviour Knight or Ladye Mary, the Mother of might and gentleness. There was a terrible romance in the mediæval thought of hell, with its eleven grim and significant torments and its "loathly devil," to look upon whom man might well die of care! And there was just as sensible a romance—although some critics are less fain to recognize it—in the vision of Paradisal joys. Bernard of Cluny's *Jerusalem the Golden*—its radiant walls re-echoing "the shout of them that triumph, the song of them that feast" before their risen Prince—is a notable instance. But, of course, the most supreme testimony of all is found in the pages of Dante's *Divina Commedia.* No human mind has expressed the heights and depths of spiritual experience more transcendently, nor more romantically, than this mediæval Florentine—he whose visions have made real for all ages the glories of heaven and the uttermost depths of hell. But lest the testimony of this immortal poet and seer be considered unique, let us turn to humbler exemplars—to the nameless bards of twelfth and thirteenth century England; where, in the welding of Norman and Anglo-Saxon elements, a new literature was coming to birth. We shall find upon every second page how blithely romance met religion—how naturally, and withal how fruitfully.

For in all this literature, there was as yet no conscious distinction between realist and romanticist; indeed, the realist *was* the romanticist. Nothing was so unromantic as to be just what it seemed; and there was no fact, objective or historical, which the mediæval mind could not elucidate or at least analogize. The rainbow's blue, clearly, was an emblem of water, the first destroyer; its red symbolized fire. The habits of beast and bird, the properties of stone and mineral, had all some relation to man and the Maker of man. And this vigorous poetic quality—grotesque, sublime, whatsoever its accidental expression

—was the fruit at once of *simplicity* and of *mysticism.* Simplicity—the childlike wish to be vivid, to picture a thought strikingly and astonishingly; and mysticism—that profound instinct of the mediæval mind, that belief or intuition of the sacramental nature of human life!

And so we have this incidental romance of illustration and imagery. Unconscious, atmospheric as it was, it pervaded the entire literature of a period almost wholly religious in its written expression. Sermons, works of discipline or edification, were as picturesque as they were practical; and in the midst of some tense homily, we come upon one of those haunting and elemental bits of poetry, the debate of the Soul and Body. But more and more directly, this union came to form the warp and woof of the literary texture. Of a surety, the rule worked both ways; for while we find spiritual ideals constantly blending with heroic in the secular epics, religious lyrics were becoming as ardent and tender as love-songs. The mediæval attitude toward life is wondrously revealed if we but remember this—for always literature is in the nature of a revelation.

Conventions and "types" there are, incontestably, in the oldest of surviving romances; yet there has never been a more faithful mirror of contemporary ideals. The immortal *Chanson de Roland*, while of French origin, came to England with the Conqueror—and thereafter proved itself not only the vigorous, esthetic delight of two nations, but pre-eminently their code and inspiration. It is a very naïve romance; and it is almost as religious as it is warlike. When the invincible Roland sinks, spent at last, upon the green grass of Roncevaux, his thoughts —the minstrel tells us—are of "many things." They are of "Sweet France," of the lands he has conquered, of Charlemagne his lord, and the men of his race. But most poignantly of all they are of God. To Him Roland proffers his gauntlet in token of homage; and striking his breast, he begs forgiveness:

> Dieu! c'est ma faute, pardon par ta puissance
> Pour mes péchés, les grands et les petits,
> Que j'ai commis dès l'heure où je suis né.

There seems nothing inharmonious in the appearance of Gabriel and those other bright spirits who bear the count's soul away to paradise—the scene is all so artless and so natural in

its supernaturalism. "Ni l'antiquité n'avait inventé, ni la poésie Chrétienne n'a su retrouver de pereils accents pour peindre une mort héroïque et sainte," comments M. Petit de Julleville.*

In the foregoing instance the romance was, of course, essential, and the religious element merely (if very vitally) interpenetrated. But the order was often reversed. Then, as always, the priest was contemporaneous. He who would save the soul of knight or serf, of lady or anchoress, had need to remember the ubiquitous romance; and he had need to incorporate into his own work something of its winsome and exciting quality. So here is the ballad-like beginning of an early *Assompcioun de Notre Dame:*

A merry tale tell I this day,
Of Seinte Marye, that sweet may,
All is the tale and high lesoun,
And of her sweet assompcioun.

And another pious versifier, with most engaging gentleness toward the weakness of the flesh, thus opens up his *Passional:*

Hearken now this little tale that I to you will tell,
As we do find it written down in the holy Gospel:
It is not of Charlemagne, nor of his twelve peer,
But of the Lord Christ's sufferings that He endurèd here.

In the prolific field of legendary and apocryphal history, it is practically impossible to draw any hard and fast line between the romantic and religious elements. No sort of writing seems to have been more universally popular. The clergy approved because it was edifying, the people rejoiced because it was most indubitably interesting—and so it flourished apace. Such was the exuberance of creative imagination, that ere long the very stones of the Temple, porch and column and roof and spire, were overgrown by this tangled if flowery vine of fancy. There was a whole series of legends concerning the Holy Rood, while those of the Holy Graal developed into a cycle; there were apocryphal versions of every conceivable event in religious or semi-religious history. Threads were tangled then which the wisest of moderns have not been able wholly to unweave; and incidentally, this vigorous creativeness in sacred fields has furnished material for several centuries of critical activity! But this is mere cavilling. It gave us, also, the only supremely great architecture of Christian Europe; it provided atmosphere and inspiration for six immortal schools of painting; and it bore witness to an age vitally interested in the things of the spirit, while as truly virile and poetic as any the world has known.

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* *Histoire de la Littérature Française.*

The surviving English lives of three popular virgin saints—all clustering about the year 1230—are excellently representative of this school of writing. Church history, in any strict sense, they were not, and indeed were not understood to be. The Lives of St. Katherine, St. Juliana, and St. Margaret are nowise comparable, for instance, to Bonaventura's familiar life of St. Francis of Assisi, or to the still more ancient history of Anselm by Eadmer of Canterbury. Instead, they were the forerunners of those immense cycles—ever hovering on the borderland between romance and religion, beauty (or sometimes fantasy) and truth—known later as the Legendaries. Their characteristics, of course, varied. There is a noble dignity in the tale of how "went the blessed maiden Katherine, crowned to Christ, from earthly pain, in the month of November, the 25th day . . . in the day and at the time that her dearly beloved Jesus, our Lord, gave up his life upon the cross for her and for us all." Perhaps because Katherine of Alexandria was so eminently an intellectual saint, her fabulous biography has contrived to appeal quite as much to the head as to the heart. But in the life of little St. Margaret, the English scribe has given free rein to fancy, and we recognize all the machinery of the romance. The mediæval—or, indeed, the modern—reader must search far for a more zestful anecdote than the following. Margaret, imprisoned for her faith, has somewhat ill-advisedly besought God that she may *see* any invisible demons who may be lurking near: her foster-mother, peering through a peephole of the dungeon, beholds the result:

> There came out of a corner hastily toward her an unwight of Hell in a dragon's form, so grisly that it terrified them that saw it. That unseely-one glistened as if it were overgilt; his locks and his long beard blazed all of gold, and his grisly teeth seemed of swart iron, and his two eyes more burning than stars or than gemstones, and broad as basins. In his

> y-horned head, on either side of his high hooked nose, thrust smothering smoke of most dreadful kind, and from his sputtering mouth sparkled fire out; and so long reached his tongue that he swung it all about his neck, and it seemed as though a sharp sword went out of his mouth, that glistened like gleaming death and live lightning. . . . He stretched him and started toward this meek maiden, and yawned with his wide jaws ungainly upon her, and began to croak and to crink out his neck, as he would foreswallow her altogether. If she was afeared of that grisly grim one it was not much wonder.

Margaret's hue blenches with terror, and she forgets that all this is but an answer to her prayer. So she smote smartly down her knees to the earth and lifted her hands on high toward Heaven, and with this prayer to Christ called:

> Invisible God, full of all good, whose wrath is so dreadful that Hell's fiends and the heavens and all quick things quake before it; against this aweful wight, that it harm me not, help me, my Lord. Thou wroughtest and wieldest all worldly things, they extol and praise Thee in Heaven, and all that dwell upon the earth, the fishes that in the floods float, *etc.*, *etc.**

It is—like all of St. Margaret's!—a very long and comprehensive prayer; but it touches more than once upon sublimity and high poetry. And it proves that the religious element of the story, if not quite the primary interest, was at least earnest and authentic.

But this brings us to another side of the subject—the more personal, lyrical side. There was never an age when mystical love had more completely mastered and enthralled the English heart, or when it found more passionate expression. There was never an age when poet and priest (those two seers of the race) were more universally *one*. Innumerable songsters, modern as well as mediæval, have found inspiration in the joys and sorrows of Mary the Virgin Mother; so that we may almost say, merely *to be* a poet is to be sensible of that tender and mystical and essentially *poetic* attraction which radiates from the Blessed Among Women. *Our tainted nature's solitary*

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* *Life of St. Marherete.* Early Eng. Text Society Publications. Vol. XIII.

boast, Mystical Rose, Mary of the seven-times wounded Heart, Star of the Sea, Mother of the Fair Delight—so have Christian poets, both within and without the fold, saluted her. But in these anonymous English Marian poems of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we recognize a quite distinctive fragrance; something of its cultured and exotic sweetness was, no doubt, distilled in the gardens of Provence, but none the less it is spontaneously racy and national. This "maiden mother mild" (it was always the mildness which appealed in those strife-full days), this bright Queen of men and of angels, was never far from the vision of monk or Christian knight. The mediæval mind, moreover, was not in the least afraid of that very ugly word "mariolatry" and it confused the terms of divine and human love with most artless and engaging simplicity. So she was lauded in uncounted prayer-poems, but probably in none more characteristic than the

Good Oreisun of Our Ladye.

Christ's mild Mother, Seynte Marie,
My life's true light, my lov'd Ladye,
To thee I bow, my knees I bend;
And my heart's blood to thee I send.

Soul's light thou art, and heart's true bliss,
My life, my hope, my shield I wis.
Thee will I laud with all my might
And sing thy lovesong by day and night,
For my soul thou hast holpen in many wise,
And led from Hell into Paradise.

Thus vigorously opens up the poem, and figures of praise and love crowd fast upon each other. There is no woman like to this woman; high is her royal seat upon the Cherubim, before her beloved Son, within the Seraphim. Merrily the angels sing and carol before her, albeit no whit understanding the height of her bliss. Her children are as red as the rose and as white as the lily, her friends are as rich kings crowned with gemstones; and with them evermore is day without night, song without sorrow, peace without strife.

Behold, the Heaven is full of thy bliss,
And the middle-earth of thy gentleness.
Not one who calls thy help may miss,
Such is thy grace and mildheartedness.

The poet proceeds, very humbly, to declare his sins and his unworthiness of this Ladye's favor: none the less her love has brought him into slavery, and he forsakes now all those evil things which erstwhile were dear to him:

Before thy feet will I lie and plead
Till pardon I have of my misdeed.
Thine is my life, my love is thine,
All the blood of my heart is thine,
And if I dare say't, *thou*, Ladye, art *mine!*

It is not a brief poem (one hundred and sixty-eight verses), but the ardor and vigor of appeal never for one moment falter. Mary's intercession is besought, to obtain God's forgiveness at the hour of death; she is called upon to wash and clothe the soul through her wide-spreading mercy. And the poem ends with a most ingenuous prayer that God Almighty may bring His monk into gladness and to the vision of this Ladye in her beatitude; and that all his friends may be the better for this English lay which he has sung them!

The *Oreisun* is very full of color and charm, of imagination and warm human feeling. Representative alike in its beauties and its excesses, it mirrors faithfully that chivalrous and romantic devotion to the Mother of God which permeated mediæval life. Ruskin saw in it a very font of virtues—the exaltation of womanhood, of gentleness and purity, the glorification of the family ideal for prince and for peasant. Cardinal Newman has pointed out how, among all nations, it has served as the most potent protection for the supreme dogma of the Divinity of Mary's Son. But at the time there was something flowerlike in the unconsciousness with which the devotion developed, spreading into inevitable luxuriance on all sides. It was not a cult; it was not, save in rare instances, a literary convention; it was the mediæval version of Gabriel's *Ave*, framed from the "lore of faithful hearts."

"We are alike meditating on the Incarnation, whether our direct theme be incarnate God or His Mother," wrote Aubrey de Vere of the deep and tender insight. And the Incarnation is one of the few fundamental Christian mysteries which does not force the contemplation of what the same critic has called "matter too aweful for poetry." By bringing the infinite and unutterable down to the compass of a Mother and her Child, it has subjugated the devotion and imagination of the ages. So there is really no better way to realize the emotional sincerity of these Marian poems than to study the contemporary prayers to our Lord. They are absolutely free from self-consciousness; they bear no trace of what we have grown to call English reticence; the floodgates are down—the passionate ardor of the human heart is poured out like spikenard at the feet of Jesus Christ and Him crucified! The *Wooing of our Lord*—an exceedingly interesting and well-sustained piece of alliterative prose—is one of the most famous of these works. It is overwhelmingly romantic:

> Who may not love Thy lovely face? What heart is so hard that may not melt at the remembrance of Thee? Ah, who may not love the lovely Jesu? For in Thee alone are all things gathered together that might ever make one man loveworthy to another!

For His beauty and His riches, His wisdom and might, His liberality and surpassing nobleness of birth, His graciousness and gentleness and kinship with all the children of men—for all these the soul is urged to choose Jesus as true lover. Is not He that keen warrior who did rob hell-house and deliver its prisoners, and brought them out of the house of death into His own jewelled bower, the abode of everlasting bliss? The emotional warmth, the intimate sensibility and tenderness which throughout pervade the *Wooing*, have led some critics to believe it the work of a woman—most probably a nun consumed by love of the Heavenly Bridegroom. It would be vastly interesting to accept this theory; but internal evidence, as well as the almost unbroken custom of the age, militate against it. The work was designed primarily, not as a sentimental effusion but as a meditation upon the Passion; possibly for the use of some consecrated Spouse of Christ. And the conclusion very forcibly suggests the authorship of a spiritual director:

> Pray for me, my dear Sister. This have I written because that such words often please the heart to think upon our Lord. And therefore when thou art in ease, speak to Jesu and say these words: and think as though He hung beside thee bloody on the rood; and may He, through His grace, open thy heart to the love of Him, and to ruth of His pain.*

Friar Thomas of Hales' *Love Rune* is by all odds one of the most artistic and exquisite of these devotional poems. It possesses real imaginative and lyric value; but the length forbids insertion in this present study, and no extract would be found satisfying. So as a final and thoroughly characteristic product of this union of romance and religion, let us consider the

Oreisun of Our Louerde.

> Jesus, true God, God's Son! Jesus, true God, true man and true Virgin's child! Jesus, my holy love, my sure sweetness! Jesus my heart, my joy, my soul's healing! Jesus, sweet Jesus, my darling, my life, my light, my balm, my honey drop! Thou art all I trust in, Jesus my weal, my winsomeness, blithe bliss of my breast! Jesus, teach me, Thou that art so soft and so sweet, and yet too so likesome and so lovely and so lovesome, that the angels ever behold Thee, and yet are never satisfied to look upon Thee. Jesus all fair, before whom the sun is but a shadow, even she that loseth her light and becometh ashamed of her darkness before Thy bright face! Thou that givest her light and hast all that light, illumine my dark heart. . . . Ah! Lord Jesus, Thy succour! Why have I any delight in other things than in Thee? Why love I anything but Thee alone? O that I might behold how Thou stretchedst Thyself for me on the cross! O that I might cast myself between those same arms, so very wide outspread! He openeth them as doth the mother her arms to embrace her beloved child. Yea, of a truth! And Thou, dear Lord, goest spiritually towards us, Thy darlings, with the same outspreading as the mother to her children. Each is beloved; each is dear; each places himself in Thy arms; each will be embraced. Ah! Jesus! Thy humility and Thy great mercy! O that I were in Thy arms, in Thy arms so outstretched and outspread on the cross! And may any one ever hope to be embraced between Thy

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* Early Eng. Text Society Pub. Vol. XXIX.-XXXIV.

> blissful arms in Heaven, unless He previously here hath cast himself between Thy piteous arms on the Cross? Nay, of a truth; nay, let no man expect it. Through this low embracing we may come to the exalted one. . . . O Loving Lord! he must follow Thy steps through soreness and sorrow to the abode of bliss and eternal joy. Let no man think to ascend easily unto the stars! *

Thus the orison flows on—with the rhythmic rise and fall, the half-inebriating and mystic sweetness of an ever-swinging censer. And it is not the rapturous colloquy of some exalted saint or mystagogue. It is the prayer, nowise unique, of a nameless churchman—perhaps a busy bishop like the probable author of the *Ancren Riwle*, perhaps an obscure monk like Jocelin of Brakelond. The work does not seem to have been thought extraordinary by the scribe who handed it down to us; for the unfinished fragment of the *Oreisun* is tucked into the Lambeth MS. among a collection of homilies—in a strange handwriting, and apparently, Mr. Morris thinks, to fill up the remaining folios!

Oh, yes; there is a vein of sentimentality through all these works. They are a little weak in the quality of artistic selection; they sometimes offend our own fine sense of fitness; they are saturated with a curious sensibility which already tends to the fantastic, and threatens later to become morbid or metaphysical. But they teach us the meaning of Coventry Patmore's strange arraignment, that not one really good prayer has been written by Catholic or Protestant since the days of the "Reformation." And they teach us the measure of a perfectly vital, unconscious, and untrammeled faith.

For how unerring the poetic insight, through all this quaintness and naïveté—how ardent and intimate the union with God! No doubt we moderns have gained as well as lost by "growing up," by becoming critical rather than creative, and correct rather than spontaneous; still we have lost something. What are we to think of the mystical culture of England at a time when popular devotion was so clothed and crowned? And that was the England of pageant and miracle play; the England which had known Thomas à Becket and was soon to know Chaucer; the England wherein romance met and kissed religion

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* Early Eng. Text Society Pub. Vol. XXIX.-XXXIV.

—before the revolt of Wycliff, before the scourge of the Rose Wars, or the sophistication of the Italian Renaissance.

Mr. George Meredith, that very modern and professedly "scientific" student of human nature, once remarked that "If we let romance go, we exchange a sky for a ceiling." We shall never be able to let it go altogether, because it is as elemental as it is seemingly unreal; but we can, and do, push recognition of it from one field to another. We can build our walls so close and our ceilings so low that one student's lamp shall pierce every inch of the darkness. But meanwhile the sky *is* above the ceiling, and our vision alone is restricted. If we wish our appreciation of religion to be vital, refreshing, inspirational, we shall do well to remember—as the saints have remembered and as the Church in her liturgies does remember—the high romance of it all. And if we would save that very human craving for romance from debasement and triviality, we must not divorce it utterly from spiritual ideals. The greatest motif in English literature (a Celtic motif as all the world knows) stands to-day as one immortal offspring of the union we have been considering. The mystic Quest of the Sangraal was the glorification and transfiguration of the romantic ideal. It bequeathed to us a wondrous and heart-subduing parable of life from the mediæval viewpoint, and we ought to breathe a *Deo gratias* because it still abides in the consciousness of the race. Forgotten by many it may be, but not effete; undeciphered but enduring; the symbol of truths and aspirations too sublime for human utterance!

ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN.

*AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

CHAPTER XXII.

FOR some days after his interview with Brother Thomas of Aquin, Arnoul remained quietly in the guest-house of the Cistercians; for he had at once betaken himself thither and craved the hospitality of the order, as much to avoid his former companions as to be near Father Anselm and Roger. It was a case of taking refuge in the nearest port from the storm that he instinctively realized would break as soon as his new resolutions became known.

Sir Guy's death had told. Where his life in the University had had all the effect of aging him without showing it, the sudden shock had thrown him back upon himself and developed the latent manhood that had been so rapidly growing to maturity. His youthful features reflected the intensity of the mental struggles through which he had passed; and, instead of a gay, careless boy, it was a sober and serious-eyed man who paced up and down the gardens by the Bièvre in the company of his two countrymen.

The story of Sir Guy's murder had been told again and again, with all the variety of remembered details that the retelling of a story brings. He had the whole sad series of events before his mind as if he had been an eyewitness of the tragedy; and he brooded over it in a manner that was far from reassuring either to Father Anselm or to Roger. The former good man, having accomplished his sorrowful task of communicating the news, did his best to turn the lad's mind from thinking over-much of his loss, and to this end he spoke incessantly of his own future. Above all, he insisted on the kindly intentions of the bishop.

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"A canonry, Arnoul! It is a thing to accept, without doubt!"

"The bishop is kindness itself," replied the lad, "but I shall not take his canonry."

"And why not, Arnoul? 'Tis a good beginning, and you would have a career before you ready mapped out. Why! there's no telling what you might not reach if you set your mind to it! It is the very thing Sir Guy would have wished for you."

Arnoul's eyes swam. He remembered his brother's great dreams and hopes, unfolded to him during those last days at Woodleigh. The astrologer's head, too, seemed to nod up and down before his eyes and his metallic voice strike upon his ears: "Refuse nothing!"

Even the good bishop— He could picture his jovial, kind face beaming with contentment at his own goodness in making such an offer. But, more than all, the words of Brother Thomas and the strong presence of Brother Thomas held him.

"Nevertheless," he repeated, "I shall not take his canonry. It is like him to offer it to me; but I cannot accept it."

"And what will you do then?" persisted Father Anselm. "What do you propose? Surely you are not thinking of joining us? How pleased Abbot Benet would be! Is that what is in your mind?"

"No"; replied Arnoul. "I am not thinking of the religious life. I do not think I am made for that. I shall just go on studying until—until Father Abbot comes over in the spring; and then we shall see."

Poor Father Anselm was nonplussed. He could not realize the refusal of so good an offer as that of the canonry, and he was altogether at a loss to understand what he took to be sheer uncertainty and indecision on Arnoul's part.

Roger, on the other hand, did not try to understand. Perhaps in his stolid, faithful mind he knew better than Father Anselm what Sir Guy's murder meant to the lad. But he drew him out and talked with him of his humbler friends in Devon.

"Budd is quite well," he said, in answer to Arnoul's questions. "But the goodwife has got pains in her joints, and can't work as she could once."

"And the brothers at Holne and Brent?"

"They are well, too. Only some of those at Brent Moor have been moved. Brother Peter is at Buckfast now, and Brother Basil has gone back to one of the French houses."

"Old Brother Peter at Buckfast!" exclaimed Arnoul. "Why! what will he do without his sheep?"

"He will make a good death," was the answer. Brother Peter is growing old, and can't do his work upon the moors any more. So he has gone down into the valley to make himself ready for his call."

From Buckfast they crossed easily to Woodleigh and Isobel. "Where was Isobel; and what was she doing now?" Arnoul asked with a sigh.

"Isobel? Why, Sir Sigar offered her a home at Moreleigh; but she would hear nothing of it. Instead, she railed at Sir Sigar to his face. He took her curses meekly, and answered no word. She has gone away to Exeter, 'tis said; though I do not know, for she said nothing to me of where she was going."

"Poor old Isobel," sighed Arnoul. "She is a good, faithful soul, and I can understand full well how she felt when Sir Sigar offered to help her." His face went pale as he spoke, and his mouth was hard and stern.

"Still, I think she might have gone to Moreleigh," said Roger. "Had she gone it would have seemed a sign of forgiveness for Sir Sigar. Not that I forgive him!" he put in angrily.

They spoke of all save of the Lady Sibilla. Arnoul could not bring himself to mention her. He was too distressed, too nervous to trust her name upon his lips when speaking with Roger or Father Anselm. Only, he pictured her alone in the great hall at Moreleigh, suffering silently for her father, gathering up her woes within her patient heart, sorrowing, perhaps, for him.

Curiously enough, too, Roger never spoke of her. She seemed not to be part of that awful drama in which she must have acted. In not one of their conversations was her name so much as mentioned.

So they continued, speaking of home and of all the dear friends of far-off Devon every time they talked together, until Arnoul, having composed his spirit in the retreat of the Bernardins, and conquered the first overwhelming wave of utter melancholy, went back again to his own lodging.

The first persons he met as he made his way across the University were Maitre Louis and the alchemist, Barthelemy.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked the younger man, coming up to him. "What have you been doing with yourself? I have been hunting for you at your room and all over the place. They told me you had been called out of Julien's the night you left me at Maitre Barthelemy's house; and from that day to this no one has had a word from you."

The alchemist stood there, looking at him gravely. Arnoul saw that his right hand was hidden in his breast.

"There was news from home," he made answer; "and I have been staying at the guest-house of the Cistercians with those that brought it."

"So? I am glad, at any rate, that you are back again now from those sour-faced monks. But for this eternal dispute between the friars and the University, there is nothing doing at all. Have you heard that Maitre William's book has been denounced by the king? It is an infernal shame!"

"No; I have heard nothing. What book?" asked Arnoul. "The famous one, I suppose?"

"Yes; *The Perils of the Last Times.* These hypocritical friars are bent upon destroying St. Amour if they can manage it! King Louis has sent the copy on to the Pope to be condemned. The Dominicans have him under their thumb."

"The king is quite able to take care of himself," said Arnoul dryly, "even if he has, as every one knows, a great esteem for the friars. He is tired of all this strife and wrangling in his capital, and he is setting to work the right way if he sends the whole quarrel on to Rome."

"And that's just what he is doing," Louis retorted angrily. "Why can't we be allowed to settle our own affairs for ourselves? Already some of the friars have been summoned to appear before the Papal Court. But the University is preparing a counter-move. Maitre William and his friends are not idle! The friars will laugh on the wrong side of their mouths when they learn what is afoot! They are going to Rome too, with *The Eternal Gospel* in their hands. That will open the Pope's eyes a bit, I fancy! What is more, they have found out who wrote the Introduction to that blasphemous work. Would you believe it? It was no less than Brother John of Parma himself. The late head of the Cordeliers! And, as every one knows, the Introduction is as bad as the Gospel is, besides putting its depraved doctrines into a form that any one can understand. But come on with us to Julien's and have a crack there! I'll tell you all about it."

"No, Maitre Louis; I'd rather not go to Julien's now," said Arnoul.

"What's come over the fellow?" asked Louis in astonishment. "Not go to Julien's? Why, my boy, you have practically lived there for months past! What's wrong with you? Come on, don't be a fool! We are going, and your Jeannette will be there waiting for you! Come on, I say!" And he clapped him on the shoulder.

Maitre Barthelemy had as yet said nothing beyond his greeting. Now, however, he joined his persuasions to those of Maitre Louis. He had been scrutinizing the lad closely and had come to the conclusion that something was amiss—what, not even his wonderful facility in judging expression could tell him.

"Yes"; he urged, "come with us to Julien's! I also have somewhat to speak of. The horoscope, it seems, was wrong in one detail. It is now put right; and I would signify the difference to you."

"No"; persisted Arnoul. "I am on my way to my lodging. I cannot come to Julien's now."

"Cannot!" cried Louis. "What new fad is this? You are free to come and go as you please! Why won't you act like a decent fellow and come with us when we ask you to?"

"If you really want to know," Arnoul replied, "I do not intend going to Messire Julien's tavern any more. I have been wasting my time there these months past, as you remind me, and I don't propose doing it any more."

"How now! What's all this?" cried both men. "The fellow is bewitched!"

"You're not caught by those accursed Jacobins, are you?" Louis asked suspiciously. "You're not setting yourself up as too good for the likes of us? Tell me, Arnoul! What is the matter with you!"

The alchemist's solemnity was prodigious. He nodded his great, egg-shaped head slowly like a machine, and looked unutterably sorrowful. "It is the moon in conjunction with the Tetractys!" he muttered to himself.

"No, Louis; I do not set myself up at all, though I confess I have made a great error in thinking so hardly of the friars. They have not got me in their power, never fear—or rather— But you would never understand; and I could not explain it to you. My only brother, Sir Guy, the priest of Woodleigh, is dead. That is the news they brought me."

Maitre Louis composed his features to an appropriate measure of sympathy. He muttered a few words of condolence, and then begged the lad again to accompany them. "Surely it can make no difference—coming with us!"

Here Maitre Barthelemy interposed. "So; the tidings were evil? I grieve with you"—how Arnoul hated the oily commiseration!—"but it cannot affect your course! 'Tis written in the heavens! This brother, now—this priest of Woodleigh, Sir Guy—did he leave you any inheritance? Was he blessed with the goods of this world?"

On Arnoul's answering that Guy left nothing, the man seemed to lose interest.

"No"; the lad continued, "Guy left nothing at all. He had nothing to leave. And now he is dead and I am alone. It changes everything for me. Perhaps you can see why I can't go with you to Julien's."

"No, we can't"; was the blunt reply of Maitre Louis.

The alchemist pursed his lips together. "Young man," he said, "it is the lot of all men to die. What matters soon or late? Your brother has died to-day. 'Twill be your turn to-morrow. Therefore, enjoy yourself while you can. No death can matter to you but your own. Why, even I—unless I can wrest the hidden secret from the heart of nature—even I shall die! But while I live, I live! Come with us now and enjoy life while it lasts!"

It had been the lad's own argument. How he shuddered as it was thus baldly recalled to him!

"No"; he reiterated, holding out his hand. "I go to my lodging. Good-bye, Louis! Good-bye, Maitre Barthelemy! Perhaps you will find that you were mistaken in me, and that I am not worth your friendship; but I am decided. I came to Paris to work, and if I have not worked yet, I am going to begin now."

The alchemist bowed gravely, holding out his left hand; but Maitre Louis turned angrily on his heel. As they separated

Arnoul heard his friend's voice calling him a conceited ass, a hypocritical Jacobin, and, worse than all, a coward. This was the beginning of his trial. He had brought it upon himself. He deserved it. Therefore he threw his shoulders back and gritted his teeth, resolved to face it.

But there was more in store for him. No sooner had he reached the street in which he had his lodging, than he perceived a familiar figure in front of him. There was no going back. Perhaps it was as well that he should get it over at once. It was Jeannette; and she had seen him.

"Oh, Arnoul! Arnoul!" she cried. "Where have you been all this long time? What did those men want with you? Here have I been waiting for you to come back ever since you left me on that dreadful night. Had you forgotten your Jeannette?"

The tears almost trembled in the girl's eyes, though there was but one contented smile of welcome for the lad's return.

"I feared all sorts of terrible things for you. The city is so disturbed! It is full of cut-throats! I have been so frightened, Arnoul! And no one knew where you had gone!"

How hard it all was, thought the lad. Here was the girl, who seemed to have a real affection for him, waiting for him at his very door, and welcoming him back!

"I received news that my brother was dead," he said simply.

"Oh! that's all!" The girl drew her brows together carelessly. "I'm sorry! But you're back again now, so nothing matters much. We'll go over to Julien's! Come!" And she made to take him by the arm.

Her heartless words made what he had to do less difficult.

"No; I am not going to Julien's now or any more, Jeannette," he said, drawing away from her.

"What do you mean?" asked the girl blankly.

"What I say. I'm not going to waste any more time drinking and dicing and making love at the tavern. God knows, I've wasted too much there already!"

"Not going to waste time drinking—and dicing—and making love?" she repeated slowly, with a pause between each word. "Have you joined the monks that you speak like that? What has come to you, Arnoul?"

"Nothing, except that my brother is dead and I see that I have not been living as I should— Now I intend to apply myself to study, and to make up for lost time."

The color came in the girl's cheeks and her eyes flashed ominously. "So you will desert Messire Julien and us?"

"Yes."

"And cut me adrift?"

"I must be at my work, Jeannette."

"You mean to do this?"

"Yes."

"You accursed clerk!" she hissed at him, realizing that he intended to do as he said. "You sneaking hypocrite! You are setting yourself up as a saint, when every one knows what you really are! How they will howl at you at Julien's—the Boiteux and the rest! But you're not going to desert us, are you? It's not some other girl, who's prettier than me?" she asked jealously. "Oh! Englishman—Arnoul! You cannot mean what you are saying! I have not understood you! I am dreaming! I shall awake! Oh, yes; I shall awake, to find you at my side once more!"

"Jeannette! I must be honest! Can't you see that it may never be again as it was? I—I am a clerk. And you— Just God! don't you see how difficult it is for me to say it?"

"But you are mine, Arnoul! Mine from the very womb of eternity! Of all the students in the University—of all the burghers of the town—I think but of you! Cast me not off! You are pledged to me! Oh, sacredest of ties!"

He cut her short—brutally, finally. "Girl," he said, "you rave! I mean what I have said—every word of it. Never shall I go again to the wine-house! Never shall I— Pah! I have done with it! I break—I have broken with the life at Julien's—with all those associates! I—"

The girl was looking at him from under lowering brows, bitting her lips, her nails. Then, seeing the sternness and the careworn lines upon Arnoul's face, and realizing he was in deadly earnest, she began to revile him again. "A saint! A saint! A pretty saint you will make! Why! I remember when you struck Maitre Jacques—a clerk, too!—in a fit of rage. That's nice work for a saint, isn't it? Oh! you pig! You sneak! Yes; and how often have you been blind drunk, I should like to know, pig? And your fine red cloak and your swaggering airs! Oh, no; you may discard me and you may shun us all, but I'll make you smart for it, my fine fellow! Oh, you disgusting pig! You cowardly clerk! You filthy saint!"

She was furious; and Arnoul, white to the lips, knew that he deserved some, at least, of her railing.

"Is it the damnable friars that have got at you and made you a saint? Oh! the friars with their baskets and their downcast eyes, their drawling psalms and their pious speeches! A fine saint they'll make of you! We are going to light a fire for the friars! I shall see you at the stake yet, saint! The professors won't stand their sham humility any longer, and they're going to bring the shavelings to their deserts! Oh, yes; accursed pig of a saint!" And she spat at him.

He bent his head and listened to it all patiently, until she attacked the friars. Then—"Peace, girl!" he said. "The religious are not for such as you or I to abuse."

But she continued, her voice ever growing louder, until a little crowd had collected in the narrow street and heads were poked out of the windows far above them. It was his hour of humiliation and must be borne."

"What is the matter?" asked one ill-favored hag of another.

"How should I know, save that the clerk yonder is the Englishman who lodges with old Mother Evelinne la Boucele?" the crone replied. "Let us cross over and ask Evelinne herself. There she is at the door yonder. She is sure to know. It looks like some stupid row between the Englishman and a girl."

Old Mother Evelinne did not know what the cause of the trouble was, but she was well aware of the fact that Jeannette had been hanging about the place for days past. So she let her tongue wag, and the three old women wove the threads of scandal to their hearts' content, while the girl screamed and swore and railed and cursed at the unfortunate Arnoul, standing pale and with bowed head in the middle of the gathering crowd.

"Come now, Mistress! What's all this pother?" asked a burly fellow as he shouldered his way through the throng of people. "What's the clerk been doing to you, that you scream like this? Shut your mouth, girl! Don't you see it's a clerk and an Englishman you're railing at? An Englishman—and so am I! Hola, there! Maitre Arnoul of the English Nation! 'Tis I, Gerard the German! Out of the way, you shrieking fiend! Out of the way there! Be silent! Get you gone!"

The huge German turned his red face upon the crowd, swinging a cudgel above his head. "What are you gaping at, you moon-struck idiots?" he shouted. "Have you never seen a clerk of Paris before, or a frenzied woman? Be off with you! Disperse! Clear the roadway! *Instanter! Instantius! Instantissime!* Or I make my oaken stick crack upon your hollow pates!"

The effect of his words was marvelous. The crowd, for the most part composed of women, melted into space. Even Jeannette had paused in her cursing, and was making off down the narrow street before the fierce German's threatening cudgel.

"Aha! that's right!" he said with a laugh. "There they go, the rabble, and that shrill-voiced vixen with them. Come, comrade! What's to do? Have you been lightening the wench's purse? No? A little love affair, perhaps, gone awry? No? Then what the devil is it? She has fine eyes, your fair reviler! God's Blood! I shall follow her myself and see where she is going! No thanks, comrade! We of the English Nation should always stand together when the need may be! I have rid you of a shrieking termagant with glorious eyes. Perchance I can keep her in better fettle! I go to see! Farewell! Another time, perhaps, you will render me a service!" And he followed the retreating figure of Jeannette before it was lost sight of in the turning of the Tuileries.

Arnoul, conscious of eyes looking down upon him from the windows, made his way towards his door; and, passing the three old hags who had taken refuge within it, he mounted the steps to his own chamber. He was humiliated beyond measure. Moreover, he was ashamed—thoroughly ashamed—of himself and the low part he had, perforce, had to play in the sordid quarrel. He cast himself down disconsolate upon his pallet. So, it was come to this, he thought. To be upbraided in the public street and cursed and spit upon! It was all his own fault. He realized it. But, oh! the ignominy of those bending eyes, that common crowd! And he had brought it all upon himself! "Oh, Guy! Guy!" he thought within himself. "What can I do without you?"

Then he lifted the reliquary from his bosom and prayed. In all his drifting he had kept Sibilla's gift, that splinter from the Holy Rood, upon his person. His prayer and his thoughts of Sibilla calmed him. Was he to find peace, now that he had broken with Louis and Maitre Barthelemy, now that Gerard the German had undertaken to deal with Jeannette? His mind ran on, humiliated and stunned, despairing and hopeful by turns.

Below, the three crones discussed the tumult. "He has cast her off without doubt," said Ameline la Grasse. "And she will have her revenge upon him for it. I saw it in her flashing eye."

"No, that's not it"; retorted Maheut la Boçue. "I know the girl well by sight. She is Jeannette aux Blanches Mains. Every one knows her. She is a public nuisance. I remember—"

"You are both wrong, I am quite sure," spoke the lodging-keeper. "Maitre Arnoul is not the man to take up with a girl and then cast her off. I know him better. Who better, since he lives with me? Why, I charge him well for his lodging and he pays regularly, never grumbles, mark you, nor threatens to call upon the Rector to lower my terms." The three hags nodded in chorus. They well knew what that meant, for the Rector of the University had the power of adjudicating as to the charges of the lodging-house keepers and arbitrarily lowering them if necessary.

"Still," insisted Ameline, "one knows these English. They walk about as if they owned the whole earth. The girl seems to be a good and pious child. She is a Parisian—no doubt of it. Why should these foreigners come here to ride roughshod over our citizens, I should like to know? The English are the worst of the lot."

"Nay, Mistress Ameline, I assure you you are wrong. The girl is well known. One only had to listen to her just now to know how pious she is. Ho! ho! she has set her cap at this Englishman; and, failing to secure him, she heaps him with reproaches and curses. Ho! that's a new piety, that is! Don't tell me!"

You are a fool, Maheut, though you are my crony! I know better," retorted Ameline. "I know well what these Englishmen are. Have I not had lodgings let in the University for thirty years gone? Take my advice, Mistress Evelinne, and get rid of the Englishman before you have further trouble! I know what I am talking about! Get rid of him, I say! Pitch him out—neck and crop!"

"But I know quite well that he is quiet and peaceable here. There has never been a fracas before. He never brings crowds of rowdy scholars home with him as some of them do. I know it to my cost! The girl—what's her name—Blanches Mains? She never came before till now."

"Never mind, Mistress Evelinne! You know better than I do, of course! I who have had more scholars than both of you twice over! Still waters run deep, Mistress Evelinne! Depend upon it that your Englishman is not what you think! You will have trouble with him one of these days, never fear! Has he any money? Does he pay you well?"

"I just told you that he pays regularly—or, that is, he did. He owes me now for a few weeks."

"What I told you! You will whistle for the good *sols Parisis!*"

"No, no; he will pay right enough!"

"Go and ask him, then. If he doesn't pay you, turn him out! I know these Englishmen! I know all scholars!" The old hag chuckled and showed her yellow teeth vindictively, as though she had a spite against all the clerks in the University. "Don't tell me! I know them and how they live, from hand to mouth!"

"But I tell you he has always paid—"

"Go and ask for your money! Just look at his clothes and his face? I'll warrant he has sold all he had to dine with Blanches Mains!"

"Perhaps," suggested Maheut, "Ameline is right. She has experience—not that you and I haven't experience too. But it's as well to be safe. You had better go and ask him for the money."

The insistence of the two women impressed Evelinne more than their arguments. She began to waver; and when they had left, with a parting shot at clerks in general and Englishmen in particular, she climbed up the stair to Arnoul's door. As it was shut, the old hag listened prudently for a time, wondering what the Englishman was doing. Evidently he was not moving about or speaking to himself; but she managed to catch now and then a sound as of a low groan. That was bad! Things went wrong when one groaned! Mistress Ameline was possibly right. She would see!

She thumped on the crazy door with her fist. It was not barred, and it sprang open as she touched it. There was Arnoul sitting on his pallet with his head on his hands. He looked up suddenly. Could it be that Jeannette had come back again? No; it was only old Evelinne the lodging-keeper.

"I am come, Maitre Englishman," she began, "for the small matter of money that is owing me." He put his hand to his empty purse; and then remembering that he had come away without thinking of asking Father Anselm for the money the Abbot had sent him, told the woman of his plight. "You shall have it, Mistress," he said, "but not now. I have no money here to give you, but you shall be paid in full ere long."

"No, Englishman, I must have my money now. You must pay me at once! Here you've been away for days—I know not where—and you already owe me a good round sum."

"But, Mistress, I tell you I have no money now. I cannot give you what I have not got."

"Then you shall quit my house, you beggarly Englishman! Here you have come swaggering about in fine clothes and dancing in and out; and now you refuse to pay a poor, hard-working woman her honest money."

"But I have always paid you, Mistress," said Arnoul sadly. All his troubles seemed to crowd in upon him at once. "And you shall be paid, believe me. Only I cannot pay you now."

"Can't pay me? But you shall pay me!" she screamed; and then, catching sight of the gleam of gold and stretching out her bony fingers towards the reliquary. "What's that?" she cried. "That will do! Give me that! I will take that for your lodging!"

But Arnoul snatched the relic from her grasp, springing up from the pallet bed. He would have parted with life itself before he relinquished his relic.

The woman came nearer, the greed of gold shining in her withered eyes, and strove to take it from him. He resisted her gently enough, for he was afraid to put forth his great strength and hurl the old crone from him. She had her hand now upon his breast where he had placed the golden box. The touch was sacrilege; and he thrust her violently from him. Then she tried new tactics. Going to the window, she began to scream for help in a shrill, quavering shriek. "Murder! murder! help!" she cried.

The lad realized that in a few moments the place would be full of heaven knew what sort of people; and without a further thought he left the room and tore down the stairs into the street. Evelinne was still shrieking from above. Good! She had not heard him fly. The crowd was gathering fast enough; but, since the shrieks still cut through the air, no one would dream of connecting them with him. He made off hurriedly down the street, his hand clasped over his reliquary, making himself as inconspicuous as possible.

When he reached the great street of St. Jacques he paused, standing irresolute, wondering what he should do. Where should he go? What was his next move to be? He felt desolate and lonely as he looked up and down the long, straight road. Though it was full of the hurrying forms of the scholars, he realized that he was one single unit out of touch with all the rest. He was an outcast, a man without a home, friendless and solitary. A revulsion of feeling swept over him, a great wave of disgust and loathing of himself.

"Why, Maitre Arnoul, what are you doing here? It is an age since I have seen you!" A familiar voice broke upon his ears.

"Doing? Nothing"; he answered wearily, turning to find Maitre Giles at his elbow.

"Where are you going, then? And, good gracious! what is the matter with you?" asked Giles, looking in wonder at his white face.

"I don't know," answered Arnoul blankly. "I have just been turned out of my room."

"Turned out? What do you mean? Why have you been turned out?"

The clerk told his story simply and baldly, making no excuses. He felt that he had to unburden himself to some one, even if it were Maitre Giles. When he had made an end Giles turned to him impulsively. For all his faults he was a kind-hearted fellow, and he saw the straits that Arnoul was in. Perhaps he thought there was a chance here of snatching a brand from the burning. "Come back again with me to St. Victor's," he said kindly. "They will welcome you there, I am sure."

But Arnoul hung back. It would be far more difficult to face the scholars he had left at St. Victor's than to break with the companions of his extern days. It would be coming back like a beaten hound, tail between legs.

"Come!" urged Maitre Giles. "We shall all be glad to have you back, you know. Of course you'll feel a little strange at first, but that'll be over in a day or so. Have you left anything at your lodging?"

And learning that Arnoul had come away leaving clothes and parchments behind him, he added good-naturedly: "That will be all right. You need not bother your head about them. I'll go and get them for you and bring them on to St. Victor's. As for the money—why, I'll lend it to you. I'll see that the harridan's paid. When I've finished with her she'll leave you in peace, I fancy! But you come along with me to the abbey now! Come back to St. Victor's."

The little man passed his arm through Arnoul's, and led him away unresisting.

Such kindness! thought the lad brokenly. How he had misjudged everything and every one! Here was Maitre Giles, whom he had disliked and despised as a man of no spirit, leading him back to the canons at the Abbey!

On the way he listened to vivid accounts of the mental unrest that was the one topic of conversation in the University. With tact Giles avoided speaking of himself; and by the time they had reached the gate of St. Victor's, Arnoul began to feel more at ease and less fearful of the interview with the good canons.

They passed together, arm-in-arm, into the monastery.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Although St. Victor's, strictly speaking, belonged neither to the seculars nor to the friars, but to the canons, it was inevitable that the strife that was so rapidly coming to a climax should make itself almost as profoundly felt within the walls that bounded the Abbey as in the greater University without. Arnoul, it is true, had set himself to work diligently at his interrupted studies, and was careful to fill up the time unoccupied by classes with the compilation of his notes or reading of texts in the scriptorium. In thus occupying himself he found the best anodyne for his grief; and by degrees, as time wore its sharp edge away, he found himself taking up again the life of routine that he had lived before leaving the shelter of the monastery for the freer life of an extern student. Still he could not close his ears to the common topic of conversation. Canons and scholars alike were full of it. They had nothing else to talk about, and from morning until night they discussed the extraordinary state of tension that prevailed in the University. Although it was a body corporate, it was also in a remarkable degree composed of heterogeneous and discordant elements—elements that threatened at any moment to come into such acute conflict that no possible *modus vivendi* could be devised to keep them together even in appearance. The canons were as alive to the actual state of things as any one else; and the scholars living at St. Victor's were naturally much exercised as to the issue of a struggle that had been maturing for years and was now coming to a head under their very eyes.

Of the twelve public chairs, three only were in the possession of the secular party. From this point of view the situation was an intolerable one. The University had grown up gradually from the original nucleus of the Carlovingian schools, shaping itself naturally around the cathedral. It was, therefore, quite right and proper that the Mother Church of Paris should be represented upon the official teaching staff. Three chairs were obviously due to the canons of Notre Dame. That was clearly a fair arrangement, since the schools had begun there. But these interloping friars had captured too much. It was a crying abuse that they should have so many professors; and any means, fair or foul, were to be adopted in order to cure the evil and bring the preponderance of power once more into the hands of the secular clerks.

On the other hand, there was the contention of the friars. The University was not a close corporation in the sense the seculars contended, but one in which merit came to the fore. Moreover, it was a papal University; and the friars were—it was well known—held in the greatest esteem by Pope Alexander as well as by King Louis. Why should a man be forbidden to hold a chair because he professed poverty or was a member of a religious order? Some of the most brilliant teachers that Paris had yet seen had been friars. Moreover, they were in possession of the chairs; and possession is nine points of the law.

But there was a further reason accounting for the strife that no one seemed to notice. To the clash of principles and the jealousies of the individual doctors might be added the vague, premonitory stirrings of a society that was about to undergo a profound change. This war of factions in the University of Paris in the thirteenth century was an expression, an indication, of a changing order of things. It was the struggle of old institutions against new ones, and its furthest reaching effects were to be the foundations of a new social order in Europe. Where the intellect of the University led the whole civilized world would follow.

Living in the thick of it all, and hearing opinions expressed on every hand, it was practically impossible for any one to view the situation calmly and impartially. Opinion ran too strong, ideas surged too high, to make for impartial judgment; and Arnoul, who had cast in his lot with the seculars before, now sided quite as strongly against them. Things moved quickly in those days—so quickly that before one had time to throw one's thoughts and impressions into any clear or definite form, the premises had shifted and the conclusion drawn from them was found to be worthless.

Brother Thomas of St. Jacques, whom he now knew, had taken the place in his esteem that Maitre Louis had formerly secured for William of St. Amour; and the scholars whose company he most frequented were as stout defenders of the friars as Louis and his little coterie were of the seculars.

But his mind, notwithstanding that the air was full of it, was not altogether taken up with the dispute. He had obtained leave for Roger to come and live at St. Victor's, in return for work that he would do for the canons; and never a day passed but the two were found talking together, their minds far away from Paris and its problems. On feast days they walked together through the town, or out, through the gates, into the green fields, exploring. There was much of interest to be seen in this bustling hive of human life besides the townspeople and the scholars. There were other things than schools and pageants, brawls and religious ceremonies. There were the buildings that were springing up everywhere in wonderful profusion. There was the great cathedral; and, though building operations were yet actually in progress there, its nave was undoubtedly one of the finest structures in Europe. The choir was hidden in scaffolding, for the masons were at work upon it, and the south porch had not yet been begun. But the façade and towers stood up grandly, frowning down over all Paris, solemn and watchful. The placid stone saints gazed out from their niches in the arching doorways; and the stone kings looked down gravely from their twenty-eight pedestals upon the city over which they had ruled. It was a front solemn and grandiose, flanked by its two great towers, one on either side; a nation, a history, a theology, carved in stone; the life of a people caught up and crystallized for all time. No other age could have produced it, for it was above all things the expression of the age, saturated with mystical piety, heavy with national aspirations, somberly religious, lightly speculative, intensely earnest, held and bound all together in the relentless logic of proportion and proper subordination, part to part. It was the ideal towards which the social restlessness strove; an ideal dreamt of and pondered upon and then carved out of the real heart-throbbings of souls and set up for all ages to gaze upon as the embodiment of the religion and patriotism of a bygone day. And inside the building, when the two Englishmen went up the steps and passed under the central portal, in the effulgence of its vast spaces, they saw the monuments and statues that a pious, if misguided, art had raised. At the eastern end the altar, one mass of golden reliquaries and shrines, one glow of color and jewelled splendor, caught and held the eye. The tall waxen torches rose from a wealth of gleaming metal and flashing stones. Roger wondered awe-struck and admired open-mouthed. There were people in the church, too—people moving about and curiously examining the statues in the nave. Some workmen were setting a recumbent waxen effigy in its place. And there were people at their devotions, kneeling forms busy before one of the many shrines or the representation of a saint, people standing before the high altar, lost in meditation, people leaning against pillars and gazing about them. All the while a monotonous chant fell upon the ear. The canons were singing their office in the distance.

There were other buildings, too, to see: abbeys and priories, churches and palaces, besides the beauty of the country-side, when one left the walls of University or town behind and rambled far out into the fields and woods along the river.

Thus Arnoul found time to guide Roger through town and city, visiting and explaining to the open-mouthed man of Devon all that there was to see in Paris. And Roger took it all in, in a stolid kind of way, sharpening his wits slowly and adding by degrees to his native shrewdness the astute outlook that comes from living among men in large cities. But the two were never happier than when talking of home, speaking of the old and golden days, and making the loved ones live once more in their conversation.

By this time Arnoul had received from Father Anselm the money that was to carry him on until Abbot Benet's next visit in the spring. It was not much; but it had sufficed to pay all his debts, and leave him with a little in hand; enough, if he was careful, and after all there was no need for him to be extravagant, to last him well into the next year.

But while he was thus doing his utmost to retrieve what he had lost in the matter of his studies and living over with Roger the happy days of his boyhood, events were crowding thick and fast upon each other's heels in the University. Brother Thomas, though Arnoul had visited him more than once since he had returned to St. Victor's, never alluded in any way to the state of things in the schools. He gave himself up entirely to the matter in hand, helping and advising the lad to the utmost of his power; and he had the satisfaction of seeing that his kindness and good advice were bearing fruit.

Arnoul had settled down quietly to as studious and as peaceful a life as the distracted condition of things would permit. Only Brother Thomas had his fears—though he never made them known to the boy—that such an even tenor would not last. His resolutions were bound to be put to the test sooner or later. He would come across his old associates. He would find a loathing of a regular and ordered life grow up within him, an overwhelming desire to go back to his former way. So he encouraged Arnoul to come to him and gave him what help he could, preparing him and strengthening him for a future storm of temptation and difficulty that he foresaw would rage in the lad's soul.

The spring had lengthened out into summer when the first crisis made itself felt. They were standing, a party of the scholars of St. Victor's, in the abbey gardens, discussing the latest turn of events.

"So, they're going to move at last," said Maitre Giles, with the air of a man who has much knowledge in reserve and is quite ready to impart it to all and sundry. "So, they're going to move at last."

"No; what's the latest?"

"You know King Louis sent the *Perils* to Rome?"

"Pah! That's stale news! Why, one knew that weeks ago!"

"And the Pope will examine it."

"So it would be supposed," said the scholar superciliously. "Why do you think that the king sent it otherwise? Tell us something fresh!"

"Well, no one knows what the decision will be. The regulars are confident of a condemnation and the seculars just as sure of—"

"Oh, come! We all know that. If you have no better things to tell us, we might as well—"

"Don't you be too sure! You *Sententiarii* are always in such a hurry! That is a vice of young men! If you'll only listen, I'll tell you all about it," drawled the first speaker.

"What is it then?"

"Giles has found out something. He's a regular ferret!"

"Boh! I don't believe he knows any more than we do!"

"Give the man a chance to speak!"

"As I was saying," Maitre Giles resumed, leisurely addressing the little crowd of scholars. "As I was about to explain, when you interrupted me, they are going to move at last."

"And what have they been doing, I should like to know?"

"You said that before!"

"Who's going to move?"

"Will you keep silence? I say they are going to move. *Who?* Why, the friars of course, you booby! Who else? Haven't they been patient enough and for long enough, I should like to know? Haven't they endured all that flesh and blood can stand for months past? Well, they are going to fight now—fight with a vengeance; and, if I mistake not, they are going to win too."

"Fight?"

"How can they win against the University?"

"They won't win! Why, they've got the best logicians of the world against them. What can they hope to do against St. Amour?"

"So? They've got the logicians, have they? What of Maitre Albert? What do you say to Brother Thomas?"

"But the case is tried at Rome, isn't it? What's the good of the ponderous Albert or even young Aquinas, if they're not there?"

"You go too fast, my friend! The book is to be examined at Anagni, not at Rome, in the first place. Our Holy Lord the Pope is at Anagni. And Master Albert is at Anagni too. Perhaps you didn't know that, eh? So is Brother Bonaventure, the new Franciscan general. Is that news to you?"

"That's better!"

"Why didn't you say so at once?"

"How can a man say everything in one breath?" asked Maitre Giles. "Give me time and I shall tell you all."

"Well tell us then. What's going to happen? What's the new move? Anything will be better than this perpetual bickering."

Arnoul had pricked up his ears when he heard the name of Brother Thomas mentioned. He edged through the little knot of *Sententiarii* and *Biblici* closer to Maitre Giles.

"You must understand," continued that worthy, "that when the libel was taken by the two doctors of the king to our most Holy Father the Pope Alexander, he caused it to be examined by his cardinals."

"And they have condemned it?" asked one of the *Sententiarii* eagerly.

"How could they have condemned it before they had examined it?" retorted Maitre Giles magisterially. "You young men are altogether too quick. You jump at conclusions. Now, you ought to be aware that the reading of such a book requires time. The cardinals—I have heard that there is a commission of four appointed—are even now reading it. But that is not my news. There's much more than that. You remember the council of bishops assembled here this spring?"

"Of course we do!"

"How forget it?" The two provinces of Rheims and Sens —fourteen bishops at least."

"Weren't they a fine show, with all their attendants and trappings?"

"Never mind the show," continued Maitre Giles imperturbably. "You know what they did?"

"Held a provincial council, of course. What else would they do?"

"A great deal else. They tried to settle this dispute."

"We know that!"

"That's not new!"

"Get to the point, Maitre Giles!"

"I'm getting to the point, if you will only wait a bit! You know that William stayed for the council, though he had just been named canon and ought by rights to have gone to take his stall at Beauvais? You remember that he was ready to accept its ruling and justify what he had preached and taught concerning the friars? Well, it all came to nothing, because Brother Humbert, the General of the Preachers, refused to abide by its decisions and referred himself and his cause to the Pope. And then King Louis sent St. Amour's book to Rome by the hands of Maitre Pierre and Maitre Jean?"

"Yes, we know all that."

"Well, here's something you don't know; Brother Humbert made off as fast as he could for Anagni, where Pope Alexander now is, to look after the matter himself. He has kept Master Albert there for a year now, nearly, because he foresaw the struggle that was coming. Brother Bonaventure is there, as General of the Cordeliers; and now—it's the very latest news—they have sent for Brother Thomas too. Don't you see? There's bound to be a battle—a big battle; and the strongest and ablest men of the two orders are being mustered on the battle-field. What foresight! What diplomacy! If they had tried to fight it out here the contest would have lasted through another thirty years of squabbling and bickering. We're too hot here—right in the middle of it all! Now, don't you understand? They've shifted it all to the Roman Court. They've taken it to the Pope, who is directly over the University, and they're going to have a settlement once for all. You'll see, they'll come back with their chairs confirmed to them, stronger than ever. And the strongest weapon they have to fight with is that book of St. Amour's. Mark my words! You'll see that I am right! And you won't have to wait very long to see, either!"

Arnoul edged up quietly to the speaker.

"Is Brother Thomas going to leave Paris?" he asked, almost in a whisper. It meant so much to him to know that the strong presence of the gentle friar was near at hand.

"Oh! 'tis you, Arnoul. Yes; he is certainly going to set out for Anagni."

"Does he go at once?" the lad asked again, in a still lower tone of voice.

"Why, what's the matter, Arnoul? Of course he leaves at once—within two days, I heard."

"And I never knew," murmured the Englishman to himself; but not so low that the sharp ears of Maitre Giles did not catch what he said.

"And why should you be acquainted with the fact, I should like to know, Arnoul? The news is not known in the University yet. I had it from—but what matters where I had it? It is true enough, at all events. Don't look so down-hearted, lad! What difference can it make to you? Brother Thomas is a great man, but he is not the only one in the University—nor the only friar, for the matter of that!"

"Oh! I can't explain it all, Giles! Brother Thomas has been so good to me. He told me to come and see him whenever I wanted to."

Maitre Giles pricked up his ears. Here was treasure trove. A familiar with one of the leading characters in the great drama that was about to be played at the Papal Court! Arnoul was at once invested with a new importance in his eyes. He had not known of his intimacy with Brother Thomas of Aquin, for Arnoul, in this, had been reticent. His friendship with the professor of St. Jacques was almost too sacred to be spoken of.

"Come," said Maitre Giles to the lad. "I have no more news. Let us walk up and down the cloister! So you know Brother Thomas well, Arnoul?"

"Well? No, Giles; but he has been very good and kind to me in my trouble."

"Why, how did he know anything about it?"

"I went to him," answered the lad simply, "when I heard of Guy's death. You yourself had told me so much about him in the old days that, when I was in trouble, I thought of him almost at once."

"And did he speak to you of the state of the University?"

"No, Giles; he said nothing of himself or of the troubles in Paris. Only he listened to me and gave me help. It seemed as though he had only me to think of. He gave himself up so entirely to my poor affairs."

"So you know nothing from him about this crisis?"

"Nothing, Giles."

"Still, you have formed an opinion of the man? What do you think of him?"

"And what is my opinion worth, Giles? You know him, too, or you could not have made such an impression upon me that, when I was in sore trouble, I went at once to him."

"No; I have never even spoken to Brother Thomas," said Maitre Giles grudgingly. "I have heard of him, of course," he added quickly; "and I have formed my opinion from what I have heard. But spoken to him, no—that is, only once. I remember taking an objection to him after one of his classes to be solved."

"And he explained it for you?"

"Yes."

"And spoke to you as if there was nothing in the whole world but you and your objection?"

"Yes."

"That was like him. I went to him when Father Anselm brought me the news of Guy's death. I told him all—all there was to tell of myself. And he saved me from myself. Giles, but for Brother Thomas, I don't know where I should be now."

"No; you don't say so," said Maitre Giles. "What a sly fellow you are, after all, to be in hand and glove, as it were, with so great a personage as Brother Thomas, and never say a word of it to any one, not even to me!"

"What was the use, Giles, of speaking of it? But your news upsets me dreadfully. It really does. I must go at once to St. Jacques and see him."

"But he'll never see you now! Just think how busy he must be if he is to set out to-morrow!"

"Still, I shall go. And I think he won't leave Paris without seeing me. I hope not at any rate. Good-bye, Giles, I shall go at once."

The great door of the friary had not ceased resounding to his knock when the old porter opened the grille.

"So it's you here again," he muttered, unfastening the bolts. "One might have known you would be turning up like this as soon as the good news got abroad. You come to see Brother Thomas? Well, he can't see you. He is busy."

"Oh, Brother! Do ask him if he can spare me just a moment."

"It's no use," grumbled the porter, stumping off down the corridor. "Why, every one in Paris wants to see Brother Thomas to-day. How can he find time to see everybody, I should like to know? No; the Englishman will have to wait till he is back again."

But he returned, none the less, in a few moments, to tell Arnoul that the brother would receive him, and at once.

Thomas of Aquin was alone in his cell. There was no trace of disorder in the room, no sign of haste or flurry in its occupant. On the contrary, Brother Thomas was as calm and as tranquil as ever, his cell exactly the same as when Arnoul had last entered it. As a matter of fact, the great teacher had given his lessons as usual, as though nothing had happened, had interviewed his visitors, and was in the act of preparing his matter for the morrow's lecture, when Arnoul arrived.

"Ah, my child; so you have learnt that I am ordered to Italy?"

"Yes, Brother; 'tis that that brings me here at this hour. I heard that you were to leave to-morrow, and came at once. What am I to do when you are gone, Brother, without your support and help?"

"Do? Why, my child, what you have been doing these weeks past." And Brother Thomas smiled encouragingly.

"Still, Brother, it will be hard. It has been hard; but it will be all the harder when you are gone. I have so learnt to count upon you."

"There is some one else on whom you must count, now more than ever, my child, if you would be steadfast. What help I have been able to bring to you has been but little. We must all lean upon Him. When you are happy, my son, pray, and thank God for your happiness. When you are in trouble, pray again. And, above all, when the trial is sharpest, pray—pray fervently. It is by prayer alone that we conquer."

"But when you are gone, Brother—"

"God remains, my son. Put your trust in Him. He will not fail you."

"And yourself, Brother?"

"I am ordered to appear before our Holy Lord the Pope.

'Lo, Thy enemies, O Lord, and they that hate Thee, have lifted up their head. They have taken evil counsel against Thy people and consulted together against Thy saints.'"

"To defend the religious, Brother?"

"Yes, my son; we are compassed about and pressed upon every side. Here, in the University, we are made the butt of coarse wit and bitter words. We are persecuted and set upon by the ungodly."

"Ah, Brother! who does not know it? That accursed Canon William—"

"Peace, my son! Do not curse that misguided man. Pray for him rather, that he may cease to persecute the children of God."

"But he is accursed for his treatment of the religious, Brother!"

"Who are we to judge, my son?" We are not all perfect. No, we are far from perfect. 'Love your enemies,' we are bidden." He rose to his full height, the very embodiment of tranquility of soul and peace of mind. What were these squabbles, these underhand sowings of discord, these overt attacks upon all that he held most dear, to the mind of Thomas of Aquin? He rose above them, superior to them, untroubled by them. It was the first, and indeed the only occasion upon which he ever spoke of them to Arnoul.

"My son," he said tenderly, thinking once more of the lad and his troubles, "I leave to-morrow. Put all your trust in God, and when I return I shall find that all is well with you. But be on your guard; and pray for me and the mission I have to do. May the Lord have you in His keeping, Arnoul! In all your works and ways may He watch over you and protect you!"

He signed the lad's forehead with the cross, and Arnoul left him sadly, wondering why so great a strength and consolation should have been vouchsafed to him for a time only to be withdrawn while he still had so much need of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

I.

A CERTAIN lawyer asked Christ what must be done to possess eternal life. Our Lord asked his questioner to quote the written law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart . . . and thy neighbor as thyself." Christ said: "This do and thou shalt live." But the lawyer asked: "Who is my neighbor?" In reply to which question Christ told the parable of the Good Samaritan. The wounded man needed mercy; the Samaritan saw him and showed mercy. This was neighborly relation in Christ's sense. "Go thou and do likewise." As these words fell from the lips of Christ, an abiding law was promulgated which should have force wherever the name of the Savior is honored throughout the earth.

The practical Christian must know who is his neighbor; and the definition must be organized into his intellectual equipment, just as the corresponding impulse to mercy or charity must be developed in his character as part of the working force of normal Christian life. A Christian is not free to have or not to have neighbors. The definition of neighbor is strictly and literally a mortgage on the Christian's property, as it is a claim on his time and energy.

That one must understand the place of neighbor in the whole process of spiritual life is beyond question. But much real confusion may be felt in attempting to find out who is one's neighbor and what is the neighborly service called for. Many circumstances of varying value are to be weighed over against one another; questions of prudence, comparison, and discrimination are constantly arising; methods are challenged; and the merit or demerit of recipients of charity is constantly a source of worry to the good neighbor. Changing social conditions modify standards, and thus the thoughtful Christian is puzzled. He turns in serious doubt and asks, as did the lawyer: "Who is my neighbor?"

When the lawyer asked, he said: "Who is my neighbor?"

When Christ answered, He pointed out the man toward whom the Samaritan should be neighbor, emphasizing the outgoing and not the incoming relation. "Which of these three in thy opinion was neighbor to him that fell among robbers?" The lawyer answered: "He that showed mercy to him." Christ then said: "Go thou and do in like manner." The lawyer was sent to be a neighbor, to show mercy.

In order to fix our definition of neighbor, we must find those who need mercy; we must understand the kind of mercy needed; and intelligence must guide us in so serving that our mercy is in fact mercy. Where there are thousands and even tens of thousands who need mercy, and where there are hundreds and thousands to show mercy, system is necessary if results are to be expected. We are confronted by a puzzling paradox in modern society: the nearer we come to each other locally in modern cities the more we seem to be estranged from one another in mind, emotion, and interest. Our neighbors are not our neighbors. An occupant of a flat in an apartment house which contained forty-two families once remarked: "I have lived here four years, and if I were leaving to-day, there is no one to whom I could say good-bye, except the elevator boy, so complete is the isolation in which we live." If, then, one's neighbor is not he who lives "next door," as the phrase is, where is he to be found? What is he to do who, seeking to obey his Christ, desires to be a neighbor to those who need mercy? The answer leads us to a review of social conditions and to the analysis of many features of social relations, all of which should be understood, if we would meet the Christian obligation of mercy, intelligently from our standpoint and wisely from the standpoint of those whom we serve.

Undoubtedly the reader thinks of the poor alone as those who need mercy. The sinful rich, the erring mighty, the ignorant and blundering high in station, may and do need service, but we are debarred from offering it. Poverty is looked upon as symbolizing all weakness. Associated with it are disease, poor judgment, credulity, disintegration of the home, wrongdoing. We chide the poor drunkard, but never feel called upon to advise the rich drunkard, although his case is far the worse. The poor wife cannot cook, and we complain; the rich wife cannot cook, and we accept the fact as proper. The rich man spends evenings at the club, and the poor man at the saloon;

but it is only to the latter that we direct attention. By common practice, then, we turn to the poor, the abject, the weak, as those who need mercy. This narrows the field, but still leaves it broad enough to test the Christian spirit of society. It is unfortunate that accidental differences of wealth, learning, culture, and power have so warped men's conceptions of social relations that this whole duty of charity is understood as related to the poor alone, while in the nature of the case it ought to be a basic human relation deeper than any artificial distinction among men.

A general tendency is found in modern cities toward choice of the same neighborhood for residence by those in like circumstances. The aim seems to be to live in the neighborhood rather than to have the neighbors. Neighborhood is nowadays accepted as a symbol of one's wealth, notable change in income usually causing a similar change in residence. Excepting the lowest helpless class, which is the victim of necessity, and the highest satiated class, which is the victim of opportunity, occupants of any givenneig hborhood look down with indifference and upward with hope. $500 incomes, those of $1,000, $2,000, $3,000, and $5,000 tend to locate in certain neighborhoods which are easily recognized. Obvious modifications are, of course, to be recognized; but the tendency is undoubted.

As a result of this trend, one's neighbor is largely like oneself. Those of approximately equal strength and weakness live near each other. In the very poor sections of a city, all have need of mercy and few in the neighborhood can show it; in the better sections, all might show abundant mercy, while few need it in material ways. The ordinary course of daily life does not lead the strong into the sections where the weak live; hence one may, if one is not interested, pass years without seeming to meet an acute case of misery which demands relief. The Good Samaritan who aided the wounded man, "came near him" and "seeing him" was "moved to compassion," and "going up, took care of him." The social separation of classes, the resulting narrowness of sympathy and view of spiritual duty, are such that one can easily miss the whole thought and service of one's neighbor and not be reminded of it. When we live in classes, our social experience is mainly with those of our own kind. Now only heterogeneous social experience is representative. Touch with one class is narrowing; touch with all classes enables us to understand the spirit and the precepts of Christ. Those who have forgotten the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, might for experiment's sake if for none other, memorize them again and attempt to execute them in their neighborhood, if picturesque illustration of the observation made is needed. If the Samaritan had heard that some one had, somewhere on the road, been wounded, he might not have shown mercy. If he had not come near, he would not have been moved to compassion. If statistics had been brought, showing the numbers killed each year by robbers, possibly the cold equilibrium of his dull emotions would not have been disturbed by a single heart-throb of sympathy.

It may be remarked that, although we live in classes, separated in association, sympathy, and interest, nevertheless information is spread so quickly that we may know, if we wish, quite as directly as though we lived next door, all that we need to know about misery and need. The fact is true, but its influence is seriously modified. First, among the well-to-do the extent of actual ignorance of the life conditions of the very poor is almost incredible. It is astounding that in this day of congested cities, universal reading, penny papers and magazines, that the upper classes can be as ignorant as they are of the facts and processes of misery, of "adversity so lengthened out as to constitute the rule of life." Second, the amount of misery or the number of cases actually needing attention or relief that one may find every day, if one open one's heart to the work, is such, that one might die of nervous prostration in a year if one spent emotion and gave time to every case. One is easily an extremist in matters of charity, giving either too much or too little of heart and time to the work. There is the milkman, for instance, who delivers milk to us before daylight in winter; or the salesgirl who waits on us in the great store, looking thin, dragged, weak; or the ten-year-old messenger boy who delivers a message at midnight; or the motorman on our street car. The care of each of these, and many more, might interest benevolent persons indefinitely and completely absorb them. Hence one drifts into the feeling that one may safely take only a speculative interest in the hundred instances of need of neighborly service brought to one in daily life; that one can save one's nerves only by not individualizing the needy and weak. Third, as a result of this attitude and of the enormous numbers of weak, helpless, blundering, unfortunate men, women, and children in our cities, we drift into the habit of thinking of them as impersonal masses rather than as individuals with souls and feelings and hopes; with sorrows and pains and griefs. Just as the leaf is lost to sight in the foliage of the forest, the individual is lost to sight in the mass of poverty and degradation of which he is part. One reads of slums, of the city poor, of tuberculosis among the poor, of infant mortality in the tenements in summer; but the mind rests in the impression of masses, and no emotion big with determined sympathy and throbbing with impatient eagerness to bring relief is awakened. Yet in the presence of an individual case of misery, the average man will act quickly and generously—such is the difference between the mass and the person. Dickens gives us, in *Hard Times*, this impressive description of the thought as it was worked out in the mind of his heroine:

> For the first time in her life, Louisa had come into one of the dwellings of the Coketown hands; for the first time in her life, she was face to face with anything like individuality in connection with them. She knew of their existence by hundreds and by thousands. She knew what results in work a given number of them would produce in a given space of time. She knew them in crowds passing to and fro from their nests like ants or beetles. But she knew from her reading infinitely more of the ways of toiling insects than of these toiling men and women.
>
> Something to be worked so much and paid so much, and there ended; something to be infallibly settled by laws of supply and demand; something that blundered against those laws and floundered into difficulty; something that was a little pinched when wheat was dear and overate itself when wheat was cheap; something that increased at such a rate of percentage, and yielded such another percentage of time, and such another percentage of pauperism; something wholesale, of which vast fortunes were made; something that occasionally rose like a sea and did some harm and waste (chiefly to itself) and fell again; this she knew the Coketown hands to be. But she had scarcely thought more of separating them into units than of separating the sea itself into its component drops.

But further. Not only do great impersonal masses of varied weakness and helpless misery leave us unmoved to aid, but they mislead us into an attitude of indiscriminate blame of them. When a strong man lives among strong men, it is easy for him to misunderstand the weak man who lives among weak men. The assumption is widely accepted that, as one captain of industry expressed it, "Any man of fair intelligence, honesty, and integrity" can climb up. Or to put it as Mr. Edward Atkinson once did: "If men are poor to-day in this land, it is either because they are incapable of the work which is waiting to be done, or are unwilling to accept the conditions of the work." One result of such impression, which might in fact be accepted as in a sense true, is a tendency toward indiscriminate blame of the poor, with no sense of responsibility for their condition. And this tone of condemnation stifles many an impulse to service. Dickens again expresses well the thought, referring to the walk of Gradgrind and Bounderby through Coketown. After the teetotal society

> showed how the workers would get drunk, the chemist and druggist showed that those who did not drink took opium, and the jail chaplain showed that they resorted to low haunts, then the two named could show that these same people were a bad lot altogether, gentlemen; that, do what you would for them, they were never thankful, gentlemen; that they were restless, gentlemen; that they never knew what they wanted; that they lived upon the best, and bought fresh butter, and insisted on Mocha coffee, and rejected all but prime parts of meat, and yet were eternally dissatisfied and unmanageable.

To set in its proper light this tone of condemnation, it seems apropos to quote Hawthorne's sympathetic lines written after inspecting the condition of the poor in London:

> I never could find it in my heart, however, utterly to condemn these sad revellers, and should certainly wait till I had some better consolation to offer before depriving them of their dram of gin, though death itself were in the glass; for methought their poor souls needed such fiery stimulant to lift them a little way out of the smothering squalor of both their outward and interior life, giving them glimpses and suggestions, even if bewildering ones, of a spiritual existence that limited their present misery. The temperance reformers unquestionably derive their commission from the Divine Beneficence, but have never been taken fully into its counsels.

It will be seen then that the relation of the well-to-do toward the poor is far from simple. The weak, those needing mercy, are massed in sections of our cities through which usually the strong have no occasion to go. They impress the strong, who feel no responsibility toward them, as impersonal masses. When thought is given to them, many combine all of the weak into a blameworthy mass. When, however, we begin to individualize the weak, and to take an interest in those whom the course of day brings to our notice in some way, such as waiters, drivers, messenger boys, salesgirls, workingmen, the impulse that leads one to take an interest in any one, impels toward interest in all, with the result that many are inclined, in self-defense, to shut out all and confine their charity to money.

But, moreover, there is among the weak who need mercy, particularly among the most deserving, a marked shrinking which leads them to be secretive to an almost exasperating degree. Not a little ingenuity must frequently be exercised in finding out the condition of such a family without giving offence. Together with this secretiveness, which by making neighborly service more difficult, gives excuse to those who neglect it, there is a habit of bad judgment found which often foils the best-intentioned friend of the poor. Their love of gaudy things, their joy at a bargain to be paid for by installments in which they get things that they do not need, their persevering and joyous stupidities, are a trial, and yet, who shall say how wrong they are? Human nature is the same perverse, repellent, attractive, baffling thing in all social circles. The poor have their standards, tastes, comedies, tragedies, as we have. Possibly a grave error was made when we first thought or spoke of the poor as the poor. Human nature has hardly sanctioned the classification. Hawthorne saw correctly when he spoke of "the code of the cellar, the garret, the common staircase, the doorstep, and the pavement, which perhaps has a deep foundation in natural fitness as the code of the drawing-room."

When the Christian looks about in modern society, then, to find his neighbor, he is confronted by a very complex social situation. It requires wide knowledge of varied facts, deep spiritual sympathy and strong conviction of the reality of Christ's will, to find out definitely and with satisfying concreteness who is one's neighbor, and wherein consists the neighborly service that Christ asks. In the face of these and many other social facts and impressions the Christian race has not developed as many strong who will show mercy, as it has weak who have need of it. There are not enough "big brothers" to go around. We have a relatively small number of valiant workers who give time, energy, and sympathy to the work of relief. We have a larger number—though at best far from a noble majority—who will give money, if nothing more, to bring relief to the weak.

Even the fragmentary charity that money is, is far from creditable to a robust Christian race. It is in too many instances a compromise between conscience and preference. But much money given in charity is not spontaneously given. The bargain idea has entered into it extensively. In the charity ball, money is raised for noble purposes; but there is an incongruous combination effected when the gay and well-dressed and well-nourished must have pleasure out of the money that is destined to procure help for the suffering and the hopeless.

The merchant who gives a percentage of his sales on a given day to charity, the organization that conducts a fair to raise money for good works, the publication of names of donors to charity funds—all of these proceedings are sad revelations of the low level to which the motives of a Christian generation have fallen. It is not much in keeping with the stewardship notion of wealth; not much in harmony with the thought, so aptly expressed at the World's Parliament of Religions, that "we do not own our wealth. We owe it."

Of course one should not forget the colossal sums spent annually in the total in all forms of charity. But this large financial point of view is not to the present purpose. The standpoint of the individual Christian is kept in mind. We go back in spirit to the lawyer who asked Christ "Who is my neighbor?" and the question forces itself upon us insistently: "To whom should I be neighbor?" In view of the amazing complexity of the problems of poverty, and of the manifold relations in which the individual is found, in presence of social processes which separate us from the weak as a class, massing them until everything that might individualize them or establish hope in their surroundings, is eliminated from their lives, the question of defining and locating neighbors not only does not cease to be important, but, on the contrary, becomes the more important because of these very circumstances.

As far as one may venture to analyze values as they appear in the teaching of Christ, it seems that unity among men was nearest to His heart. Emphasis constantly rested on the things in which men are alike, while the things in which they are unlike were very frequently passed over. Christ prayed for unity with explicit words: He represented it as a real spiritual asset for His followers. He saw the varied human inclinations and impulses that threaten unity, deprecated them and taught the cultivation of such as tended to establish and protect the unity among men which was so near to Him. He sets forgiveness over against resentment; humility over against pride; to love of power He opposes love of obscurity; against selfishness He places service. Out of this basic thought of unity among men, based on the essentials in which they are alike, is derived the thought, the law of neighborly service. The strong love and serve the weak, because Christ desires it, and Christ asks it because of the deep spiritual unity and the bond of sympathy which exists between them. Hence the essential element in the neighborly bond between strong and weak among Christians is not that the former gives food and clothes to the latter, but it is rather that understanding, personal touch, human association are found between them. It may be said that cripples and orphans and diseased have civilized the Christian world as they Christianized the pagan world. Their presence, once Christ gave to every one of them, down to the meanest, an infinite value, invited the development of the traits which most honor the race. And in a similar way one may say that the manner in which the diseased, the orphan, the awkward and helpless enter the individual's sympathy, indicates the manner and the degree of Christianization of his life.

In the face of this view, mere money charity shrinks into diminished dignity, even when most freely given, if it alone is given. But given in response to urging, to begging, to the promise of an evening's enjoyment, given with prospect of having name and amount heralded to the town, money alone given in such a manner seems almost a mockery.

The Christian Church can render no more valuable service to-day than to awaken a keen sense of social responsibility in the individual. It should furnish him with a definite and concrete understanding of neighbor, expressed in modern homely terms, and finally make faithful service of neighbor one pledge of eternal life. In a future article some of the social relations on which such definition might be based will be discussed.

YORK.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE legendary history of the city of York, famous for its magnificent Minster, quaint streets, great gateways of bold architecture, and as being the most ancient metropolitan see in England, begins with the statement of the historian Geoffrey of Monmouth, who attributes its foundation to Ebrancus, a king in Britain. This king, or rather chieftain, is said to have reigned about the time that David ruled in Judea, and on returning victorious from an invasion of Gaul, to have built the city, calling it after his own name Caer-Ebranc, the City of Ebrancus. However that may be, it is certain that, prior to the coming of the Romans, the city known by that name was the chief town of the British in the north, and belonged to a hardy race called Brigantes, who under Caractacus made the last important stand against the invaders. After the second campaign of Agricola in A. D. 79, when Caractacus was captured and the tribe completely conquered, Ebranc passed into the hands of the Romans; by them it was called *Eboracum* and became the military capital and center of their power in Britain.

The original Roman city was rectangular in form and of considerable dimensions. It is supposed to have been laid out in imitation of ancient Rome, on the east bank of the River Eure, now known as the Ouse. A temple to Bellona was erected there as well as a *Prætorium*, where the emperors resided, for Eboracum was honored by the rulers of Rome. The first imperial visitor was Hadrian in 120; the Emperor Severus died in the city in 211. He had come over with his sons Caracalla and Geta, a large army, and the attendance of his whole court. His time was mainly spent in reducing the troublesome Britons to submission. During the residence of the court, Eboracum attained its highest splendor. The frequent visits of tributary kings and foreign ambassadors who came to pay their allegiance to Rome, besides other distinguished personages, caused it to be unsurpassed among other cities of the world; so much so that it came to be called *Altera Roma.* The imperial palace is supposed to have occupied the ground on part of which Christ Church now stands, that edifice being designated in ancient charters as *ecclesia Sanctæ Trinitatis in curia Regis.*

Nearly a century after the death of Severus, on the division of the empire between Galerius and Constantius Chlorus, Britain fell to the share of the latter, who fixed his residence in York, where he died two years after his arrival. His son and successor, Constantine the Great, was immediately proclaimed Emperor by the army at York, where he was at the time of his father's death. This event is commemorated in one of the stained glass windows in the Guildhall. Constantine directly left for Gaul, and with his departure the history of York during the Roman occupation, which had lasted nearly four hundred years, ceases to be important, the troops being gradually withdrawn from the country. Archeologists have discovered many and manifold Roman remains in and about York at different times; the "multangular tower," now much dilapidated, is in itself a notable evidence of their settlement there.

The city of York was frequently assailed and suffered considerably during the successive struggles between the Britains, Saxons, and Danes. In 521 King Arthur kept Christmas in York; this is said to have been the first celebration of that festival in England. He also rebuilt the churches of the early British Church, then in ruins, having been destroyed by the Saxons, who were enemies of Christianity. It was for their conversion that Pope Gregory sent St. Augustine to Britain. Early in the seventh century Eboracum underwent a change. By the Saxons it was called Euro vie, a name probably borrowed from its situation on the River Eure. When this appellation was contracted to its present form is uncertain.

Historians assent that about the year 180, when Christianity in England was quite in its infancy, King Lucius established the metropolitan see at York. This probably was annulled during the Roman occupation, but it is certain that after the conversion of Edwin, King of Northumbria, the city was in 624 erected into an archiepiscopal see, of which Paulinus, the first missionary from Rome who preached the Gospel in Northumbria, was made archbishop. In addition to this, Edwin constituted York the metropolis of his kingdom. Edwin had married Ethelburga, daughter of the King of Kent, who had been converted by Augustine, and Paulinus was her chaplain. From this time dates the foundation of the cathedral. We have it on Venerable Bede's authority that on the site of the wooden chapel in which Edwin was baptized by Paulinus, he erected a large and more noble basilica of stone, dedicated to St. Peter; but the work was suddenly interrupted in consequence of an attack of the Britons under Cadwallo in 633, when the king was slain. The building was allowed to decay until it was restored by Oswald, Edwin's successor; it was continued on its original lines by Wilfrid, the third primate, and his successors until the Norman conquest.

In the meantime York, under Archbishop Egbert (from 730 to 766), became a most celebrated center of learning, and reached its height under Alcuin, the greatest scholar of his age, called the "Glory of York." To him was entrusted the care of the schools, which attained such fame that youths of noble birth from all parts of the country and of the continent came thither for instruction. Egbert also repaired, in 741, the ravages caused by fire to the cathedral, which is described by Alcuin as "a most magnificent basilica." York suffered severely under the rule of the Danes, who settled there and made it a seat of commerce. It is said to have been thronged with Danish merchants about the year 990.

In 1050 the Abbey of St. Mary was founded by Earl Sivard, of whom it is related that finding his last moments approaching, he called for his armor, shield, and battle-ax, and sitting erect on a couch with his spear in his hand, lamented his fate in not dying on the battle-field, and awaited the coming of death as became a warrior.

In 1068 William the Conqueror captured York and built a castle there. The following year, however, the last great attempt to dispute his power was made by the Danes. To prevent the assailants from occupying the city the garrison fired the houses in the suburbs, and this fire, being fanned by a high wind, quickly became a devastating conflagration, in the midst of which the Danes entered and put to the sword the whole Norman garrison. In this fire both the cathedral and the famous library of Egbert were completely destroyed. In the following year William re-captured the city, and in revenge for the loss of his army, burnt the city and depopulated all the country between York and Durham. The historian asserts that "there perished in York, on this occasion, about 100,000 human beings."

The city gradually recovered in the two succeeding reigns. Archbishop Thomas, of Bayeux, rebuilt the cathedral, and the city continued to advance in prosperity in spite of many attacks from the Scots. In 1088 William II. laid the first stone of a large Benedictine monastery, which was dedicated to our Lady.

During the reign of Stephen a terrible fire broke out, which destroyed the cathedral, the monastery, and several parish churches, with a great part of the city. In 1175 Henry II. held in York one of the councils which afterwards were called Parliament, and which were summoned to meet in that city until the time of Charles I. On this occasion Malcolm, King of Scotland, paid homage to Henry in the cathedral, in token of which the Scot deposited upon the altar his spear, breastplate, and saddle. In the reign of Richard I. the fury of the populace was excited against the Jews for having mixed with the crowd at the coronation; they were terribly persecuted throughout the country in all the big towns, and York was by no means behind the rest, many being massacred there. In the meantime it is pleasing to note that certain portions of Yorkshire were reclaimed from their wild state, and the inhabitants instructed in the faith wherever the Cistercians and the other orders settled. The celebrated Cistercian Abbey of Fountains, near Ripon, was about this time founded by a band of monks from the monastery of York, whence the relaxation of discipline led them to depart as has been already stated.

The subsequent history of York records no important event until the insurrection, known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace," took place. This was consequent on the dissolution of the monasteries, the demolition of ten churches, and the wholesale appropriation of ecclesiastical revenues and valuables by Henry VIII. This rising was soon suppressed, the leader being hanged upon Clifford's Tower in York. In Elizabeth's reign another insurrection occurred to restore Catholicism in the north, under the leadership of the Earl of Northumberland. It ended in discomfiture. Northumberland was beheaded at York and his head placed on a pole over Micklegate Bar, where it was left for two years, as a warning to other insurgents.

The Minster, rebuilt by Archbishop Thomas, and finished in 1100, was, as we have seen, destroyed by an accidental fire in 1137. It remained in a desolate state until Archbishop Roger rebuilt the apsidal choir and crypt in the latter half of the next century. Subsequent archbishops added other portions to the structure, the last of which, the southwest tower, was erected by a layman, the treasurer of the Minster. On the 3d of February, 1472, the building being completed as it now stands, was re-consecrated, and that day was thenceforth observed as the feast of the dedication.

The Minster did not suffer much during the Reformation. It was, however, partly destroyed by fire in the last century. In the night of the 2d of February, 1829, consternation was excited by the sight of flames issuing from the roof. This was the act of a man, afterwards proved to be mad, who having concealed himself behind a monument after the evening service of the preceding day, set fire to the woodwork of the choir, and the whole of the beautiful tabernacle of carved oak, the stalls, the pulpit, the organ, the roof, were completely consumed, the east window being saved with difficulty. The building was restored at the cost of £65,000.

The two transepts, besides the crypt, are the oldest portions of the present structure. They belong to the best years of Early English. The south transept has a distinctive feature in its magnificent rose window, while the north transept is adorned by a series of beautifully carved lancet windows, known as the Five Sisters, from a tradition that they were the gift of five sisters who themselves designed the colored glass, which is preserved as when first inserted, and is greatly admired by able judges.

In both the east and west aisles, and in the Lady Chapel, are some noble monuments, which happily have escaped the destroyer's hand; these were erected to the memory of the most celebrated archbishops of the see. That of Archbishop De Grey (1255) is one of the earliest examples of canopied tombs in existence. The effigy of the prelate rests beneath an elegant canopy supported by ten light and graceful columns with flowered capitals. Of all English chapter houses that of York claims to be unrivalled. The date of its erection is supposed to be about 1320. In a niche above the portal is a figure of our Lady with the Divine Child, mutilated by the relentless hand of the iconoclast. Each bay of the building contains a lofty window of great beauty, the glass of which is of the time of Edward II. Below the east window are forty-four canopied stone stalls; the sculpture of these is worthy of close study, the details are said to be unsurpassed by any other sculpture of the period either in England or on the Continent, a fact expressed in the Latin couplet inscribed in Saxon characters near the entrance door:

Ut Rosa, Flos Florum
Sic est Domus ista Domorum.

Which may be rendered thus:

"As is the rose the flower of flowers
So of houses is this of ours."

The nave is, with two exceptions, the longest in England; it is also one hundred feet high. The vestry and record-room contain many valuable and interesting curiosities. Amongst these is the Horn of Ulphus, fashioned out of an elephant's tusk, curiously carved and polished, and ornamented with gold mounting. It is a relic of ancient art, and forms the title whereby the Chapter still hold several of their estates. Ulphus was son-in-law to Canute, and lord of a considerable part of East Yorkshire. To prevent the two sons from quarreling over their inheritance, he vowed he would make them equal, and going to the altar of the cathedral, filled the horn with wine, and drank it off; he then dedicated all his lands to God and St. Peter, thus disinheriting all his family. The Mazer Bowl, or Indulgenced Cup of Archbishop Scrope, is also preserved here. It is a bowl of dark wood, with a silver rim and three cherubs' heads serving as feet; round the rim is the following inscription:

Richarde arche-beschope Scroope grant unto all those that drinkis of this cope XLti dayes to pardon.

The reason why an indulgence was attached to this bowl is not recorded. Certainly few indulgences are so easily gained; if so it seems at present, how much more so in the days when the penances enjoined upon misdoers were far more severe, and indulgences had to be earned by good works. For the souls of those whose remains rest within this noble sanctuary considerable sums were bequeathed for Masses which are now diverted to very different uses; for instance, Queen Philippa, the consort of Edward III., gave five marks and five nobles, no small sum at that period, for requiem Masses in perpetuity for the soul of her son, Prince William de Hatfield, who died at York and is interred in the Minster. The equivalent of this sum is still paid to the dean and chapel out of the rectory of Hatfield, and serves to maintain them in luxury.

The Minster is in the form of a cross. Two towers with pinnacles flank its western front; in the center is a large tower with two fine perpendicular windows on each side; a beautifully perforated battlement runs round the top. The whole forms a splendid structure, of which York may well be proud.

Another distinguishing feature of the town are the Bars, or Gateways, of which there are four principal ones, and two smaller, still in a state of excellent repair. The streets leading to them retain the name of Gate, from the Danish *gata*, a road. Micklegate Bar is the largest of these; it consists of a massive square tower built over a circular arch, with embattled turrets at the angles, the two on the front being ornamented with stone figures in the attitude of hurling stones at an invading enemy. On the top of this gate the heads of traitors used to be exposed, especially during the Wars of the Roses. The head of the Duke of York, after his execution in 1460 was fixed there, surmounted by a paper crown, "that York might overlook the town of York," as was mockingly said. But when Edward IV. entered the city after the battle of Towton, and beheld the sight, he was filled with indignation, and ordered five noble prisoners to be beheaded, that their heads might replace that of the duke.

Near the Multangular Tower, which formed one of the defences of Eboracum at the time of its occupation by the Romans, are the remains of St. Leonard's Hospital, which was a secular institution for the relief of the sick and needy. It has been described as one of the most ancient noble foundations of the kind in Britain. Its origin is ascribed to King Athelstane, who, on returning from a successful expedition against the Scots in the early part of the tenth century, saw in the cathedral of York some poor but pious persons who devoted themselves to works of charity; whereupon he gave them a piece of land on which to erect a hospital, besides the munificent grant of twenty sheaves of good corn out of the produce of every hundred acres of land in the archbishopric of York. The building was under the nominal headship of the king until its suppression in the sixteenth century.

Within the same grounds are also the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the Benedictine monastery above mentioned, which was the most important and wealthy seat of the order in the north of England. This house, as well as the Cistercian Abbey of Fountains, which from the humblest origin grew to be a large and flourishing community, shared the fate of other religious houses at the time of the Reformation.

Yet the religious life was not destined to become extinct within the walls of York. Not long after the dissolution of one, another abbey of our Lady was to rise phœnix-like from its ashes. The Institute of Mary, inaugurated whilst the persecution of Catholics still raged fiercely, was founded by Sir Thomas Gascoigne in 1677. A house and garden were purchased for its members on the spot where the present convent stands. This was the only religious house of women which remained in England during the dark days of persecution, a fact that gives to it no slight interest and endows it with prestige in the eyes of Catholics. It was the only place where, until almost the commencement of the last century, it was possible for the sisters and daughters of our forefathers to fulfil their vocation, and consecrate themselves by vow to the special service of God, without at the same time exiling themselves from the land of their birth. It was, moreover, the only place in England where, at that sad epoch in English history, young girls could receive a solid Christian education which inspired them with courage to cling steadfastly to the faith then proscribed, and for the sake of that faith to endure contempt, persecution, and death. The convent at York became a center and headquarters for the Catholics of the north of England, and much that country owes to those trained within its walls, and also to those who trained them. No one could then enter a religious house, or pursue therein the calling of a teacher, without incurring the most serious personal peril, at the risk of life itself.

York has been most fortunate in the number of illustrious personages it has given both to the Church and to the State. One of the earliest eminent men who first saw the light within its walls was the Emperor Constantine the Great. Flaccus Albanus, a pupil of the great ecclesiastical historian, Venerable Bede, was also one of her sons. But above and beyond all others of whom the ancient city may be proud, are the white-robed army of martyrs who won their palms within its time-honored precincts.

The ancient faith was adhered to with greater fidelity in the northern counties than in any other part of England, and nowhere was the new teaching opposed with more force and determination than in Yorkshire. Subsequently to the Pilgrimage of Grace, which cost the lives of many good nobles and staunch Catholics, Henry VIII., ostensibly for the better administration of justice in the northern counties, but really for the forcible suppression of the old religion, instituted a "Council of the North," composed of the bitterest enemies of Catholicism. This council, the acts of which are spoken of with horror by even Protestant historians, held its sittings in St. Mary's noble abbey, from which the monks had been ejected. The President, Lord Huntingdon, aided by Sandys, the "coarse and miserly" Archbishop of York (as Dr. Jessopp terms him), hunted out and persecuted the unhappy recusants with relentless fury, casting them into York prison, whence many were led out to the scaffold. Hugo Taylor, the first priest executed in York under the new and severer laws of Elizabeth's reign, headed the glorious list of martyrs, and not a few, both priests and laymen, followed in his train. Amongst these Mrs. Margaret Clitheroe, the "Pearl of York," deserves special mention. The charge brought against this woman, whom her biographer describes as young and good looking, intelligent and wise, an exemplary wife and mother, was that she had harbored a priest, the penalty for which at that time was death, and had refused to purchase her life by assisting once at the Protestant service, an act then considered as tantamount to apostasy.

The daughter of one of the York sheriffs, she was brought up as a Protestant, but was converted after her marriage. Although her husband was bitterly opposed to the Catholic faith, she contrived to have Mass said secretly in a house adjoining her own. Betrayed to the authorities by a Flemish boy whom she had taken into her household out of charity, she was thrown into prison, and condemned to one of the most cruel of deaths, that of having a sharp stone placed under her back whilst she lay prostrate on the ground, and heavy stones heaped upon her chest, to no less than eight hundred pounds in weight.* This she endured with perfect fortitude, her last words being: "Jesus, Jesus, have mercy upon me!" Her agony lasted a quarter of an hour, until her ribs breaking under the pressure, her soul was set free. Her body was cast into a muddy pond, whence it was withdrawn six weeks later by some pious Catholics and reverently interred. To their surprise no sign of decomposition was found on it. A hand of the Venerable Martyr is preserved in a rich reliquary in St. Mary's Convent, York.

Her children followed in the footsteps of their heroic mother. Anna, the eldest daughter, although only twelve years old, was maltreated and actually imprisoned because she would not bear witness against her mother, and refused to listen to Protestant preachers. Later on, to evade the coercion exercised to compel her to apostatize, she fled from her father's house; we hear of her as again imprisoned, a girl of eighteen, for "causes ecclesiastical." She contrived to escape to Belgium, where she took refuge in an Ursuline convent. Two of her brothers, educated at Douai, became priests; the elder entered a religious order, the younger after his ordination returned to York, and there exercised his sacerdotal functions in secret until he was arrested, imprisoned, and ultimately banished from the country.

Less than three months after Mrs. Clitheroe's execution, another victim of persecution suffered martyrdom in York, a priest of the name of Hugh Ingleby, who had studied and been ordained in Rheims. He was a young man of great zeal and prudence, much beloved by the citizens amongst whom he labored. One day he was leaving the city, disguised as a peasant, accompanied by a Catholic gentleman of good position who escorted him beyond the gates, and before turning back stopped a few minutes talking with him. Neither of the two remembered that they could be seen from the windows of the archiepiscopal palace; and in fact two of the archbishop's chaplains, looking idly out, had their suspicions aroused by observing that the gentleman at parting took off his hat repeatedly and bowed with a respect strangely out of keeping with his companion's beggarly attire. They instantly made inquiries, and discovering that Ingleby was a priest, caused him to be apprehended and cast into prison. On double fetters being placed on his ankles, it is related, he smilingly said: "I am only too proud of these boots!" And when sentenced to death he exclaimed: "*Credo videre bona Domini in terra viventium*," and his countenance beamed with such joy that when leading him back to prison the warder, an austere Puritan, could not restrain his tears.

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* This verdict was all the more barbarous, as Mrs. Clitheroe was soon to become a mother. Even the ancient Romans, notorious for their cruelty, abstained from putting to death any woman in that condition.

In the same year another priest, John Finglow, who also had been ordained at Rheims, and immediately after had returned to his native city to give spiritual aid to his oppressed fellow-Christians, won the martyr's palm at York. Four years after his return he was apprehended and thrust into a dark dungeon in the Ousebridge, Kidcote, as the prison by the bridge was termed. Father Morris in his *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers* (III. 324) relates the following incident concerning his incarceration there: "In the cell above his the daughter of a high-born lady, Francesca Webster, was enduring the penalty imposed for hearing Mass. Having discovered who was beneath her, she succeeded in making a hole in the floor of her cell by means of which some light was let into his dark prison, and she could enjoy the consolation of conversing with him. She also let down a blanket to protect him from the cold. When charged with this act she acknowledged it boldly, even boastfully, and was consequently removed to the prison of York Castle, where her mother was confined. Both these noble women bore their sufferings with heroic fortitude, enhanced as those sufferings were by the tidings of the father's apostasy. When God took her pious mother to Himself, Francesca besought of God the grace to quit this evil world and enter His presence above. Her prayer was granted; a month later she expired in the prison after a short illness, borne with exemplary patience."

In October of the same year a gentleman of York, Robert Bickerdike, was arraigned before the magistrate, charged with refusing to attend the Anglican service, and having helped to maintain a priest. The latter charge was founded on the assertion of two young men that they had seen him drinking beer in the company of a priest, and concluded that he had paid the cost for both. This was considered sufficient cause for condemning him to the gallows. He was not allowed to speak in his own defence, and accordingly his innocent blood was shed without the gates of York.

The following month witnessed the martyrdom of another priest, Alexander Crowe. He was arrested whilst baptizing an infant, and sentenced to be hung, and drawn and quartered, according to the barbarous custom, before life was extinct, for high treason. He suffered on St. Andrew's Day, and like that Apostle rejoiced to lay down his life for the faith.

On the very next day a layman named Langley was led to the same gallows, charged with having harbored a priest. The accusation could not be proved, but his response that he regretted not having entertained the servants of God more frequently and in greater numbers, and thanked God for letting him die in so good a cause, exasperated the council to such an extent that they forthwith sentenced him to death. His daughter showed herself worthy of such a father. On his arrest she and her husband fled from York but soon returned, in order to alleviate the sufferings of her imprisoned fellow-Christians by liberal alms, and to ask their prayers, as she was in delicate health.

One day on leaving the prison she was arrested, and as she refused to attend the Protestant service she was cast into prison, where she contracted a fatal malady in consequence of the close confinement and vitiated air. "The day before her death," Father Grene relates, "she was heard to address her father, and beg him either to stay with her or take her away with him. One of the bystanders said: 'Here I am, what do you want?' She replied: 'I am not speaking to you, but to my dear father; do you not see him standing beside you?' Doubtless her father had come from above to fetch her; shortly after she breathed her last, edifying by her faith and piety all who were in the prison with her."

From time to time other priests and laymen suffered for the faith in York. With this brief notice of the earliest among her martyrs we close our account of that ancient city.

A SECOND CENTURY LIST OF THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY LOUIS O'DONOVAN.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

THE Bible has been from the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, a book of loving study to the devout Christian. Therein he looks not for difficulties, but for God's message to him personally and individually. Therefrom he picks out not apparent defects, but golden words of divine wisdom that may perfect his faith and improve his morals.

Every book, every page, he believes to be the inspired word of God, and where the Church has defined its meaning he accepts her interpretation as final and infallible.

This same full faith in the Church's guidance prompts him to ask her accredited exponents for answers to his fair questions and honest difficulties.

He knows, of course, that the Church does not stand on the New Testament; but, quite the contrary, that only years after the Church had been established by our Divine Lord, and enlightened by the Holy Ghost, was the first line of the New Testament written.

He knows that even then the New Testament was written at different times and places by different men, some Apostles, some not; some books being historical in character, some doctrinal, and at least one prophetical.

Moreover, he knows that there were "many other things which Jesus did," which are not told of in the twenty-seven books of the New Testament.

Now he asks, as he holds these twenty-seven books, how did there come to be gathered together into the present New Testament these and only these particular twenty-seven books?

Were there then, in the earliest days of the Church, a multitude of doubtfully canonical books among which Christians did not know which were and which were not revealed, and inspired? Or, was there from the beginning a clear, distinct list of the books held reliable, accepted, catholic, revealed and inspired, so that we might say that from even the beginning of Christianity there was virtually a Canon of Scripture?

The answer to this question, involving the account of the gathering together of the books of the New Testament, and the critical test in choosing the same, is an interesting study. He knows, of course, that the Church has spoken the final, deciding word in forming the Canon of Scripture; but then, he asks, what led her to do so?

The answer to this question is found in what theologians call the history of the Canon of Scripture. It is a complex study, embracing many details. Should you urge the query, how the Church knew what books to accept as Canonical Scripture, what to reject, the answer is: from her indefectible infallibility, and remembering and pronouncing from her tradition; from the teachings of her ancient and holy bishops and apologists and doctors; from such as Papias, Irenæus, Eusebius, and Jerome, and from such documents as the subject of this paper, *i. e.*, the "Headless" or "Muratorian Fragment," or "Muratorian Canon of Scripture," as it is variously called. It is called a *Canon** of Scripture, because it enumerates by name twenty-one, and implies two more out of the twenty-seven books of the New Testament; it is called "*headless*" because probably a score or more of words of the beginning of the document have been lost; and it is called "*Muratorian*" because it was discovered and first published by Louis Anthony Muratori, prefect of the Ambrosian Library in Milan, who has published so many valuable works. In his *Antiquitates Italicæ medii ævi*, published at Milan in 1740, in Volume III., page 849 and following, may be found the "Fragment." Since then it has been many times re-published. The editions here used in this translation are those found in the *Patrologia Latina* of Migne, Volume III., column 173 and following; Tregelles' replica of the original, in his *Canon Muratorianus*, Oxford, 1867 and London 1870; and Westcott in his *Canon of the New Testament*.

DISCOVERY.

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*The word "Canon" from the Greek, means a reed or rod, has gotten the meaning of "rule" or "line," and finally "standard" or "norm."

PRESENT CONDITION.

In its present condition the "Fragment" is not only decapitated, but it is also mutilated at the end.* In the MS. Codex 101 of the Ambrosian Library, in which the "Fragment" covers nearly three pages, the page just before the beginning of the "Fragment" contains, according to Tregelles, an extract from Eucherius Lugdunensis. The next page, 10–a, "begins at the top without any vacant space whatsoever"† with the text of the "Fragment," and "the Canon extends over pages 10–a, 10–b, 11–a, to within 8 lines of the bottom. A little more than half a line is left vacant at the end of the Canon,"‡ and then follows something from St. Ambrose.

The "Fragment" is written wholly in square capitals, as may be seen in Tregelles' replica. Two lines of the text are in red, *i. e.*, "Third, the book of the Gospel according to Luke," and "Fourth, the Gospel of John, one of the disciples."§

In the body of the MS. not only do several words appear to have been lost, but it is thought that lacunæ and great gaps occur.

The text is often ungrammatical, and in half a dozen places an exact translation is scarcely possible. Nor do the various commentators always agree in their suggested readings.

"In thirty lines there are thirty unquestionable clerical blunders, including one important omission, two other omissions which destroy the sense completely, one substitution equally destructive of the sense, and four changes which appear to be intentional and false alterations. . . ."‖

Conflicting estimates of the integrity of the text are voiced by critics, for while Bleek in his *Introduction to the New Testament*¶ characterizes the text as "corrupt and decayed," Westcott says that "On the other hand the text itself as it stands is substantially a good one."

HISTORY.

Muratori says that before he found the MS. at Milan it had been in the library at Bobio, in Northern Italy. Bobio was a veritable storehouse of valuable MSS., being a very old monastery established by St. Columba. And hence Westcott, speaking of the history of the MS., of which the "Fragment" is a part, says: "It may therefore probably be of Irish origin or descent." At any rate, in 1740, Muratori thought the MS. close on to a thousand years old, and this for the reason that it was written in "square and moderately large letters."

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* Westcott's *Canon of the New Testament.*

† *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.* § Tregelles, *Canon.* Part II.

‖ Westcott, *op. cit.*, pp. 494-5. ¶ Edinburgh, 1870, § 242.

Schaff* says it is "a fragment of Roman origin, though translated from the Greek between A. D. 170 and 180."

Westcott also says: "There can be little doubt that it is a version," and gives several reasons to confirm his belief; namely, the many Grecisms that are used in the "Fragment"; the MS. of which the Canon is part, contains translations from Chrysostom; and "the order of the Gospels is not that of the African Church in which, according to the oldest authorities, Matthew and John stood first. And if the 'Fragment' was not of African origin it follows almost certainly that it was not written in Latin. There is no evidence of Christian Latin Literature out of Africa till about the close of the second century."†

DATE.

The Shepherd is referred to in the "Fragment" as having been written in the city of Rome by Hermas "very recently in our own times, while his brother Pius was Pope." And as there was only one Pope Pius before the fifteenth century, and as he died A. D. 157, this reasonably fixes the date of the "Fragment" in the second half of the second century.

These statements having been made the next thing to inquire is who wrote it.

AUTHOR.

The author of the "Fragment," at least so Muratori and many other scholars think, was Caius, a priest in Rome, who flourished at the end of the second century. However, this opinion is not unanimous. Tregelles thought Caius was not the author, as his date was about A. D. 196; whereas Pius was bishop of Rome from 127 to 142, or from 142 to 157. It has been attributed to Papias. But it is said Papias lived too early to have been its author. Hegesippus was suggested by Bunsen.

IMPORTANCE AND CONTENTS.

The "Fragment" is "of very great importance for the history of the Canon," says Schaff.‡ And yet it is only a partial record, as it mentions only the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John; though, speaking of them as the "third" and "fourth," it is only fair to conclude that, had we the lost beginning of the "Fragment," we should therein find a record of St. Matthew's and St. Mark's Gospels, too.

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* *History of the Christian Church.* Vol. II., p. 518. Note 1. Ed. New York, 1896.

† *Op. cit.* P. 194. Note 2.

‡ *Op. cit.* Vol. II., p. 776.

St. John's First Epistle is clearly alluded to.

It refers to the Acts of the Apostles in one book by Luke; to Paul's two Epistles to the Corinthians, to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Galatians, two to the Thessalonians, and Romans. Also to Philemon, Titus and two to Timothy.

It stamps as heretical those epistles claiming to be from Paul to the Laodiceans and to the Alexandrians.

The Epistle of Jude, and two of John,[*] however, it testifies to as Catholic. Also Wisdom; "and the Apocalypses of John and Peter alone are received by us, though this latter some of us do not wish to be read in the Church."

It fails to mention the Epistle to the Hebrews, that of St. James, both of St. Peter. Westcott thinks these omissions are due to chasms—portions of the text of the Canon having been omitted, lost.

So that the "Fragment" mentions by name twenty-one, and implies two more, of the twenty-seven books since put on the Canon by the Church.

Moreover, it clearly draws the line between Catholic and heretical books. As Tregelles remarks: "It is the earliest definite statement of the kind in existence."[†]

It is interesting to note that there is no reference or allusion to a protevangelium.

Not less important is it to see that the whole is pervaded by an evident tone of the authority of the Catholic Church.

PURPOSE.

Even after these considerations, it is difficult to decide what was the purpose of the author. Westcott thinks the "Fragment" is part of a general work.

Tregelles[‡] says: "It is not a formal catologue of the New Testament books, but it rather appears to be an incidental account given by the writer. . . . The writer seems to have had some object in view, some point that he wished to establish, some error before him that he wished to controvert."

TRANSLATION.

In translating this "Fragment" the effort has been made to be reasonably literal, though its barbarisms and ungrammatical errors and Grecisms of style offer many difficulties to this effort. It would be rash to say whether these mistakes were made by the original author or by the copyist; the translator is tempted to solve the problem in a way that neither might be slighted, and say that there are enough to credit a few to each. Prefaced by the foregoing remarks, the following translation is offered:

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[*] Tregelles thinks these are John's—Second and Third Epistles.

[†] *Op. cit.* Part I., p. 1.

[‡] *Ibid.*

II.—TRANSLATION OF THE "HEADLESS FRAGMENT."

. . . With whom however he associated, and so stated. Third, the book of the Gospel according to Luke. Luke, the physician, wrote in his own name according to his own idea, after the Ascension of Christ, when Paul had taken him with himself as one zealous for the law. Though neither did he ever see the Lord in the flesh, and hence had to follow as best he could, and so he begins from the birth of John. [The author] of the Fourth Gospel is John, one of the disciples. To the supplications of his fellow-disciples and bishops he replied: "Fast with me for three days from to-day, and whatever shall have been revealed to any one, let us narrate to one another." That same night it was revealed to Andrew, one of the Apostles, that John should write down all in his own name, the others all agreeing.* And so even though different things are taught in the various books of the Gospels, yet the faith of the believers differs in nothing, since in each one all things are stated in a spirit of harmony and agreement about His Nativity, Passion, Resurrection, His conversation with His disciples, and His two-fold Advent, the first in lowliness of appearance, (which has taken place †); the second majestic in kingly potency, which is to come.‡ What wonder therefore if John publish so positively each incident even in his Epistles, saying of himself: § "What we have seen with our eyes, and heard with our ears, and our hands have touched, these things we have written"? For he thus declares himself not only a seer, but a hearer, and even a writer of all the wonders of the Lord in order. Moreover, the Acts of all the Apostles have been written in one book. Luke has gathered (these things ||) together admirably for Theophilus ¶ for they all happened in his presence; and as also elsewhere,* he clearly tells of the suffering of Peter, as well as † the setting out of Paul starting from the city ‡ to Spain.§

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* A chasm in the text probably exists here.

† Here there is a lacuna in the text, and this is surmised to be the sense.

‡ Likely another chasm here. § I. John i. 1. || Not in text. ¶ Acts i. 1.

The Epistles of Paul themselves state, to those wishing to know what they are, from what place, or for what purpose they were sent, first of all forbidding heresy to the Corinthians, next circumcision to the Galatians, but to the Romans he wrote more at length on the fulfilment of the Scriptures, and intimating that their very foundation is Christ. And on each of these we should comment, since the blessed Apostle Paul himself, following the order of John his predecessor, wrote by name to the seven churches in this order, first to the Corinthians, second to the Ephesians, third to the Philippians, fourth to the Colossians, fifth to the Galatians, sixth to the Thessalonians, seventh to the Romans. However he wrote twice to the Corinthians and Thessalonians, but for their correction. Still the one Church is known to be scattered throughout the whole world. For John also in the Apocalypse, although writing ‖ to the seven Churches, nevertheless speaks to all.

One, moreover, is dedicated to Philemon and one to Titus and two to Timothy out of affection and love, in honor, however, of the Catholic Church, for the sake of the discipline of the Church. There is furthermore a report of one to the Laodiceans, and another to the Alexandrians ¶ claiming the name of Paul according to the heresy of Marcion; and many others which cannot be received in the Catholic Church. For it is not proper to mix gall with honey.

The Epistle of Jude indeed, and the two ascribed to John, are held in the Catholic Church.

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* John xxi. 18, 19. † Rom. xv. 24, 28. ‡ Rome.

§ Chasm. ‖ Apocalypse, chapters i. and ii.

¶ Muratori says of this Epistle to the Alexandrians: "I do not know if any other has mentioned it. Nor have I been able to find any mention of it in the ancients. Therefore, either it has evidently perished, or perhaps it was mentioned by the ancients under another title, for it is certain that often many titles were given to one and the same apocryphal book." . . . Of the Epistle to the Laodiceans, Philastrius (89th Heresy) says: "But others (speaking of the Epistle to the Hebrews) say it is Luke the Evangelist's; also the Epistle written to the Laodiceans. And because certain things have been added in it not agreeing well (with the truth ?) therefore it is not read in the Church, although it is read by certain ones, but it is not read in the Church to the people, but only his (Paul's) thirteen Epistles, and sometimes that to the Hebrews." . . . In the Abbot Ælfric's Treatise on the Old and New Testament, which was composed in the time of Ædgor, King of England, we read that when this same Ælfric had enumerated each and all of the books of the New Testament on the Canon of Scriptures, he added to these only Paul's Epistle to the Laodiceans."—Comment of Routh in Migne. [Translation mine.]

[*] And Wisdom, written by friends of Solomon, in his honor. Moreover, we receive the Apocalypse of John and Peter only, but some of us do not wish this latter to be read in the Church.

But recently Hermas wrote *The Shepherd* in our own times in the city of Rome, while his brother the bishop Pius was sitting in the chair of the city of Rome.[†] And therefore it should indeed be read, but it cannot be read publicly in the Church to the people, nor (placed [‡]) among the Prophets, complete in number, nor among the Apostles, to the end of time. But we receive nothing at all of Arsinous or Valentinus or Miltiades, for they even wrote a new book of Psalms for Marcion along with Basilides (the Asiatic founder of the Cataphrygians).[§]

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[*] A lacuna is apparent here.

[†] This date of the composition of this book—*The Shepherd*—pretty surely fixes the date of the writing of this "Fragment" in the second half of the second century. (See above.)

[‡] Not in text.

[§] The translation of this last clause is a desperate guess, as the text is "hopelessly corrupt," says Westcott.

PINK LEMONADE, A BEAR, AND A PRODIGAL.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

FROM the hillside farmhouse the deep-toned bellow of the dinner-horn came reverberating down the valley. It was a thing of usance, so the surprising strength of the tiny, withered old woman who sounded it awoke no sentiment in the workers below, other than one of punctual expectancy. The crackle of sorghum cane-heads falling beneath keen knives in this field, the rattle of fodder-stripping in that, ceased intermittently, as one here, or another there, stopped and drew a moist shirt-sleeve across a moister forehead. The farmer himself, patriarchal of aspect, straightened his great height, towering silently above them all, until the crisp October breeze rustling the dry husks was the only sound. Then, as his glance lifted to a faded homespun skirt disappearing from the porch above, a twinkle lightened the blue eyes, glass-clear yet, after eighty years.

"You-uns," he said, in his deep, even tones, "hed best not let Maw hear ye go on thet-a-way over thet thar show. She'll allow ye're plumb crazy."

Then he led the way up the slope with the long, slow stride of the mountaineer, covering much ground, yet equally unhurried whether toward a wedding, a funeral, or merely dinner.

The little, active old woman who had prepared the meal, served it also, giving to each the generous proportion of corn bread, cabbage, and squirrel-stew which long acquaintance with the tonic effects of open-air labor had taught her to be necessary. It was not until she sat down to a preliminary draught of buttermilk that any one spoke.

Then one of the hired men, taking up the idea last received and lying fallow in a brain accustomed to postponement, said in stolid protest: "Ef Mis' Todson could git to go down to the post office an' see them thar bills with two-foot letters of the 'Biggest Aggravation in the World'; an' the blue an' green an' red an' yallow pictures of all the animiles thet went into the Ark with Noe, an' a lot more rampaceous ones thet no Ark could a held—why, she'd jes' want to go herself!"

A hoarse murmur went round the board in adhesion: "Thet's so—she would." "She jes' would, by gum!" "She shore would—supposin' she had eyes in her head!"

The humorous twinkle shone again in the farmer's look across at his wife. "Ye hear thet, Mandy?"

Her small, keen features kept their composed shrewdness unmoved: "I'm a-hearin' a heap o' things every day I thinks mighty little of. For all my old eyes is e'enamost as good as Jim Pyot's, I kain't afford to go trottin' down to no post office to git 'em dazzled an' blinded an' ginully overcome. It's only men folk hez time for sech fool gapin' an' starin'. Ez for me, I'm seventy—gimme the sop, Jim—an' I ain't been to no circus in my life, an' I ain't allowin' to go now. When'll you-uns git them molasses ready for bilin'?" It was a sobered party of men who changed their topic at her bidding.

It came up, however, in the cane-field and the village store, and even returning from preaching, wherever singly or conjointly they were fascinated by gaily-colored posters announcing the marvels presented by Windem and Threepaws' "Mammoth Aggregation, Menagerie, Hippodrome, and Circus, Greatest in the World." This was at every turn in the road where surface of fence, rock, or tree invited disfigurement. Surely no actual human woman could be as beautiful as the sylph who, perched on one toe, hovered over twenty flying white steeds! The pictured athlete playing marbles with cannon-balls could have left Samson his hair and overcome him at a canter. What awesome dragons and fearsome beasts were these, winding their purple and crimson coils and curves and manes and scales, and spouting fire! Lion tamers and tight-rope dancers; Indian snake-charmers and African cannibals; polka-dotted pigs playing chess and Bengal tigers riding bicycles, flared from each board in kaleidoscopic glory before gloating rustic eyes.

"Shucks! I don't believe thet thar *kin* be true!" might venture some lank agnostic.

To be frowned down with: "'Tis, then; I seen it myself onct over to Beanville."

The tidings went abroad from village to mountain-top, from post office to log-cabin nestling in far away coves; and this family group and that made preparation for the ten, twenty, thirty, or even forty-mile drive needed to see the show; or, lacking means for that, the street procession, at least.

Saturday, in the sorghum patch, with the last of the syrup bubbling and thickening in the evaporator, its sweet odor and the blue smoke of glowing logs floating far in the frosty air, old Washington Todson fell into line. He heard abstractedly such fragments as: "Thirty camels!" Or, "A hittamuspottamus big ez Sam's barn!" Or, "Yes, sirree; kin eat glass an' swaller snakes same's ye chew terbacker!"

And broke in: "How're ye boys goin' to this yere Aggravation?"

"Jim Pyot's wagon. Before sun-up, Monday."

"Guess I'll go with ye. Ain't been to a show sence before the War. Maw'd think it plumb foolish; but she needn't to 'spicion it 'tell after. She'll allow I'm a-goin' half-way with ye up to the cattle range." A grin passed about, but it was a grin of sympathy.

By lamp-light on Monday morning Mrs. Todson was stirring, and quickly and quietly preparing breakfast pone and coffee, and watching her husband's departure. "Keep thet comforter round yer neck, Paw. Thar's a heavy frost. Don't let him forgit his dinner-pail, boys, when he leaves ye at the cross-roads." She took her own breakfast, cleared up, and went out to the spring for more water in the cold and solemn day-break silence. Various wagons creaked past in the semi-darkness of the road below; and now and again a shrill, childish voice came up to her in unwonted holiday note. She sighed and wrinkled her patient brow as she began, amid crow and twitter of awakening bird-life, to sweep her porch.

Then there rattled and grumbled up to her door a wagon drawn by a big mule and having chairs placed inside, and she made out in the dimness the miller, his wife, and their three rosy boys.

"We're a-goin' to the show," said the wife. "We want ye to go with us. We got a extry ticket along o' having' so many bills pasted on the mill."

"Me! Me!" cried Mandy Todson. Then the great, immemorial reaches of mountain to front and rear smote her with a sense of solitariness, new and strangely depressing. "Paw'll be away all day." she faltered. "I ain't never allowed to do sech a thing—"

"'Twon't cost ye a cent," urged the miller, "I been a-hearin' ye ain't never seen a show."

"Wait for me, then." She was gone but a few moments and returned in clean calico, carrying a bag of apples. "The sweet kind," she explained, as she settled into her chair and the mule jogged on. "The boys'll like 'em." She sighed again, unconsciously, when the chubby youngsters gave shy thanks.

The miller, after a look toward his wife, essayed with the instinctive tact of these folk, to drive away his guest's painful thought of another son absent and silent these many years. "Thet thar Mounseer Alcidy"—it was Alcide on the bills—"ye think he kin reelly fly?"

"'Tain't accordin' to natur'"—cautiously—"but I ain't a-sayin' he kain't. Puts yer head a-whirlin' like a mill-wheel—all them meracles Jim Pyot's been a-tellin'."

"We'll soon see," said the miller; which reflection heartened all to such visible enjoyment as the self-contained mountaineer permits himself. They jolted over stony stretch, or strained uphill, or splashed through ford in the wake of a motley string of rusty wagons, reinforced in number at each crossroad; and, finally, at the town's approach, by similar processions from the country-side everywhere. Stolidity itself was not proof against such posters as these on the Court House walls; such sounds as joyous braying of brass bands; such sights as an elephant drinking from the creek like any common farm-horse—a kangaroo stretching his neck unconcernedly above a humble plank fence! One of the miller's boys fell out of the wagon and was rescued from under the feet of a camel of the desert. The lion in a gilded chariot roared and a leopard answered. The children were dazed and mute with joy; the parents loutishly self-conscious; but the quiet little old woman with them was noticeable anywhere, so erect her small figure, so keenly comprehensive her observation of wonders undreamed of, so carefully hidden under decent reserve her amazement and excitement.

"Seems like a sin to be here 'thout Paw," she said to the miller's wife; then she turned to watch some restless jaguars, and near the cage there stood her husband, and in dumb surprise they gazed each at the other.

"Please my gracious Lordie's earth!" ejaculated Jim Pyot, who was a church member; and again a grin passed around his company, this time one appreciative of a situation.

Washington Todson was the first to regain the readiness which had distinguished him as a soldier long ago. "Let's hurry in," said he to his wife.

The miller pushed a ticket into his hand. "We kain't git seats together. You take keer o' Mis' Todson."

So the old couple climbed the wooden tiers by themselves, and found a place in the heterogeneous crowd that filled the great tent from canvas to canvas.

"I'd a-brung ye ef I'd a-thought ye'd a-come," muttered Paw presently.

Most likely she imagined that he had only yielded to temptation at the crossroads, for she answered, simply: "I'm powerful glad to find ye. I was worryin' for ye. I ain't never been to sech a place before."

The clamorous blare of herald trumpets drew her notice, and in shimmer of tinsel and waving of silken banners and prancing of long-tailed horses came trooping in a brilliant procession. More than half-a-century of years slipped from her spirit and she straightway entered the children's Country of Delight, as unsophisticated as one of them. Her small, work-hardened hand touched his, massive and bony, and he was included in her enjoyment. These wondrous, glittering knights and ladies, and dazzling fairies, and graceful steeds which had never seen a plough, emerged for her thrilling from some shining world afar, from which she had ignorantly dwelt. She was a good rider herself, going often even now on bareback horse across the lonely mountain ranges, to salt the cattle. But to fly over twelve or more racing coursers, leap through hoops and over scarves and perch again infallibly—that was riding to make one gasp! The elegant gentleman in tall silk hat, cracking his whip, she considered to be rather hard on the grotesquely-painted clowns, though these she privately pronounced: "plumb fools," and only through sympathy smiled when her husband twinkled and chuckled over their jokes.

"Shucks! they ain't a-goin' to git hurt," he reassured her, when she shut her eyes at some trapeze performance, and again as the lion-tamer handled his uncertain pets. But equestrians, acrobats, trained animals, orchestral music, made such panoramic joy as furnished retiring place for her spirit in all the years that remained.

"No, we don't want no chewin' gum"; Paw would say to the peddler during intermission, "but send thet thar feller with the lemonade," or "peanuts," as it might be. For this was an occasion for doing things royally, and Maw recognized it too.

"Ef we ain't got no teeth, others hez," she remarked placidly, sipping her rosy drink, "git some gum for the miller's boys."

Pleasures being like poppies spread, cannot in their nature endure forever; and there must be an end to even a "Mammoth Aggregation," though it be "the Greatest in the World." With dismissing clash and bang and roar and clang of cymbal, drum, bassoon, and triangle, the giant tent gave forth its thousands, jostling, chattering, dispersing. Escaping dismemberment from the crowd, deafening from animal howl and hiss, allurement from side-shows, the mountain couple found themselves rumpled and blinking in the outer air.

"'Biggest Giant on Earth,'" she read wistfully on a sign.

"I ain't got a cent left," he answered regretfully.

Then there was sudden wild shouting and stampeding, and in terrorized rush the crowd drove them with it. Screams here and there reached them: "Look out! He's loose! The bear—the bear!"

"Well," said old Washington Todson calmly, "what they skeered of ef he *is?* Ain't we seen him dancin' to the man's fiddle?"

"It's a wild one, you woodenhead!" cried a flying drummer in a plaid suit.

"I'd like to hit thet feller," said Paw quietly, but his careful gaze overlooking the intervening throng sought the center of disturbance.

There where the great grizzly had actually escaped by reaching and lifting the iron bars of his cage, he was now hurling himself through the canvas into a crowd of farmers' families flying for their lives to shelter. Through the grounds he came, growling savagely and rushing at various scattering groups. Almost in his path was a gentleman, president of a hunting and social club, known to the neighborhood as "The Bear Killers."

Two of the showmen and three keepers in pursuit yelled wildly to this gentleman: "Stop him! Stop him!"

"*I* haven't lost any bear," he answered without pause, and took instant refuge in a tall wind-mill tower.

Hither and thither went the furious animal chasing the people into buildings and up on trees and fences. It was very probable that at any moment the ludicrous would change into tragedy. Accident had brought his farm helpers in their flight near Washington Todson, and Jim Pyot had picked up a rifle somewhere.

"Whar ye runnin' to with that gun," asked Paw sternly, "when ye'd ought to be a-aimin' it?" and plucked it from him. The bear, just then surveying his field of conquest, turned and singling out the old farmer's tall figure, bore down upon him in an appallingly rapid shuffle. Todson took deliberate aim and the immense, fierce brute reared himself up to give battle.

"Lord God!" breathed Jim Pyot, "ef the ole man misses his fust shot!"

Then from somewhere in the grove of canvas tents sped, on a trained pony, an athletic figure, a big cow-puncher from Oklahoma, and pulled up short, and hissed long and sibilantly, in close imitation of a snake at bay. The bear, cowed at the sound, dropped again on all-fours and began to run. Immediately the cow-boy's lariat whirled and fell over the animal's head, and the wise little pony circled him again and again until he was bound helplessly captive. The big cow-puncher leaped to the ground, threw the bridle to a groom, pushed through the crowding people, and strode up to Washington Todson and Mandy, his wife, standing beside him, very pale but perfectly quiet.

"You mought a-killed him, Paw," he said, "for I know yer aim. But, ye see, he was kinder valuable to the show, heven' cost them fifteen thousand—or, so they says—"

A twinkle akin to his own crossed the sun-burned face into which the father looked with startled intentness. Then it was replaced by something like the quiver of a moustached lip, as its owner lifted the spare little woman from the ground and held her tight. "I ain't fitten' for ye to wipe yer shoes on, Maw," he whispered, "but I come back after all this time to let ye do it—if you're a mind." Still holding her to him, he clasped his father's hand. "That thrashin' ye giv' me for playin' cards an' swearin' behind the barn made me quit ye, sir; but it's stayed with me, keepin' me out o' meaner scrapes, maybe. Anyhow, I've come back—an' jes in time, I guess, for a grizzly's a mighty ugly cuss to tackle. But, look a-here, Maw's as white as chalk!"

He was off for a jug of pink lemonade into which, behind the tent, he surreptitiously emptied the contents of a small flask. "They need it," he muttered, "after the bar—and me!" Then he put her into a surrey with horse comparatively swift. "Don't talk to me about no miller's wagon. I'm drivin' now, an' I ain't used to mules lately. Ef ye say another word, I'll *buy* the rig, 'stid o' hirin' it. Don't you worry about expense, I've done well out on the plains and got money invested. But I just *had* to come back—layin' awake nights a-dreamin' o' Glassy Creek tumblin' down the mounting, an' the chestnuts a-droppin' crack! crack! An' Maw on the porch soundin' the dinner-horn"; and he kissed his mother's cheek in the sight of the people.

So it happened that the equipage in which sat Maw, shame-faced and profoundly happy, led, this time, the train of promiscuous vehicles carrying back to their mountain solitudes the wearied, well-contented rustic folk. With them went memory of such wonders as would recreate them after many a long, laborious day. And at the tail-end of the procession, Jim Pyot, tooting on a tin horn by way of celebration, stopped long enough to remark thoughtfully: "We've shore hed a mighty interestin' time, what with the Aggravation, the animiles, the bar breakin' loose, and Jeff Todson comin' home again to his Paw—an' specially to his Maw."

THE CELIBACY OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

BY ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN.

I DO not believe that celibacy is essential for Protestant clergymen. The idea which their church represents to them is not that which the Catholic Church represents to us, nor are their functions the same. The minister does not offer the sacrifice of the Mass; he does not hear confessions. In his sermon he preaches the lesson of the Gospel, but interpreted in his own name and not with the authority of an apostolic church. Ministers seem to us like laymen—laymen preoccupied with religious matters, learned and eager to assist their brothers in approaching the Lord, but laymen still, men who continue to be concerned—very legitimately—with the business and interests of this world, with the ordinary distractions and anxieties of family life. It is for this they are often commended, and because of this comparisons are frequently drawn to our disadvantage. And surely, in speaking thus, I do not desire in any way to minimize their *rôle*. I esteem the many among them whom I know too highly, to hold against them an ungenerous opinion. But their *rôle*, honorable though it be, is not the *rôle* of the Catholic priest, or at best it represents it but in part, and not the part most important and far-reaching.

In a higher degree and in a sense more exact, the priest wishes to be—he believes he is—at once the instrument of God and the instrument of man. Our ideal—far short of which, I admit, we priests fall only too often—our ideal is that which St. Paul explains in terms capable both of rebuking pride and of exalting courage; in the first Epistle to the Corinthians he says: "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." And in the second Epistle he says again: "For Christ therefore we are ambassadors, God as it were exhorting by us." In an ideal sense, the priest does not belong to himself, he is the "man of God," as St. Paul calls Timothy, and he is the man for his brethren. He could refuse this honor, but having accepted it, he cannot renounce its obligations. "For whereas I was free as to all," says St. Paul to the Corinthians, "I made myself the servant of all, that I might gain the more. . . . To the weak I became weak, that I might gain the weak. I became all things to all men, that I might save all. . . . But I most gladly will spend and be spent myself for your souls; although loving you more, I be loved less."

It is plain that a devotion so absolute is hard to reconcile with the duties of a husband, of a father of a family; it is plain that if priests are to fulfil the duties of their calling they must have large freedom, complete detachment from temporal blessings; to them are specially applicable the words of St. Paul addressed to laymen: "But if thou take a wife, thou hast not sinned. And if a virgin marry, she hath not sinned; nevertheless, such shall have tribulation of the flesh. . . . He that is without a wife, is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. But he that is with a wife, is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife; and he is divided."

Thus, then, the priest has been consecrated to glorify God, consecrated to save man. He will be so much the better fitted to fill this two-fold mission the more detached he is from every earthly bond, especially from the obligations that are laid upon the husband and the father of a family. Such is the teaching of St. Paul; such is the teaching of Catholicism. Within its terms it is not easily attacked. It does not say that celibacy is absolutely essential to priests, but it affirms that celibacy is much more consistent with their calling and their duties.

It is unnecessary here to treat in detail the subject of the discipline of the Church on this point. The important features are well known. Neither Christ nor the Apostles imposed celibacy as a condition for the priesthood. But if, on the one hand, the New Testament proclaims the sanctity of marriage and protects its indissolubility by the most severe laws; on the other hand, it is plain that our Lord and St. Paul extol virginity as the more perfect state. Either as a result of this preference clearly expressed, or because they believed it more suitable, the most celebrated doctors of the Church in the first three centuries all lived as celibates. At this time only one doctor of the Church was married, and (possibly for this reason) he was the most severe of all, the priest Tertullian; but his marriage took place before his ordination as priest. At a very early period it was understood that marriage was not permitted after ordination, and the greater number of those who had been married were separated from their wives. The first Councils which formally forbade the marriage of priests were the Council of Elvira (305) in the West, and the Councils of Ancyrus and Neo-Cesarea (314) in the East.

The discipline was not the same (it is still different) in the two divisions of the Christian Church.

In the East, after various changes, two hundred bishops assembled at Constantinople in the famous Council *in Trullo,* in 691, authorized the ordination of married men without exacting separation from their wives. This is the rule which exists in the Orient among the Uniat Catholics. This rule will be found in some Sicilian villages, where the Greek rite is used. The same is true of the Ruthenes of Gallacia, the Melchite Greeks, the Maronites of Mount Lebanon, and the United Armenians. Celibacy is imposed upon monks, but the secular clergy, with the exception of the bishops, may marry before receiving the major orders; once a priest, however, he may no longer marry, even should his wife die; so, it is said, the Oriental priests take great care of their wives, knowing that they cannot be replaced. The clergy of these countries are, in the opinion of many, inferior or certainly not superior to those of other countries.

In the West celibacy has been the rule since the fourth century. At the height of the Middle Ages efforts repeatedly made by Popes and by Councils make it evident that the rule was laid down, but that it was not always enforced. In the ninth and the tenth centuries disregard for the law of celibacy was at its worst. In the eleventh century Gregory VII. triumphed over the laxness of the times, and enforced a clerical morality in stricter accord with the text of the law. Since that time the practice has known some lapses, especially in the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries; but the law is no longer disputed, and since the Council of Trent not only has it been maintained in theory, but it has been observed in practice; exceptions are few and are certainly fewer to-day than at any other time in the Church's history.

This law of clerical celibacy will continue to be maintained and observed. Everything warrants this conclusion, whether we consider the attitude of the authorities of the Church, and the sentiment of the faithful, or whether we consider the question in itself.

The Church, of course, will remain mistress of her discipline, and, what she has not refused to the clergy of the Orient, she may possibly, taking into account climate or race, grant to the clergy of other countries—of South America, for example, or of South Africa, or of the Far East, if the clergy of the black or the yellow race demand it.

The Church may always modify, according to the varying needs of times and places, all that which she has herself established—and the law of clerical celibacy was her own decree—things different and apart from those she has received from Christ. But nothing inclines one to believe or to desire that she will ever abandon the practice of clerical celibacy.

Experience proves that wherever celibacy exists, and where it is generally practiced, it also increases the influence and prestige of the priest. And it is most significant that in Christian societies, like the so-called Orthodox Church in Russia, for example, which admit both a married and an unmarried clergy, the latter far surpass the former in the confidence and esteem of the people.

Finally, reason is in harmony with experience. From the material point of view it is plain that the unmarried priest is much less dependent on economic necessities, holds himself in greater readiness for duties or emergencies, is, in a word, more adjustable than the clergyman charged with a family, concerned for the health of his wife, the career of his sons, the marriage of his daughters. "Happy will those be," wrote Perreyve at twenty years of age, "who are not burdened with the things of this world, when need of activity and freedom arises."*

If there is a celibacy which is selfish and narrow, there is another which is generously altruistic and is capable of raising those who are worthy of it to the summit of moral grandeur.

The family is admirable; but he works in its best interests, who establishes by his precepts and the example of his life, the principles of abnegation, of fidelity, of chastity, without which the family would be fatally corrupted. The transmission of physical life is unquestionably a great office; it is typical of the Creator's power. But to transmit or to restore the life of the spirit is a higher office, and they need not envy the joys of paternity who have awakened souls to the love of the true and beautiful, who have extinguished hatred in a heart, or who have restored confidence to the despairing.

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* Gratry, *Henry Perreyve*, p. 38.

And, if it is true that there is nothing sweeter, nothing more powerful than love, it is also true that the union of soul to soul is superior to the union of the senses, and that, to use the expression of Daniel Cortes, it would be the ideal to be united, as are the palm-trees—not by the roots but by the crowning tops—*non radice sed vertice.*

The priest worthy of his vocation has no need of our commiseration because the joys of domestic life are denied to him. If his life brings him hours of struggle, hours of suffering, he accepts them courageously, knowing full well that nothing great is accomplished in this world without sacrifice. But the priest has his own joys that must not be despised, his joys of the spirit and of the heart. These joys make him the opposite of the sad, depressing creature, cold, chilling the atmosphere about him, that he is often represented to be beneath the austerity of his black gown.

If he does not himself raise a family, he keeps the home which he received from God, and he often remains more faithful to it than those who find in marriage other attachments. Is it not a real picture, at least in France, that of the country parsonage, or the modest town apartment, where the young priest lives with his parents in an intimacy in which, by a rare and touching union, veneration is blended with tenderness? But he does not know, it will be said, the deep joys, the tender anxieties of having children of his own, to rear them, guide them, follow them, to feel their love, to live life anew in them. I admit that this is one of his sacrifices. But still there is pride and happiness for the priest of the parish in seeing the children whom he has baptized grow up around him, to whom he has taught the Catechism, whom he has prepared for Communion, whom he has sustained in perseverance, consoled in bereavement, blessed on their marriage-day; and of these a number, great in proportion to his merits, will preserve for him a *filial* attachment. And as for the priest in the professor's chair, there is no love in the world which he would prefer to that of his pupils when they are at once his friends, his disciples, his sons.

Some will say that friendship for the priest is not possible. On the contrary, in certain respects it becomes more natural for him than for other men, since he stands apart from that exclusiveness which conjugal love carries with it. Friendship for his brothers in the priesthood, for people of the world who share his ideas or his work, for certain families which owe him their happiness—these are among the many legitimate ways which open up large before him, without mentioning the ordinary friendships by which, as Montaigne says, "one is loved by his friends because he is himself, and loves his friends because they are themselves."

But love for persons does not drain all the powers of the heart of man, and perhaps the strongest and most noble love is that which attaches itself, over and above individuals, to causes which interest all of mankind. Pasteur, who put all his great, simple heart into loving his family, also put it completely into scientific researches from which he hoped to alleviate human misery. The lady of their fancy did not impose upon knights-errant exploits more remote and more perilous than the magnetic attraction of the Pole imposes upon the Andrés, the Nordenskiolds, the Amundsens. How many artists suffer with longing for the realization of their ideal! How many citizens for the liberty of their country! How many humanitarians for the emancipation and progress of the race!

The cause which has drawn a young man to the priesthood, and which becomes more and more dear to him as he grows in grace, is above all, the most sublime, the most alluring. If many of our contemporaries, some of whom regard the life of the Catholic priest with pity, some with horror, could enter one of our large seminaries and could hear there the many expressions of sincere love for the people, for science, for progress, these cavilers might not embrace the religious convictions of this pure young manhood, but they could not resist loving it.

I have heard the confident expressions of these young seminarists and these young priests; in my day I took part in them: all harked back to these words of Christ: "I have come that they may have life and that they may have it more abundantly." And no word of our Lord had more power to arouse our enthusiasm than this: "I am come to cast fire on the earth; and what will I but that it be kindled." We dreamed indeed of kindling this fire, of making the world glow with more warmth, more light; and our hearts were aflame with this burning exhortation of Père Gratry:

> Look out upon these squares, these streets, see in this the image of the great mass of human beings which cover the earth. Listen to the mighty murmur. Well, beneath this mass, this very day fire lurks and writhes. The fire of Heaven, the fire of eternal life is placed there, and it carries away souls one by one. Will it ever break forth? Will it envelope with its flame the entire world? Happy those who hope for it. And happier those who bring it about, whose soul is a flame, who, coursing through the crowd, light anew the extinguished torches and multiply the fires of humankind! Dullness, doubt, and darkness would soon be banished from the face of the earth if the number of fiery souls were to increase! That wealth regenerate be a source of supply and not an abyss of destruction; that debasing sensuality be transformed by the passion for good, and especially by great love; that peace and not war be the honor and glory of peoples; in a single word, that a Christian nation do its duty, and I see the flame burst forth and the force of the fire fill the world and uplift it! *

In order to complete the picture of great loves which consume the heart of the priest and make him the antithesis of the selfish and the unhappy, I should speak of the love which cannot exist without them, which sustains all others because they can only exist in it; I should speak of the love of God, the God who has transformed Himself into Christ to get possession of our hearts. I should speak of the love of the priest for Jesus Christ, of his zeal in making Him known, in making Him loved, of his joy in following Him in the Gospel, of being united with Him in Communion, of feeling Him live in his heart, and of feeling alive in Him. But I will hold myself in bounds by quoting the impassioned hymn of one of the first priests, one of the greatest:

"Who then will separate us from the love of Christ?" wrote St. Paul to the Romans. "Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? . . . But in all these things we overcome because of Him

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* Gratry, *De la Connaissance de l'Âme*, Epilogue, *versus finem.*

that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

God and Christ; the great causes which work for the happiness of mankind, their friends, their spiritual sons, their earthly family. If it be true that the heart of the priest may quench its thirst at all these sources of love, I have no fear that it will dry and wither in the lonely selfishness to which Michelet and many others see it condemned. It is not indeed to the consecrated priest that is applicable the mighty word of St. John: "He that loveth not, abideth in death."

THE INDEFATIGABLE CHRIST.

[*INSCRIBED TO ONE WHO HAS GONE OUT FROM US.*]

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

Go where thou wilt, His Heart shalt find thee out;
Be thou in quest of wealth, or power, or fame.
Above life's tumult shall He call thy name;
His care shall compass thee with grief about;
And thou shalt know Him in thine hours of doubt,
When faith shall pierce thy darkness like a flame.
O dull of sense to Time's imperious claim,
His love shall prove thy rainfall after drought!
For He shall come in many a blinding shower
To dye thy sick leaves to a healthier hue,
Till the scant years of youth's once ample dower
Requicken with late fruitage rare to view;
Yea, He must shape thee by thine own heart's power,
And fashion all this ruined life anew.

Seton Hall, South Orange, N. J.

New Books.

THE LAW OF CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.

Many causes have contributed recently to fix the attention, not alone of ourselves, but also of non-Catholics, on the marriage laws of the Church. Among these causes are an awakening of the public conscience to the evils of divorce; the efforts made by Episcopalians to establish more rigid legislation or practice among themselves; a change in the law of New York State regarding the granting of marriage licenses; a *cause celebre* laid before the Holy See. Finally, and most important of all, the Holy See has by the Encyclical *Ne Temere* introduced some momentous changes in the discipline of the Church, which require to be thoroughly understood by the clergy and laity of this country. The moment is propitious for the publication of a thoroughly accurate, magisterial, clear exposition of the new legislation and the changes which it introduces.

A volume which solicits the honor of supplying the need is *The Law of Christian Marriage*,* from the pen of Father Devine, C.P. It contains about three hundred and fifty pages and is a popular presentation of the subject of matrimony as treated in the ordinary seminary text-book. The bare theological doctrine is enriched with a copious interfusion of pious reflections and exhortations. It will, no doubt, be appreciated by a certain class of seminarians who are ready to welcome as a friend in need an author who serves up to them in the vernacular, and in compendious form, the knowledge which, otherwise, they would be obliged to draw laboriously from their Latin authors. The layman who has a turn for theological investigation will also find the book a fund of information and edification. It does not, however, treat exhaustively the crucial points—such, for instance, as the Pauline privilege—which give birth, in practice and in controversy, to perplexities that frequently send us to our authorities. Father Devine's commentary of the *Ne Temere* is long but rather desultory, and does not deal sufficiently with many of the points which demand elucidation.

A more systematic and fuller study of the recent legislation is to be found in a pamphlet reproducing the interesting and useful article published in *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, by the Rev. Father McNicholas, O.P.* The main features of the Pope's decree are correctly and sufficiently explained. To a few particular statements, however, we feel obliged to place interrogation points. For instance, on page 19 we read: "If a priest is to sign the engagement contract, ordinarily it should be the pastor of the prospective bride; but the signature of the pastor of either party will make a valid contract." This seems to imply that the signature of a pastor who is not the pastor of either party will not suffice. Yet the decree, S. Congr. Conc., March 28, 1908, declares that *any* pastor can sign validly in his own parish. Again, it is stated (p. 5) that the decree admits diversity of legislation regarding clandestine mixed marriages and the matrimonial unions of heretics among themselves. The thought may be correct; but the expression of it is hardly compatible with Art. XI. (iii.): "Non-Catholics, whether baptized or unbaptized, who contract among themselves are nowhere bound to observe the Catholic form of betrothal or marriage." Finally (p. 22) regarding the status of the priest or bishop who performs the marriage, Father McNicholas states: "The ordinary or parish priest must not be suspended or excommunicated by name." The Papal document reads that the priest or the ordinary must not be excommunicated or suspended by name, by a public decree *(nisi publico decreto nominatim fuerit excommunicati vel ab officio suspensi)*. A person may be excommunicated or suspended *nominatim* yet not *publicly*. There are a few other spots on which a professional canonist might quarrel with the language; but they are of no great consequence.

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* *The Law of Christian Marriage According to the Teaching and Discipline of the Catholic Church.* By Rev. Arthur Devine, C.P. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The fact is that the new law has given rise to a swarm of difficulties; and only a highly trained expert canonist can walk with sureness amid the many stumbling-blocks that crop out through the text of *Ne Temere*, which from its conciseness in many places demands the utmost care in its exposition. Considering the grave interests that hang upon the possession by the clergy of a perfect acquaintance with every detail of the subject it is a matter of general congratulation that an explanation of the new law appears from an expert canonist, who, besides his academic status, enjoys the authority of his position as Consultor of the Commission for the codification of Canon Law.

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* *The New Marriage Legislation.* By John T. McNicholas, O.P., S.T.L. *American Ecclesiastical Review.* Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press.

A book of about one hundred and thirty pages, by Dr. Creagh,* presents a methodical and complete explanation of the late decree. In an interesting introduction the author sets forth the relation of the present law to former practice—a relationship from which considerable light is to be obtained for the interpretation of some of the present provisions. From the common law of England and of the United States he draws instances of similar developments. This feature of Dr. Creagh's work will, no doubt, be of considerable interest to non-Catholics, and enable them to perceive that the genius of law presides over the Church's legislation. The new law, he shows, is not a mere addition to the general code, but a unification of it. To make this clear he gives a historical sketch of the formulation of the *Ne Temere*, the reasons which prompted it, and the legal evolution from which it sprung. Then the contents of the document are discussed under the following heads: Engagements; Marriage—valid—licit; Registration; Persons Affected by the Law.

The work achieves the purpose expressed in the brief preface. It is a short but comprehensive and clear commentary on the Papal document. Everywhere the author shows himself to be on his own ground in dealing with the many delicate questions of this difficult subject. He evinces a constant preoccupation to forestall every problem that may arise in practice. Consequently, both clergy and laity will find the pamphlet amply sufficient to furnish them with all requisite instruction. A feature that the clergy will especially welcome is the frequent citation of synods and councils held in the United States; and the many references to diocesan statutes. The latest decisions, too, of the Congregation of the Council are recorded; and there are also many rectifications of incorrect interpretations that have already got into print. Finally, Dr. Creagh appends a full select bibliography which will be invaluable to those who wish to make a further study of the subject.

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* *A Commentary on the Decree "Ne Temere."* By the Very Rev. John T. Creagh, J.U.D., LL.B., S.T.L., Professor of Canon Law and Associate Professor of Jurisprudence. Baltimore: Furst Company.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Three new volumes of the series *Les Saints*[*] appear, which, like all of that collection, are at once books of edification and valuable historical studies. The life of St. Peter Damian, by Dom Réginald Biron, is an attractive portrait of the saint and the great ecclesiastical statesman, against a background faithfully representing the troubled times in which he lived. *The Martyrs of Gorcum* reads like a page from Irish history during the Cromwellian and Williamite persecutions. It tells the story of nineteen priests and friars who were captured by the reckless and brutal captain of Dutch Lutherans, and lieutenant of William of Orange, Count William de la Marck, and by his orders, with circumstances of great cruelty, hanged in a barn belonging to a ruined abbey in 1557, during the wars of the Dutch against Spain.

The scantiness of the data hitherto available for the life of the second St. Melania resulted in leaving her story to be treated somewhat as an episode in that of her grandmother and namesake. The studious tastes of Cardinal Rampolla, favored by some happy circumstances, have brought to light material to furnish a complete biography of this great Roman patrician lady who had hitherto been rather overshadowed, thanks to the letters of St. Jerome, by Marcella, Paula, Eustochia, and Fabiola. When nuncio at Madrid, Cardinal Rampolla discovered, in the library of the Escurial, a manuscript biography of St. Melania, which dated from the year 954. In 1905 the Cardinal published in Italian his *Life of St. Melania*, based on the manuscript supplemented by the previously known data. Following that work, and setting the story of the saint in a brilliant sketch of the Roman world at the beginning of the fifth century, M. Goyau has produced a biography which may be profitably read both as a work of spirituality and as a contribution to ecclesiastical history.

While one school of writers, who have been conspicuous leaders in the Gaelic revival, have devoted their efforts chiefly to a resuscitation of the heroes and ideals of Celtic paganism, an Irish priest has been happily inspired to turn to the account of religion the newly-created interest of the Irish people in their early history, by giving them a popular, yet reliable, life of Ireland's great patroness, St. Brigid, the Mary of the Gael.* The biographer has kept close to the best authorities and tells the story of St. Brigid in a way to interest as well as edify. But why did he not take for the subject of his illustrations ancient Irish ruins or the places associated with St. Brigid's memory, instead of some modern convents which, to whatever else they witness, reflect but little distinction on the ideals that prevail to-day in monastic architecture?

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[*] *St. Pierre Damien.* Par Dom Réginald Biron, O.S.B. *Les Martyrs de Gorcum.* Par Hubert Meuffels, C.M. *Sainte Mélanie.* Par Georges Goyau. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

A new edition of the English version of Mgr. Bougaud's splendid life of St. Vincent de Paul has just been issued.† In the judgment of French critics of both kinds, literary and spiritual, Mgr. Bougaud's work was judged to be a model biography; and it had the good fortune to find a competent translator.

Another work which in its English dress has become one of our spiritual classics is *The Fathers of the Desert*,‡ by the Countess Hahn-Hahn, to which Father Dalgairns prefixed a lengthy introduction that, as an essay on the spiritual life of the first six centuries, merits the distinction of being an independent book instead of a complementary addition to another. That the publishers have brought out a new issue of the work is a sign that its excellence is appreciated.

LORD OF THE WORLD.
By Benson.

Leaving the muse of history, under whose inspiration he produced his trilogy of the English Reformation, Father Benson assumes the apocalyptic *rôle* to unveil, by the help of his imagination, the events and conditions that are to mark the close of the world's drama. He claims that his book § is a terribly sensational one. He certainly does project the lines of his principles to a very sensational point; and if one had any reason to be convinced that he is not assuming without warrant the mantle of the seer, the book might well cause depression and dismay. The postulate from which Father Benson starts is that there remains no hope that the Church will reconquer the world. On the contrary, the principles antagonistic to her will rapidly extend their influence over the world, till Catholicism, the last surviving religion, shall have shrunk to a mere helpless handful of believers in the city of Rome; whence it will finally be driven to bring its course to an end on the same ground where it first rose into being.

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* *St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland.* By Rev. J. A. Knowles, O.S.A. Dublin: Browne & Nolan.

† *History of St. Vincent de Paul, Founder of the Congregation of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity.* By Mgr. Bougaud, Bishop of Laval. Translated by Rev. J. Brady. C.M. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

‡ *The Fathers of the Desert.* Translated from the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn. By Emily F. Bowden. New York: Benziger Brothers.

§ *Lord of the World.* By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Father Benson's story might be described as the apotheosis of humanitarianism. Man's mad worship of scientific progress, his boundless conquests in discovery and invention, have led him on and on from height to height in material civilization, until time and space seem almost annihilated. We are in a world of underground dwellings, of artificial light that obliterates the line between night and day. The supernatural, the belief in a life beyond, is utterly ejected; a life of service here to humanity and, in the end, euthanasia, is the destiny and ambition of man. This condition of things is largely due to the baneful influence of Freemasonry which has obtained world-wide domination. Out of this federation emerges a powerful personage, gifted with a personality which wins all hearts. He makes his debut as a promoter of universal brotherhood, a federator of the world, the prince of peace. This mysterious individual flits from country to country with a celerity which astonishes even a generation accustomed to travel in volors at the rate of three hundred miles an hour. At length, from the headquarters of this personage in London, the decree goes forth that the Pope and the College of Cardinals must be destroyed, and with them the last vestiges of the Catholic Church. From Rome, where, by the way, the last and discrowned descendants of Europe's royal houses are passing an empty, protesting existence, the Pope and Cardinals escape to take refuge in the little city of Nazareth. Here the Church makes her last heroic stand against the world and the devil. Amid the blare of trumpets, the crash of thunder, and the tremendous physical portents that shall issue in the *Dies iræ, dies illa*, the Church passes from earth to heaven, this world disappears and the glory thereof.

Father Benson's imagination revels in the development of circumstantial detail, as he pictures the ideas and material surroundings of this future generation, which he seems to place not very far from the present day; and in the boldness with which

New York Public Library. Cathedral Branch, Street.

he conjectures the trend of invention he leaves Jules Verne in the shade.

The most interesting question that the book raises in one's mind is: Does Father Benson really entertain this gloomy view on the outcome of the present conflict between faith and unbelief? And, if so, does he represent any widespread opinion? Some ancient exegeses which have declined in favor seem to guide him in his casting of the Church's horoscope; and he seems to have overlooked the text that there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. If any reader should become infected with Father Benson's pessimism, we recommend as a tonic Dr. Barry's article in the *Dublin Review* for April, where the conviction is expressed that the Church Universal possesses the divine vitality which will enable it to adjust itself to the approaching conditions, and we "need not despair of its leavening with true life the democracy that is looking for guidance, that will not always groan beneath monopolies, nor dream of Socialist utopias bounded by the grave."

SOCIAL QUESTIONS AND THE DUTY OF CATHOLICS.

In a little tract of about a hundred small pages * the late Professor Devas has given a useful exposition of the problem from which Socialism draws its vitality; and indicates the reasons why the solution that is proposed by Socialism is dangerous and impracticable. But, he points out, Socialism can only be met by taking the task out of its hands, and bringing about social reform on Christian principles. As a basis for his suggestions, he summarizes the teachings of Leo XIII. on the subject. He insists strongly that the task cannot be evaded; it is folly to plead that every step towards reform is a step towards Socialism: "The days of mere patronage, or paternalism—men's homes and fortunes, work and wages dependent on the good-will of others—those days are over, and the days of democratic equality are at hand."

NIETZSCHE.
By Mencken.

Though we dissent profoundly from the appreciation of Nietzsche expressed in this volume,† we have to thank the author for his keen analysis and clear statement of the ideas and principles that characterize the philosophy of the Superman. This philosophy, he observes, has attained a wide diffusion; and it may be traced in writings of a multitude of men whom the public would hardly associate in any way with Nietzsche. Mr. Bernard Shaw? Yes. And Henrik Ibsen? Probably. But Theodore Roosevelt! Undoubtedly, says Mr. Mencken. It is impossible, he claims, that Roosevelt should have formulated his philosophy of the strenuous life, without a multitude of thoughts borrowed, consciously or unconsciously, from the German philosopher; "in all things fundamental the Rooseveltian philosophy and the Nietzschean philosophy are identical." In support of his statement Mr. Mencken presents copious extracts from *The Strenuous Life* which, certainly, sound very like the tenor of "Thus spake Zarathustra." Commenting on some of the passages quoted, the writer says:

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* *Social Questions and the Duty of Catholics.* Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Philosophy of Friedrick Nietzsche.* By Henry L. Mencken. Boston: Luce & Co.

> There is no denial of the law of natural selection in this thunderous sermon of the American Dionysian—there is no meek acceptance of the Christian doctrine that self-effacement is noble. "The nation that has trained itself to a career of unwarlike and isolated ease is bound, in the end, to go down before other nations which have not lost the manly and adventurous qualities." There is no acceptance of the doctrine that all men are equal before the Lord. On the contrary, "many of our people are utterly unfit for self-government." There is no glorifying of death and degeneration, "the hangman's metaphysic." "Weakness is the greatest of crimes." There is no worship of the fetich of peace and brotherly love. "The over-civilized man, who has lost the great fighting, masterful virtues"—is to him abomination. "Thank God for the iron in the blood of our fathers!" Could there be a more direct and earnest statement of the Dionysian creed? Could there be a more obvious paraphrasing of *Der Antichrist?*

The author adds:

> Mr. Roosevelt has a pew in a Christian church, but his whole attitude of mind is essentially and violently unchristian. If you don't believe it, compare *The Strenuous Life* and the Sermon on the Mount. Is it possible to imagine two documents which say "Nay" to each other more riotously, vehemently, and unmistakably?

This is a formidable charge. No man is absolutely consistent; and notwithstanding his predilection for some "Dionysian" ideals, Mr. Roosevelt retains some Christian principles which are the contradictories of the Nietzschean doctrine.

That doctrine is summed up concisely by Mr. Mencken. Its fundamental principles are: The only inherent impulse in man, as in all living beings, is the will to live, and to conquer all that makes life difficult. All schemes of morality are nothing more than efforts to codify expedients found useful by the race in the course of its struggle for existence. All these codes are essentially man-made; they must change with changing conditions; and any code which retains its permanence and authority after the conditions which gave rise to it have changed hinders the progress of mankind. Religions, which have for their main object the protection of such codes, are inimical to the well-being of man. Especially is this true of Christianity with its ideals of humility, self-sacrifice, and brotherhood. The future of the race depends on the resuscitation of the old Greek ideal—not the pale, reflective ideal expressed in Apollo, but the full-blooded Dionysian, living only to satisfy to the full all the instincts of boisterous, self-centered life.

It is only too true that, with the spread of infidelity and irreligion these ideas are gaining ground. They are to be found in the novels and the problem plays most talked about and read. It has been repeatedly urged against Spencerians, Agnostics, and Positivists, who claim that the Christian moral code and ideals can be transferred to and maintained on a purely scientific basis, that Christian morality is an essential growth from the religion from which it sprang and must perish if dissevered from its root. This opinion is rapidly passing from the realm of theory to become the statement of a fact. The cause of the evil indicates the only efficient antidote.

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE.
By Meyer.

In a series of moral instructions, or "Lessons," on the errors and false principles that pervade the world to-day, Father Meyer addresses himself to Catholics* for the purpose of setting them on their guard against falling under the influences of the false principles and ideals which the spread of unbelief is rapidly propagating. The general scope of the instructions is to draw sharply the antagonism between the spirit of Christ and the spirit of the world in which we live—the spirit of unbelief, rationalism, materialism, the worship of wealth and pleasure; in short, the banishment of the supernatural out of life.

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* *The World in Which We Live.* By R. J. Meyer, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Father Meyer speaks forcibly; and enters into practical detail. His picture of present evils cannot be gainsaid; though, perhaps, here and there, he weakens his position by overstatement. In many places a captious reader might say that the picture represents a society where the principles of French atheism are dominant, rather than the world in which Americans live.

THE YOUNG MALEFACTOR.
By Travis.

*The Young Malefactor** is a rather remarkable thesis dealing with the criminal in the embryo. An introduction is contributed by Judge Lindsey, of the Denver Juvenile Court.

Mr. Travis considers the juvenile delinquent as the result of three principal causes: environment, heredity, and will; and suggests as a preventative method the improvement of the home. He divides "homes" into three classes: the incompetent, the borderlanders' (those on the borderland between dependence and delinquency), and the vicious homes. The condition of the first two classes of homes he believes can be bettered by state interference; for the children of vicious parents, however, he believes the substitution of "foster homes" is the only cure.

Mr. Travis, to a certain extent, refutes the contention of the Italian school of criminologists. He finds, with regard to first court offenders, not over two per cent abnormal and not one per cent criminal by nature, and asserts only "two per cent are atavistic, in the sense implied by the Italian School."

State corrective institutions, the author says, are effective in only fifty per cent of cases; and this, he believes, is not a sufficiently high average. Such institutions, even for mild offenders, brand and "institutionalize" the delinquent, and interfere to a certain extent with religious training. To improve the home is the important thing; and for this work private charitable organizations are more effective than state interference.

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* *The Young Malefactor.* A Study in Juvenile Delinquency. By Thomas Travis, Ph.D. New York: Thomas Crowell & Co.

However, charitable organizations are subject to something of the same difficulties as state institutions, though political corruption is not a factor in the former. Mr. Travis, therefore, points to the system now largely in use in Australia; the "placing-out" method. The delinquent is first sent to state institutions, for a short period, trained, educated, and finally placed within a "foster-home." Such children are under state supervision. The same method is extant in many of our states with results far exceeding any yet tried.

Mr. Travis' book is a most able work and, considering the importance of the subject, it fills a much needed want in literature. Catholics, who have been identified with charitable work in the New York Juvenile Court within the last five or six years, will find it a great benefit in the furtherance of their work.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. The third volume of Father Hickey's fine translation completes the English version of Mgr. Le Camus' *Life of Christ.** It is unnecessary to say that the same qualities which distinguish the preceding portions of this work are present in the final part. Learned, without allowing his piety to be overlaid by mere scholarship, this great Christian scholar combines respectful fidelity to the Gospel narrative with deep religious feeling, and knows how to amplify his text for the purpose of edification without disfiguring the sacred history by making it a ground on which to embroider flowers of the imagination.

The eloquent Jesuit, Father Leroy, who has already issued twelve sets of conferences on the life and times of our Lord, delivered by him in the churches of his Society in Paris and Brussels, during the years 1894—1896, now publishes those of the year 1907.† The style is eloquent; the treatment simple yet forcible; the purpose, a blending of the dogmatic, the moral, and the apologetic.

Under the title *The Infancy of Jesus Christ* ‡ P. Durand, S.J., defends the historicity of the dogma of the Virgin birth of our Lord, by a critical examination of the Gospels, from which he draws an ample refutation of the objections raised against this doctrine by Schmiedel, Harnack, and other leaders of the German radical school and their followers. Father Durand obviates the common charge urged against Catholic critics that they do not face the difficulties, but either ignore or diminish them till they offer no resistance. He sets forth the rationalistic arguments in their full force; and, sure of his ground and the invincible strength of the Catholic position, is not afraid to admit that on certain points the theories held in traditional exegesis fail to reconcile some of the discrepancies that exist between the several Gospels. For example, he admits the failure of the accepted theories offered to reconcile the divergences between the account of our Lord's genealogy in Luke and that in Matthew; but he shows that this divergence rather confirms than impugns the essential data which these accounts embody. As a complementary subject to the main theme he adds a dissertation on "The Brothers of the Lord"; in this he furnishes critical proof in confirmation of the negative rule of interpretation which dogmatic teaching furnishes on this subject.

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* *The Life of Christ.* By Mgr. E. Le Camus. Translated by William Hickey, Priest of the diocese of Springfield. Vol. III. New York: Cathedral Library Association.

† *Jesus Christ sa Vie et son Temps—1907.* Par Hippolyte Leroy, S.J. Paris: G. Beauchesne et Cie.

‡ *L'Enfance de Jesus-Christ d'après les Evangiles Canoniques.* Par P. A. Durand, S.J. Paris: G. Beauchesne et Cie.

THE WEIGHT OF THE NAME.

In Paul Bourget's latest novel, *L'Emigré*, which appears in English as *The Weight of the Name*,* we get a vivid impression of the manner in which the politico-religious conflict in France affects the surviving representatives of the ancient aristocracy. Ostracized from public life, every career except the army is closed to them. They are mere cyphers in the political life of the country which they once dominated. The *régime* of republicanism represents to them disloyalty to historic France and a menace to the moral bases of society. They themselves are, in fact, as completely banished from the national life as were the *émigrés* of the Revolution, only that instead of a foreign country their place of exile is the fatherland. Their life is wasted in maintaining in their chateaux or their Parisian residences the shadow of their former princely splendor; while the younger members, harassed and humiliated in the army till they are finally driven out, have no outlet for their ambition but the jockey club. The main figure in Bourget's story is an old nobleman who is an incarnation of the principle of the honor of the nobleman. The ruling motive of his life is to support the prestige of his ancestral house as a protest against the degradation and demoralization of present-day degeneracy. He is a grand seigneur of the seventeenth century and a Bayard in one. Proud of his only son, between whom and himself there exists a deep attachment, he regrets that Landri insists on remaining in the army, because the young man believes in it he can still serve France. The father peremptorily refuses to consent to the marriage of Landri with a lady who has won his affections, for she belongs to the bourgeoisie. Meanwhile, financial difficulties are threatening the ruin of his estate. Landri's army career comes to an end, when he is ordered to co-operate with the civil officers in breaking into a church for the purpose of taking an inventory as had been ordered by the law. Then, when the father is proudest of his son, a terrible secret transpires which stabs both to the heart and separates them forever. Not quite forever; for the last scene, which is pathetic, brings them together once more. Though the elements of the story are few, and there is nothing violent in the action, M. Bourget's superb art and psychology construct an intensely interesting story in which there are two or three powerful situations.

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* *The Weight of the Name.* By Paul Bourget. Translated from the French by George Burnham Ives. Boston: Little Brown & Co.

DICTIONARY OF CHRIST AND THE GOSPELS.

The same excellences and defects that characterized the first volume of this work run through the second volume,* which completes the *Dictionary*. The wealth of material it contains is astonishing, and we cannot but admire the mind that conceived its plan. Much of it, we must admit, duplicates articles contained in the same editor's *Dictionary of the Bible;* but we do not regret two treatments of the same subject, when both authors are competent scholars, as we find here to be generally the case, even though both may be credited to the same school of criticism.

The large number of writers who concurred to produce this work, and the wide extent of territory from which they are drawn, is very significant; almost every Protestant denomination of importance is represented among the authors, and every part of the United Kingdom and the New World, from Ontario and New Jersey to Kentucky, Texas, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Manitoba, contributes scholars of ability, mostly from the ranks of seminary professors. The Orient, even Palestine itself, sends its modest quota. We are in the presence of a world-wide movement in the non-Catholic world that is augmenting steadily in volume and in force, and has become more conscious of the direction it is taking. The streams of thought and knowledge take their rise now in every quarter of the globe and spread their waters over its entire face; and it is carried into general thought through countless conduits. Happily the Church rightfully claims all knowledge for its own, as soon as it becomes real knowledge, and knows how to extract the good out of the confused mixture of non-Catholic thought. It behooves our leaders, therefore, to know our contemporaries, and to discriminate in their work what is solid, true, helpful, and promising from all that is unfounded, false, hurtful, and misleading. In many quarters our intellectual leaders are pursuing this quiet task of discrimination; few works will claim as much of their attention as this *Dictionary* which, as soon as printed, takes rank in every Protestant seminary in the world as an authority on Christian thought and knowledge.

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* *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels.* Vol. II. Edited by James Hastings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is gratifying, therefore, on examining this vast body of teaching, to find that its writers, in the main, cling to views of New Testament literary criticism which may be classed as conservative. In historical criticism, though admitting numerous historical shortcomings and defects in the evangelical records, they strongly maintain the general trustworthiness of the New Testament, and the truly supernatural character of our Lord's miracles. In Christology, the ordinary Protestant theologian would, we fear, count them as orthodox; they do, indeed, confess the divinity of Christ; but they seem to have little realization of its meaning, and in speaking of the relations between the divinity and humanity, they reproduce many of the ancient heresies. Besides, safe men seem to be chosen for the more delicate articles, and more radical scholars give expression to their views on apparently less crucial questions. The Christology of the work is a striking exhibition of the haziness that clings to all modern Protestant theology that is not radical. In matters of ecclesiastical polity there is a strong general trend away from the position of the Anglican and Catholic Churches; in sacramental theology the same holds true—there is not even an article on Sacraments! Likewise in their views of asceticism, of marriage, virginity, etc., the authors manifest sentiments widely differing from those of the Church. There is, in fact, throughout the work, the very pronounced tone of the dissenting sects; and though it is dedicated to Dr. Sanday and Dr. Swete, it contains very much that differs profoundly from the spirit and the views of those eminent Anglican divines.

It would be invidious to single out any particular articles for special animadversion or commendation. One takes a number of notes as one reads a work of this kind for the purpose of reviewing. Then when they are to be thrown together they expand to unforeseen dimensions. Let it suffice to reproduce in their crudeness the annotations we have made on a few of these articles.

Unity.—Makes straight for Catholic conclusions for a long distance, then changes to justify schism in a much weaker line of argument. Peter.—Confined chiefly to life and character; no frank facing of the Catholic claim. Personality.—Excellent philosophical discussion of the idea. Originality.—Useful apologetically. Demonstrates Christ's teaching to be original; view of His Personality too merely human. Christ in the Middle Ages.—Lays stress on the abnormal, and neglects to consider the great body of the faithful—omits Bernard while mentioning many obscure heretics. Trial of Jesus.—Very useful for preachers. Writer includes in his bibliography Maher's *The Tragedy of Calvary!* He cannot possibly have ever read the thing. Luke; Mark; Matth.—Very painstaking work; critical position roundly conservative. Universalism.—Admits that there is no ground in the teaching of our Lord for the doctrine of universal salvation; yet the writer seems to lean towards that belief. Transfiguration.—Interesting and skillful historical treatment.

In conclusion it may be said that there are many fine articles on moral topics, such, for instance, as Self-Restraint and Meekness. Many of the articles on our Lord are full of suggestion for the preacher; and in the appendix we have a brief but masterly treatise on Patristic testimony to Christ.

THE REAPING.

By Mary I. Taylor.

There is this to be said for *The Reaping**—virtue does triumph in the end, even if a suspicion of wire-pulling precedes the event. The author, in her story of ultra-rapid life in official Washington, has brought together an interesting and well-contrasted group of people. It would seem regrettable that she saw fit to dispatch Margaret (a character, by the way, which rather suggests the fascinating and tragically irresponsible Lady Kitty of *The Marriage of William Ashe)* just at the moment when her moral awakening had opened up new psychological possibilities. It is not a pleasant story—there are so few "pleasant" stories nowadays!—and it is not particularly convincing in its treatment of social problems; but it is undeniably readable, and the dialogue is excellent. One notes in passing that the tactful hostess (even in Washington!) scarcely invites a notorious divorcée to dine with princes of the Church.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

By McDonald.

When we remember that there is scarcely anything more difficult to write than a good song—unless it be a good sonnet—the delicacy of Mr. McDonald's chosen task † is obvious. Of course it is possible to accept these possibilities with very little seriousness, and still to write agreeable verse. Many of the selections here brought together have appeared in newspapers and periodicals over the pen-name of Lawrence Sarsfield. They sing the praise of God, of country, of the Celt, of childhood, and—most constantly of all!—the love of one true woman; so that, if they may not be reckoned high poetry, they are at least vowed to the service of high ideals. There are a number of typographical errors in the little volume, and the elimination of such words as "limnered," "choosed," "drawed," etc., would, in our judgment, raise the standard of the work, and so translate more justly the manifest sincerity of its author's sentiment.

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* *The Reaping.* By Mary Imlay Taylor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† *Songs and Sonnets.* By Lawrence McDonald. Pittsburgh: J. R. Weldon & Co.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (21 March): Announces that the proposed visit of the American fleet to Australia has aroused attention in that country to its insufficient naval protection.——Fr. Angus writes on "Likes and Dislikes," especially with regard to modern church music.——The Roman Correspondent gives a summary of the new regulations governing Italian seminaries.

(28 March): Rev. T. Phillips gives the usual arguments in favor of the "Holy House" and its translation to Loreto.——Many letters are published which severely criticise the new *Children's Encyclopedia.*

(4 April): Rev. T. Phillips concludes his answer to Canon Chevalier on the "Holy House." The English critic is not surprised that Chevalier's book appeared without an imprimatur, and seems to believe that the Holy Father had this very book in mind when writing the recent Encyclical.——The Roman Correspondent states that the attitude of the Italian press is in favor of the reported engagement between the Duke of the Abruzzi and Miss Elkins.

(11 April): "Newman and the Mere Probability of Revelation" occupies a place in the *Tablet's* letters. This old controversy is somewhat brightened by a new one concerning certain historical inaccuracies in the *Children's Encyclopedia.*——Fr. Thurston presents a critical essay on the question of "Hot Cross Buns," giving the origin and history of this Good Friday custom.

The Month (April): Rev. T. Slater, under the title, "New Marriage Law," gives an exposition of the provisions of the new law, indicating the chief features and the points of divergence from the laws hitherto in force. New laws have become necessary, owing to complications arising from private and secret betrothals, which have frequently brought about disastrous results.——"A Dose of Calm" points out some characteristic features of modern life. The most prevalent is the spirit of restlessness so manifest in present sensationalism, the mania for freakishness and fads found in all classes of modern society. Shortly before the final dissolution of the Roman State her society bore the same characteristics. The calm advocated is that obtained by a balance of faculties, a measured activity.——The article by Alice Dease, entitled "In a Congested District," gives a graphical description of life as seen in Eastern Ireland. The people are unique in dress and colloquialisms. Their implicit confidence in God is most manifest in all their works.——"Evolution for School-Children" contains a summary of objections to the placing of Mr. Hird's "Picture-Book of Evolution" in the hands of school-children.

The Expository Times (April): This number begins with some notes on Professor Charle's new English edition of *The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs.* The reviewer calls attention to what the author has to say on the biblical doctrine of a man's forgiveness of his neighbor.——Mention is made of Rev. T. H. Weir's article on the 53d chapter of Isaias, which appeared in the *Westminster Review* of March, 1908. Mr. Weir holds that the Servant of Jehovah was an individual and not simply the Israelite nation.——Several pages are devoted to a summary of Professor Swete's article on Modernism written for the *Guardian* of January 29. Professor Swete, we are told, believes that Pope Pius X would describe a Modernist as a man "who finds his religion in Christian experience instead of basing it upon the authority of the Church and the Bible; who separates the Christ of history from the Christ of theology, and who applies the method of evolution to Christian doctrine."

The National Review (May): British politics, with reference to the recent changes in Parliament, are discussed at length in "Episodes of the Month."——"Admiralty and Empire," by St. Barbara, is a candid statement of facts showing the neglect of those in authority to provide for the financial necessities of the British Navy. The writer maintains that the labors of the whole preceding generation in building up the navy have been wasted and destroyed during the past three or four years.——In "To-Day and To-Morrow" Viscount Esher writes of the necessity of efficiently armed forces for the Empire.——"*The Times*, 1785–1908," is reviewed by Hugh Chisholm.——"His Majesty's Ministers and the Doctrines of Henry George," by A. Griffith Boscawen.——"Paris Fashions" are discussed by Violet Cecil.——"American Affairs," by A. Maurice Low.——In "Fiction Clean and Unclean" Dr. William Barry writes: "There is a going forward, to use a French expression, in this hurrying English world, a 'crisis of ideas.' Slow it may be and unconscious, but it is real. And as it moves to its consummation, the moral standard is changing. Reverence gives place to curiosity; experimenting with evil finds an excuse in the name of science; law has lost its sanction; and who so reckless when the curb is taken off as the woman with some power of speech or writing. . . . Revolution is, therefore, abroad, with imaginative literature as its herald, proclaiming the rule of instinct or appetite which need fear no penalties."

The Church Quarterly Review (April): In dealing with the Education Bill of 1908, Mr. McKenna's measure is denounced as strikingly unfair; special stress is laid upon the contracting-out policy, and the injustice which it would inflict upon the Catholic population.——The article on "John Wesley and the Psychology of Revivals points out the part which hypnotism and suggestion may play in influencing the minds of an audience. ——The discussion on the place of the Athanasian Creed in the services of the Church of England is interesting because of the fact that the subject is to be brought up at the approaching Lambeth Conference. The writer's opinion is that the Creed is unsuitable for public worship.——In the "Brethren of the Lord," the relationship of the Brethren is dealt with most exhaustively. The conclusion arrived at, founded upon that formulated by S. Jerome, is that the Brethren were our Lord's cousins on His Mother's side.——"Adonis, Baal, and Astarte." Here we have a most complex subject dealt with, as to what these deities really meant to the Phœnicians. The bulk of evidence points to the belief that not only were they regarded as vegetation deities, but also worshipped as marine or celestial gods.——In an article on "The Church in the United States"—presumably the Episcopal Church—the writer is optimistic in his views; still he sees dangers ahead in the increasing power of the laity, who hold the purse strings, and practically control the affairs of the church

The Dublin Review (April): "Rome and Democracy," by Canon

William Barry, D.D. "Catholicism, for more than a thousand years by law established, moves in the world at large, left now to its own resources and those spiritual. It is a system of ideas, a moral influence, a society within itself. It has ceased for the time to be a State in the old political sense, and has lost its secular arm. Yet, as the civil State forfeits or gives up the jurisdiction it once exercised over opinion and freedom grows, the Church Universal must win fresh influence, deeper than laws and Parliaments could secure to it. By simple greatness of ideas, realized in its teaching and institutions, leading on to the Master Himself, what is there that it cannot achieve? It subdued Greek philosophy to its divine purpose. Why should we despair of its leavening with true life the democracy that is looking for guidance, that will not always groan beneath monopolies, nor dream of Socialist Utopias bounded by the grave? The free conscience will never rest until it has found its rule and sanction in Him who bestowed on it the liberty to follow right, through death, into Eternity."——The first of a series of articles on Catholic Social Work in Germany—"Ketteler the Precursor," evidently written by the Editor.——"The Worldly Wisdom of Thomas à Kempis," by Percy Fitzgerald.——"Personal Memories of James C. Mangan," by the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.——"The Orthodox Eastern Churches," by W. S. Lilly.——"St. Dominic and St. Francis, A Parallel."——"Mr. Balfour on Decadence," by the Editor.

The Irish Ecclesiasticl Record (April): A new edition of the rather old book *Supernatural Religion* calls forth a short critique from the pen of Rev. Malachy Eaton. He asserts that the object of the book is to undermine the basis of Christianity; and refutes the contention that the proof from miracles, taking miracle in its strict sense, is the only one which can be offered, for establishing the supernatural character of the Christian religion.——Dr. Coffey, of Maynooth, presents a paper on, "Subject and Object in Knowledge and Consciousness."——Dr. O'Neill, of Carlow College, discusses Catholic Apologetics under Leo XIII. and Pius X. The advance of the modern world in science and history and philosophy is rapidly sketched, and the difficulties it offers to apologists made evident. Yet "historical criticism is neither wicked nor mysterious: its aim is trustworthy information about the past, recovery of the words that were really spoken, and of the events that actually took place. It alone rescues us from that historical pyrrhonism which rejects adequate testimony to inconvenient facts, and from that historical obscurantism which admits indiscriminately all convenient facts." In a future paper will be answered the question: Can the new difficulties against the ancient faith be met by loyal attachment to the method and principles of St. Thomas?

The Irish Monthly (May): Father Bearne, S.J., in his article on "The Artistic Temperament," maintains—in contradiction to other prevailing notions—that "genius always means the possession of energy, power, and perception, the very qualities that go to make up the highest and sanest type of man."——"On Killenarden Hill" is contributed by Nora Tynan O'Mahony.——The second installment of "Letters of Some Interest" is published in this number.——"A Suburban Garden," by Emily Hickey, is an acceptable spring sketch.——An appreciation of Walter Bagehot, whom the writer declares to be "one of the most influential men of the nineteenth century" is reprinted from the *Catholic Magazine* of South Africa.

Le Correspondant (25 March): Opens with an article by M. Lamy, consisting of a collection of unedited memoirs of the Duchess of Dino.——M. de St. Victor, writing on the naval programme of Germany, outlines the plans and purposes of the Kaiser's policy.——François Ricard discusses the possibilities of discovering the poles. He also reviews some of the plans of present-day polar explorers, pointing out their defects.——The Christian Workingmen's Union of Belgium and its Secretary, P. Rutten, O. P., Sociologist, offer occasion for an article by Henri de Boissieu. This society was organized by Fr. Rutten to fight the spread of Socialism. This it has effectively done. Since 1906 its membership has increased by the thousands. To this Union, although Catholic to the core, any man, be he Jew or Gentile, may belong, just so long as he is a respecter of the social order, religion, the right of private property, and the integrity of the family.

(10 April): A collection of unedited notes of Napoleon I. are published; they are mostly of a business nature, dealing with the tariff, etc.——Although but one in four in the population, the Catholics of Holland exercise a remarkable influence in the direction of public matters. Under the leadership of Mgr. Schaepman they have joined forces with the anti-revolutionary Protestant party, and the union is known as "The Christian Coalition." Paul Verschave writes on the work effected by this union, and the part played by Catholics in the government of Holland for the past ten years.——Bruley des Varennes publishes six letters of Abbé Perreyve written in 1864, when he was about to join the Oratorians. They are addressed to a Protestant lady in Paris.——H. Odelin contributes a number of personal reminiscences of Cardinal Richard.——Abbé Klein writes of his recent visit to America. He discusses the immigration problem and the question of education. Lengthy notices are given to the Catholic Summer-School, to Chautauqua, and to the Paulists.

Études (5 April): M. Chanoine Caillard gives a sketch of the Venerable Marie-Madeleine Postel, soon to be beatified. ——M. Stephane Harent begins a long examination of the teaching of the Modernists regarding experience as the register of revelation, and faith as understood by these writers. He criticizes the Modernist from the standpoint of psychology.——M. Droulet contributes a paper on the "Beginnings of Christianity in Armenia."

(20 April): M. Georges Longhaye writes an historical sketch of Mgr. Freppel and Count Albert de Mun.—— M. Harent continues his article on "Experience and Faith," defending the proposition that revelation is a group of affirmations guaranteed by the authority of a divine witness.——M. Riondel writes concerning schools in Eastern countries and the work of M. Aulard.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (April): E. Jordan continues his discussion of the responsibility of the Church in the repression of heresy in the Middle Age, showing that there was a disposition on the part of churchmen to see in Christ the precursor or even the author of the criminal code of the Inquisition. St. Thomas and the inquisitors of his time regarded it as clearly the duty of the Church to destroy the heretic, that the faith of others might not be endangered, and that the death punishment might serve as a warning to those of rebellious mind.——"St. Epiphanius: Religious Knowledge," by J. Martin, is continued.——"Platonism in France During the Eighteenth Century," by Ch. Huit.——"Law and Science," by Pierre Hans.——G. Tyrrell writes requesting that his name be withdrawn from the list of collaborators of the review, lest its presence there give occasion of complaint to "zealots" of the kind recently rebuked by Cardinal Ferrari.

Revue Bénédictine (April): D. D. de Bruyne has found in a well-known manuscript, the Codex Burchardi, preserved at the University of Wurzburg, some new fragments of the Acts of Peter, of Paul, of John, of Andrew, and of the Apocalypse of Elias, which he publishes herewith. ——A Merovingian lectionary, with fragments of the Occidental Text of the Acts, is edited in this issue by D. G. Morin.——D. L. Gougaud, "An Inventory of Irish Monastic Rules."——D. U. Berlière, "James of Vitry; his Relations with the Abbeys of Aywières and of Doorezeele."——D. R. Ancel, "The Disgrace and Trial of the Carafa in the Light of Some Unedited Documents."

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (27 April): A. Baumgartner, S.J., has an obituary notice on the late P. Rudolph Cornely, S.J., who was one of the founders of this magazine, and a great Scripture scholar.——I. Bessmer, S.J., explaining the 27-38 propositions of the decree "Lamentabili Sane," refutes Loisy's doctrine on the Person of Christ.——H. Pesch, S.J., begins a paper on "The Social Classes," giving an account of the leading theories of sociological science.——H. Kemp, S.J., in his article "Methods of Chemical Investigation," shows what chances there are of reaching objective truth by experience alone.——V. Cathrein, S.J., explains the position of the Church as to the supervision of schools, and maintains her right to exercise this supervision.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 April): Continuing his study on the development of Christian dogma, L. de Grandmaison, comments upon the theories of the nineteenth century. After briefly stating the views of the liberal Protestants, he dwells at length on the Catholic theorists, chiefly Newman.——E. Mangenot takes objection to M. Guignebert's interpretation of the New Testament writings.——E. Terrasse answers the Kantianists' charge of egoism in religion.

(15 April): L. de Grandmaison concludes his series of articles on the development of dogma. This last installment is an exposition of the theories which have been in vogue since Newman's time. With a mention of the scholastic theory, the author passes on to the modern non-scholastics, Loisy, Tyrrell, and Blondell, the last of whom he considers a model for scholars.——In M. Guignebert's views on the authenticity, the inerrancy, and the agreement and disagreement of the Books of the New Testament, E. Mangenot finds matter for adverse criticism.——Georges Bertrin examines an apocryphal document on Lourdes.

Revue Thomiste (March–April): Apropos of the secularization of the French schools and charitable institutions, Rev. Edouard Hugon, O.P., discusses the question as to whether those bound by religious vows should remain under their vows and go into exile, or give them up for the teaching and other works in which they have been engaged. He lays down the principles underlying the matter, and draws the conclusion that the religious vow must not be given up for these works.——Dom Olivieri, O.S.B., sets forth his interpretation of John viii. 25.——"Some Reflexions on Modernism" consists of two reviews: one of the articles lately published by Rev. P. Leclair, S.J. dealing with the first condemnations of Modernism; the other of an article by M. Bertrin on the causes of Modernism.

La Civiltà Cattolica (4 April): "Moral Character and Catechism" is a second article upon the study of Catechism, and shows what a beneficial part its study can have in the development of character.——"The Eloquence of Chrysostom," a critical article upon the saint's power as an orator, discussing the general excellence of his eloquence, its qualities, and the apostolic zeal indicated by it.

(18 April): "The Pope, Father of All," an exhortation to Catholics to increase their devotion to the Pope and to recognize more his spiritual Fatherhood.——"Theological Modernism," the system proposed by Modernists to conciliate faith and science is examined and its contradictions pointed out.

La Scuola Cattolica (March): The editor of the *Revista di Cultura*, Signor Murri, has announced that the review will not be published after April. The editor sees in this step the only practical way of avoiding direct conflict with the Church while still holding to his own views about religion in Italy. *La Scuola Cattolica* is not in sympathy with Signor Murri. It tells him that if he desires sincerely to work for religion "he could not do better than to seek pardon at the feet of the Pope, and to promise him complete obedience."

Revista Internazionale (March): "Philosophical Premises and Contemporary Sociology." G. Toniolo examines the principles of present-day thought and traditional Christian doctrines, in determining which are to the greater advantage of Sociology. He shows that the modern principles are infected with Neo-Kantian "Subjectivism," and questions whether the followers of the later philosophy suspect the destructive effect it may have upon Sociology.——"The Functions of the State in Social Development," by D. Munerati.——"The Problem of Italian Immigration," P. Pisani.

Theologisch-Praktische Quartalschrift (April): P. Albert M. Weiss, O.P., writes on "The Christian Basis" on which Modern Protestantism pretends to rest, and shows on what basis it really does rest.——Dr. Vinzenz Hartl continues his treatise on "The Truth of Bible History," and shows the relation of Scripture towards natural knowledge and towards supernatural reality.——V. Eykmans, S.J., concludes his article on "Retreats for Workingmen."——Dr. Josef Blasius Becker answers the question whether there is obligation to believe, and refutes those who say that to force doctrines upon a man is a crime against his personal dignity.

Current Events.

France.

The Chambers have adjourned leaving the ministry of M. Clemenceau still in office. No fewer than seventy more or less serious attempts to turn it out have been made during the past session, but without success. Its most determined opponent—M. Jaurès, the leader of the Socialists—finds fault with the small progress that has been made in social reforms. And not without reason, for although much has been promised very little so far has been realized. M. Clemenceau has made it clear that he is no demagogue, that he is willing to resist unjust demands even when made by the working people; in fact, M. Jaurès declares that he is a tyrant. But greater efforts might, we think, have been made to carry out the programme. The visit paid to England by the French Premier, to be present at the funeral of the late English Premier, was a testimony to the reality of the *entente cordiale* and has tended to add to its strength. A still further confirmation has been afforded by the visit of the President of the Republic. But the *entente* is not without its opponents. It is said that there are still persons in France who cannot forget or forgive Waterloo.

The practical suppression of the Church in France is having results in the moral order in many ways to which we have already referred in these notes. The latest instance affects the Army, or those who provide for its material wants. The garrison towns of the eastern departments have had to suffer from the greed of army-contractors, who have for some time been supplying the soldiers with unsound meat obtained from the pens of diseased cattle in Paris. High officials, including a general, have been accused of connivance in this procedure for the sake of gain.

Germany.

The objection to Dr. Hill's appointment as the Ambassador of this country to Germany scarcely deserves mention, were it not that it indicates that even the Empire which is the typical representative in the world of art, of learning and science, of military discipline and a well ordered life, has fallen under the spell of the money power, and that its head does not think that any one who is not a millionaire can be a fit representative at its court. This inference, however, may be somewhat hasty: it may be that the Kaiser's thought was that none but a millionaire could be a representative of this country. He did not know that we are as willing to show honor to our scholars as to the possessors of wealth. This is the lesson which the present administration wished to teach by insisting on the appointment which it had made. America's prestige does not depend upon the number of dinners which its ambassador can give.

The Reichstag adjourned leaving Prince Bülow still in power, and with the credit of having passed the Laws for the expropriation of the Poles, and for the regulation of the meetings of Associations. These laws are of a decidedly reactionary character, and were opposed by the Catholic Centre. The marvel was how the Prince could band together in support of such measures parties so opposed to each other as are the Conservatives and the Radicals. It forms another instance, however, that it is not principle but expediency which rules in politics. It is worthy of note that a select few of the Radicals have found it impossible to approve such a departure from the hitherto accepted aims of the party, and have seceded to form if not a more numerous at least a more faithful band.

Two agreements have been made which tend still further to confirm the widely-entertained hopes for the preservation of peace. Last year, it will be remembered, Great Britain and Spain made declarations by which it was manifested to the world at large that neither of the two powers would do anything to alter the *status quo* in the Mediterranean Sea and in a certain part of the Atlantic. Similar agreements have now been made by Germany, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark that the *status quo* in the Baltic shall be maintained, and by Germany, Great Britain, France, Denmark, Sweden, and Holland in which the same declaration is made with reference to the North Sea. By a third diplomatic instrument the treaty of 1855, by which Sweden pledged herself to France and Great Britain not to make any session of territory to Russia, has been abrogated. On the other hand the Convention of 1856, by which Russia bound herself not to fortify the Aland Islands, has not been abrogated and remains in full force, although Russia, it is said, has been making efforts to have it annulled.

The Near East.

The fact that Macedonia is now the subject of international discussion will be looked upon as forming a ground of hope for better things by those whose temperament is sanguine. The British proposals for the appointment of a governor irremovable for a term of years, and for an addition to the *gendarmerie*, together with the readjustment of the financial arrangements, were judged to be too drastic by Austria and by Russia, the Powers who have hitherto been the chief promoters of such reforms as have been attempted. Russia, however, did not content itself with a mere negation, but put forward a plan of its own. These proposals have been more successful in receiving the adhesion of the Powers who interest themselves in the matter, and even Great Britain has not been insistent on the acceptance of its own proposals in their integrity, but is trying, by an amalgamation of the two, to strengthen the plan of Russia. Russia's former coadjutor, Austria, is, it is thought, the most unwilling to support any measure likely to bring about any real amelioration of the situation. Many authorities in Austria openly teach that the only duty of the modern state is the healthy selfish policy of material interest.

The chief difference between the British and the Russian plan is the substitution of the European Financial Commission for the independent governor proposed by Great Britain. Such a Commission would be much weaker; its members might disagree; some of them at least would be subject to outside influences, especially from Constantinople, and the pace would be regulated by the most reactionary of its members. The other Russian proposals are, however, a step in advance of the Mürzsteg programme, and in default of something better it is to be hoped that they may, in some form or other, be adopted. The call for intervention is, indeed, urgent. Greek bands, Rumanian bands, Servian bands, Vlach bands, Albanian bands, are on the point of entering upon their wonted campaign of murder and outrage and mutual extermination, under the gleeful eyes of the lord of the land, the Turk. The only exception is that the Bulgarians, in the hope of the projected reforms being realized, have this year resolved to act merely on the defensive, and to dissolve their bands except those necessary for this purpose. This hope is grounded upon the entry on the field of Sir Edward Grey and the expectation that he will not yield to opposition. The Russian proposals find little favor in the eyes of the Bulgarians; in fact there are those who say that they indicate the abandonment by Russia of its position as protector of the Slavonic element in the Balkans. On the other hand, meetings have been held throughout Bulgaria to testify to England the gratitude felt by the Bulgarians, and to urge upon Sir Edward Grey the importance of persistence in their advocacy.

The real truth, of course, is that so long as Turkey remains in possession in the Balkans, with any power at all, there is no hope of any permanent settlement, of any tolerable life for its peoples. But every one of the Powers, even Great Britain, makes the preservation of the integrity of Turkey a condition of any reform. Any attempt to interfere with it would bring on a war, not because Turkey is loved, but because each Christian Power more or less hates the others. So nothing more can be looked for than some palliative of the existing evils, until men arise who are less the slaves of selfish interests than is the present generation. Among those palliatives railways may be reckoned, removing isolation by bringing about intercourse, and therefore the recently made projects afford ground for some little hope. But it depends upon the Sultan to decide; he can forbid them, should it so please him. Recent events have brought to pass one thing at least—the Concert of Europe has taken the place of Austro-Russian co-operation under the Mürzsteg programme.

Italy.

Italy, which has from time to time been under the domination of despotic princes, is now suffering scarcely less from the tyrannical methods of those at the other end of the scale. The labor unions are so powerful that they control even the ministry, and secure for themselves impunity for the most flagrant violations of law and order. A riot recently took place in Rome in which the police were attacked by lawless hooligans. The troops had to be called out and had to fire in self-defence. Thereupon the Chamber of Labor ordered a general strike, and for two days there was a complete suspension of work and business throughout the city. Instead of resenting this injustice the citizens meekly submitted. Even the Syndic, the chief municipal authority, showed by several public acts that his sympathies were with the disturbers of law. If this were an isolated instance, it might not be worthy of attention, but a similar course was adopted by the Ministry in dealing with the rioters at Milan last year. The maintainers of order were arrested for having done their duty. And since the riots, and doubtless encouraged by the action of the authorities on that occasion, another brutal outrage has taken place. Two students of the Scotch College were assaulted with knives in the neighborhood of Rome by ruffians from the city. It is true they have been arrested, but it remains to be seen whether adequate punishment will be inflicted.

The evil has still further developed. The number of stabbing cases in Rome has so much increased that the Prefect has ordered some of the least respectable wine-shops to be closed, and has given the police power to search the men found in the haunts of bad characters whom they may suspect of carrying knives or other prohibited weapons. The latter seems to be a very arbitrary proceeding, but one evil begets another—the evil of license brings as a consequence the evil of arbitrary control.

Italy has adopted towards Turkey an efficacious method in support of its demands, which if the Powers would adopt for the sake of Macedonia would speedily bring to an end the evils under which that region groans. To the demands of Italy that it should be granted the right to open post offices in certain towns in Turkey, the latter refused compliance. Within twenty hours of the time the orders were issued, the Italian fleet was mobilized, and in a few hours later the demands were conceded. Turkey yields to nothing but force; but it yields to that.

Belgium.

The Belgian Parliament has long been occupied with the question whether, and upon what terms, the Congo Free State is to be annexed. The Socialists oppose annexation altogether; and the King requires so large a compensation that it is doubtful whether the friends of annexation will agree with his terms. As he has already been driven by the force of public opinion to moderate his demands, it may well be that he will see his way to still further concessions. He cannot help recognizing that the days of his rule are over, for Great Britain has committed itself to effective action in the event of no satisfactory arrangement being made, and it is understood that this action will be supported by the United States. The whole affair forms a strange spectacle—thousands of half-naked savages in the center of Africa toiling for the art-galleries and for the embellishment of the seaside resorts of Belgian citizens.

Portugal.

The elections have taken place in Portugal and have resulted in the return of a large majority, pledged in the first place to support the monarchy and in the next to the maintenance in power of the present coalition Ministry. Uncertainty existed as to whether a sufficient number of Republicans would be returned to endanger existing institutions. Their chieftain had publicly declared the murder of the King to have been an act of war, and the general cheerfulness with which that event was regarded by the masses of the people gave the Conservative elements good reason to expect the worse. All these fears were groundless. The Monarchical parties secured an overwhelming victory. As usual on the Continent free political thought has led to the multiplication of parties, and so there will be no fewer than seven in the new Cortes; namely: Regenerados, 62; Progressists, 59; Independents, 17; Nationalists, 2; Republicans, 5; Franquistas, 3; Dissident Progressists, 7; Total, 155. The first two are the old established parties who have been governing, or misgoverning Portugal for years, holding office by mutual arrangement in rotation, and therefore called Rotavistas, and dividing the spoils among themselves to the detriment of the people. It was in order to destroy this system that Senhor Franco's dictatorship was established; but such is the force of evil custom that it seemed itself to be on the point of entering upon the same course. A short time will show whether recent events have taught the Regenerados and the Progressists the expediency as well as the wisdom of adopting an honest policy. However this may be, the elections have shown the weakness of the Republicans. Whatever opinions may be held as to the superiority of this form of government, it cannot but be recognized that it is against the best interests of any country to be divided on such a fundamental question. The advocates of a Republic do not, however, accept their defeat as decisive. They will continue the struggle, but not by way of a revolution or any methods of violence.

The elections did not take place in perfect quiet. There were a few riots and tumultuous assemblies—a few men were shot, a great many put into prison. The press, however, has greatly exaggerated the significance of these disturbances. Observers on the spot declare that they only indicate superficial excitement, the bulk of the country is bent on peace and opposed to all violent methods. The new Cortes have opened with good hopes of a peaceful future.

THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

1808-1908.

In the bright, triumphant, Alleluia season of Easter, the festivities of New York's Catholic Centennial came to make us rejoice and be glad; be glad as never before, as indeed we may never be again, at least for a hundred years. From Sunday morning, April 26, the day of the general Communion of the faithful in all the parishes, to Saturday evening, May 2 *("im wunder-schönen Monat Mai")*, there was a week of rejoicing; the skies were fair, the city *en fête*, and the hearts of the people were glad. If to describe in detail the external beauty and splendor of the week's celebrations be difficult, 'twere impossible to express their interior effect upon the soul of every man, woman, and child fortunate enough to witness the superb series of pageants and ceremonies; for here we would enter the unseen world of spiritual emotions and realities, to be passed on from generation to generation, wherein the most vital effects of New York's Centennial will live, not only for a hundred years but till the consummation of time.

The event was pre-eminently an historic one, both in itself and in the manner of its observance. Certainly never before in the Church of this country, seldom elsewhere, at any time or place, has there been a public celebration more ostensibly Catholic and beautifully joyful in tone; none better calculated to make the public see how catholic the Catholic Church is, how universal. Universality—*unum versus alia*—one in many, order in variety, was the dominating note. Every type of American, of English, Irish, German, Italian, French, Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian forbears, together with their colored brethren, representing every grade of society, every phase of professional and commercial activity, judges, lawyers, physicians, musicians, artists, artisans, and laborers, rich and poor, learned and unlettered, wise and simple, all carrying American flags, formed on Saturday afternoon into a street parade, necessarily limited to forty thousand, which was three hours in passing from Washington Square to St. Patrick's Cathedral. There they saluted his Eminence, Cardinal Logue, the welcome and special guest of honor, his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Falconio, Papal Apostolic Delegate, his Grace, Archbishop Farley, together with their ecclesiastical court, composed of archbishops, bishops, monsignori, prelates, and priests from every part of the United States.

Such was the demonstration of faith and loyalty, of union and liberty—such liberty as only obedience to the truth, as taught by the proper authority, can give—which made an ever memorable *finale* to the Centenary week of ecclesiastical, civic, and social functions. Before that same Cathedral, where they passed in review, these same men had, on the Tuesday previous, assisted at the Solemn Pontifical Mass, the Mass with one Cardinal Prince as celebrant and another as preacher, a stupendous function of liturgical magnificence, in which the eye and ear, the heart and head, the whole man, sense and spirit, were appealed to, edified, and educated by that uniform, sacramental, splendid worship of the Universal Church founded by Him who made all things and saw that all He made was good.

There was indeed reason to rejoice and be glad, thus to have one's youth renewed, one's love of God and man and country quickened and vivified; to be glad to be living, to be a Christian, a Catholic, an American citizen; glad to belong to the Archdiocese of New York in this year of grace 1908, "*Non fecit taliter omni nationi*," for He hath not done in like manner to every nation.

After the sermon of Cardinal Gibbons, a sermon which was a masterpiece of historical narrative eloquently and devotionally applied to religion and country, and after the Mass, it was most fitting that his Grace, Archbishop Farley, should ascend the pulpit, as he did, and reading two congratulatory letters, one from the Pope, the other from the President of the United States, return thanks for all the favors received:

> Thanks first and most of all to Almighty God, thanks to the Vicar of Christ upon earth, that God may preserve him from his enemies, thanks to Cardinal Logue, the celebrant of the Mass, to Cardinal Gibbons, to the Apostolic Delegate, and all the archbishops and bishops who have come so far to honor our celebration.

What a celebration it was, what an assembly for New York City! His Eminence, Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, and the one hundred and fourteenth successor of St. Patrick himself, celebrating the Holy Sacrifice in the presence of another Prince of the Church, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, the oldest see in this newest land, besides an Apostolic Delegate representing the Sovereign Pontiff, ten archbishops, forty bishops, eight hundred prelates and priests from all the dioceses of the United States, as well as from the Dominion of Canada and the sister republics of Mexico and Cuba, together with over six thousand five hundred of the laity.

It was most fitting, too, among the felicitations at the banquet of the clergy, following the Mass, that the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Mooney, P.A., V.G., on behalf of the priests of New York, should address the following words to Archbishop Farley.

> Amid the strains of jubilation and the accents of acclaim with which the centenary of our diocese has been hailed, it were surely but consonant with a due observance of the historic event, to include the personal note that vitalizes and dominates its occurrence. That note, Archbishop, is to be found in yourself; its tone and coloring as you stand and have stood related to this see of New York.

On Wednesday was offered the Mass of the children, with the Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke, of Albany, as celebrant. Seven thousand children, representing about one-tenth of the parochial school enrollment, were gathered from the four quarters of the archdiocese. They filled every available space outside the sanctuary itself. A bright, smiling, sunlit sea of boys and girls. And *they* sang the Mass in the Gregorian Plain Song of Solesmes; they sang it too with a unison and freshness and volume of tone that was as the voice of spring incarnate.

One understood, indeed, with special intelligence the meaning of Christ's words: "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Too much praise can hardly be bestowed upon Father Young, Father Kean, with their several assistants, in the masterly work of training these little ones for so glorious an outburst of liturgical song, one which the ear of man hitherto probably has not heard in any part of the wide world.

On Wednesday evening followed the laity's demonstration at Carnegie Hall, which, with its capacity of three thousand, was packed from pit to dome with representative Catholics who listened with enthusiastic appreciation to notable speeches by notable speakers. The Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, John J. Delaney, Dr. James J. Walsh, Paul Fuller, and W. Bourke Cockran, besides Archbishop Farley and Cardinal Logue.

At the banquet of the clergy Cardinal Logue had said:

> I believe that the future of the Church lies in America. Rome, of course, will continue to be the center, for the Pope will have his see there, but the energy and the strength and the zeal will be in a large measure in this great country. We have in America the proof that the Catholic Church is the Church of all times and all places, and that it is not a Church that can survive and increase only under a monarchical form of government. In Ireland we are at times apt to complain of our form of government, but I have never yet heard of a Catholic complaining of the government in America.

In the same train of thought at Carnegie Hall he said:

> I believe that when we get cold in the old countries of Europe, and some of them are very cold already, and when the faith begins to grow dim there, it will only be necessary for a number of people to come over to America, as I have come, in order to get their spirit revived and to have their faith renewed.

These are historic words coming at an historic occasion from the Primate of All Ireland, himself an historic figure, not only because of his exalted ecclesiastical office and dignity, but because as a man he is of international distinction as one who, with simplicity and humility of life, combines erudition with practical knowledge and great prudence in matters religious and political.

Not the least gratifying part of the Centenary was the cordial and intelligent appreciation of the entire celebration on the part of non-Catholics, as the following quotation from the New York *Evening Post*, certainly a representative *non*-Catholic paper, will attest:

THE DIOCESAN CENTENARY.

. . . The event is one to appeal strongly even to those not of the Catholic faith. What the Catholic churches and prelates and priests and laymen have been and done in this city, during the past hundred years, may well invite earnest consideration. For a great part of this work there can be nothing but praise. Some of its indirect results are almost as striking as the direct achievement. Note, for example, how much the steady ongoing of Catholic activity has done to extinguish, or at least silence, ancient prejudices.

Remembering the old and bitter anti-Catholic feeling, it marks a great transformation that to-day it would be true to say that the Protestant churches would look upon the extinction or withdrawal of the Catholic churches as a great calamity. This does not imply that religious or even theological conviction has broken down; but that tolerançe has broadened and that eyes have been opened to see the facts.

We are certain that Protestant denominations would be simply aghast and appalled if they were asked to take over the work of the Catholic Church in New York. They could not begin to do it. Even if they had the physical resources—the men and money and buildings—they would have neither the mental nor moral ability. For long years now, the Catholic Church in this great port has been receiving and controlling and assimilating one influx of foreign peoples after another. It has held them for religion, and it has held them for citizenship.

No one can soberly reflect upon this vast labor of education and restraint without becoming convinced that it has been an indispensable force in our public life. The Protestant churches have been and are now more than ever unfitted, whether by temperament or methods, to attack so gigantic a problem. They lack the authority—the compelling force of supernatural fears, if one insists. Nothing but a venerable and universal institution, always the same, . . . could have taken her incoming children—the raw material of Americans—and done for them what the Catholic Church in this city has done during the memorable century now rolled past.

Even those who cannot pretend to speak of Catholic dogma with entire sympathy, must confess that some of its moral results have been admirable and useful. The firm stand of the Church in the matter of marriage and divorce, for example, seems more and more a blessing as the laxness of law and of

> custom, in that respect, goes on increasing. Other churches have been forced, if only out of shame at the welter of marital relations into which American society seems sometimes to be falling, to imitate and approximate the rigid standards of Catholics. We would not maintain that the Catholic position is an unmixed good; it has its incidental evils; but the testimony which it has borne to the ideal of the Christian family is something which cannot be overlooked when those who are not sons of the Church are reckoning up their debt to her. . . .
>
> All in all, this Catholic celebration is one in which the whole city may take an interest, and a certain pride. If of nothing else, we may be proud that a great deal of the former narrowness has passed away. Thinking broadly of the church as a school in public righteousness, we may be grateful for every steady and powerful teacher of goodness, like the Catholic Church. The old misunderstandings and enmities are happily gone.

And again from the New York *Tribune:*

> THE CATHOLIC CENTENARY.
>
> No American who was fortunate enough to find a place in St. Patrick's Cathedral yesterday morning can have brought away the old, outworn opinions about Catholicism and the Catholics to which he could hardly have failed to revert in memory as he gazed upon the scene. Stripped of its outward splendors, the spectacle at the Solemn Pontifical High Mass, marking the climax of the centenary celebration, presented a vivid picture of the intelligence, numerical strength, and vast influence of Catholicism in the United States.
>
> So far as material prosperity counts, the archdiocese has ample reason to rejoice on this, the one hundredth anniversary of its foundation. From old St. Peter's in Barclay Street, built in 1786, or twenty-two years before the arrival of a bishop, the Catholic Church in New York City has grown to a community of three hundred and eighteen churches and one hundred and eighty-six chapels, frequented by nearly one and one-quarter million worshippers, and representing, with its affiliated charitable institutions and schools, an ecclesiastical investment of scores of millions. But its chief warrant for justifiable pride is found in the character of the men and women who owe it allegiance. There

> can be little doubt that American Catholics, and notably those of this archdiocese, are, as a whole, the most enlightened and the most progressive body of all that look to Rome for spiritual guidance. The fact has wide import, affording, as it does, clear proof that the vital strength of Catholicism lies deep below the more or less accidental forms of organization and ceremony. For this reason the present imposing celebration will join with happy reminiscences the brightest hopes for later days.

Highly gratifying as these editorials are, it may be well for us to bear in mind the closing words of Mr. Paul Fuller's speech at Carnegie Hall, himself a New Englander, of Puritan stock and a convert to the Church:

> Self-glorification is a perilous pastime; it is not expedient, St. Paul tells us. And while we rejoice at the acclaim and generous recognition of our non-Catholic brethren, let us of the laity remember that the continuance of the good work is in our keeping, and that only in the measure that each one of us is more watchful of the beam in his own eye than of the mote in his non-Catholic neighbor's—only in the measure that each one does honor to the highest teachings of the Church to which in God's providence we are privileged to belong—shall we contribute to the maintenance of His Kingdom in the hearts and souls of men.

B. STUART CHAMBERS.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN, of the Catholic Institute of Paris, has been for many years a close observer of American affairs. After his first visit to our shores he wrote *America, the Land of the Strenuous Life* (McClurg & Co., Chicago), which was honored by the French Academy, and generally approved as a generous and impartial statement of facts. His trip in the year 1907 will furnish material for a new volume. From his recent article in *Le Correspondant* (April 10) is taken the following condensed narrative of his journey to Cliff Haven:

I will not recount here my visit to New York, with its heat, at the beginning of July. It was described in my first trip; besides we shall return there. For the next four days I renewed acquaintances, and made arrangements for my departure for Chautauqua, where I had been invited to lecture.

Chautauqua (do not confess that you are ignorant of this name so familiar to Americans) is a country place on the shore of a lake, noted for coolness, which consoled me; for I had to speak there and to speak in English. Eager to start, at noon on Friday I purchased a ticket so as to be able to leave on Monday. On Friday evening, however, Father McMillan, came into my room, asked me what my plans were, and substituted his own. He wanted me to see the Catholic Summer-School before going to Chautauqua, and as a consequence I prepared to leave on Saturday for Cliff Haven, on the northern end of Lake Champlain, near the Canadian border. On Monday we could start south and visit the Paulist summer house on Lake George; I could then go to Buffalo on Wednesday and arrive at Chautauqua Thursday evening in time to speak on Friday. I could leave the same evening and reach Chicago on Saturday and lecture at the University there on Sunday. Such a programme would be a very good entry upon four months of American life. To the great distress of my seminarist, I agreed to all this bustle; and thus added eight hundred kilometers to my original trip. Father McMillan found it all very easy and did not even congratulate me. Had I offered any resistance I would have lost my time.

It was still day when we arrived at Cliff Haven, in the fading light of one of those clear evenings, when lake and woods send forth coolness and perfume. How refreshing, in contrast to sweltering New York, as we drove away to the Catholic Summer-School of America, that is to say, a group of elegant and simple cottages, tents, family boarding houses, conference halls, and the chapel—which, for two or more months of summer brings together in relaxation, study, and prayer, many thousands of Catholics from throughout the States, chiefly from the East, and even at times from foreign countries.

This ideal village dominates the west bank of Lake Champlain; on the other shore are the green hills of Vermont, whilst in the rear are the blue Adirondacks. The houses are situated on either side of long graveled avenues; boards of white wood, placed about on the neatly trimmed grass, serve as signs to the various dwellings. The cottages are so trim that one would believe them all newly painted. The rain and mud do not disturb the well-regulated grounds and the approach of dust is cut off by the lake, the meadows, and the woods.

The interior of the cottages and the appearance of the people are as neat as the surroundings, as I am able to testify from the visits I made during my stay; everywhere, in the manner of dress and in the furnishings of the rooms, there is the same simplicity, the same sober elegance, and it may be said that no social difference is recognized. It appears to me that the moral atmosphere is equally pure and transparent. Everything is done under the eyes of all. Nothing is secret. Everyone attends Mass on Sunday morning and prays with recollection, while many receive Communion. A modest gaiety is evident on the faces of all, a sign of simple and upright life. There is no fear of robbery; so much so that the church and sacristy, without protection, remain open all the time, even during the night. Evidently the people here are a class of *élite* who think only of honest rest, instruction, and moral advancement, yet who work to attain such progress without even thinking of it, which is not the worst way.

I did not attend any of the lecture-courses, because, having arrived on Saturday evening, I was obliged to leave on Monday morning. Meanwhile I easily gathered enough information to convince me that it is a mere joke to say that in this "Summer-School" there is a great deal of summer and very little of school.

On Sunday after Mass we made a visit to the College camp, where boys aged thirteen and over live together under tents as soldiers, and lead the open-air life, giving themselves up to athletic games of every kind. The regimen is simple, the installation primitive; but the hygiene is safeguarded. The canvas of the tent is waterproof, and a wooden floor is laid on the ground; board walks, for rainy days, here connect the tents as elsewhere the cottages. The camp stands in a thick wood on a cliff overlooking the lake (whence the name Cliff Haven). The youngsters seemed to be in good condition and happy. They introduced me to collegians who live too far away to go home during the vacations, notably South Americans, and even two young Filipinos whom the United States Government is having educated at its own expense to aid later on in assimilating its distant conquest.

Camping out is very much developed in America, and not alone for young people. Families, groups of friends, go to pass a few weeks of the warm season in the woods or mountains, thus taking up again the primitive life of their Indian predecessors. There seems to be nothing more agreeable or more invigorating. But it is for the boys especially that this sport is considered at once the supreme pleasure and an excellent means of development; in it they learn simple tastes and acquire physical vigor, two advantages equally precious in an overheated civilization, which exaggerates the appetites and diminishes our forces.

The Catholic Summer-School does not lack grounds for its sports, tennis, bowling, running, golf, swimming, rowing. The woods, the mountains, a lake one hundred miles in length and, in some places, fourteen miles wide, open out before its happy guests, and it possesses in its own right five hundred acres of land. Apropos of this, the French people will think, with such a property and all its buildings, it must pay a heavy tax. Not a dollar, not a cent! Is it not a work of education; and in virtue of this, does it not serve a public good? The whole is exempt by the New York law fostering "university extension," and the cottages are dormitories for the students. But the public authorities do not stop with exempting this Catholic work from taxes; they not only assist religious development, but are so infatuated as to encourage it with their visible support. Among its visitors the Summer-School has inscribed the names of President McKinley, several senators and members of Congress, Vice-President Fairbanks, and Theodore Roosevelt when he was Governor of the State of New York. The same policy favors, moreover, all similar works, as for example the Institution called Chautauqua, whither we were about to go, without it being necessary, I think, to tell about the journey. M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Spiritual Verses as Aids to Mental Prayer. By Rev. J. B. Johnson, M.A. Pp. vi.-80. *A Torn Scrap Book.* Talks and Tales illustrative of the "Our Father." By Genevieve Irons. With Preface by Rev. R. Hugh Benson. *The Training of a Priest.* An Essay on Clerical Education. With a Reply to the Critics. By Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D. *The Dream of Gerontius.* By John Henry, Cardinal Newman. New Edition with Photogravure Portrait and Other Illustrations. Price 90 cents.

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RELIGIOUS TEACHING IN ITALIAN SCHOOLS.

A SUMMARY OF THE RECENT ITALIAN PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES ON THE QUESTION.

BY R. E.

I.

IN presenting these papers to American readers, we wish to disarm, as far as possible, adverse criticism, by stating that we do not pretend to give them an original article so much as one "taken from the original"—or, rather, we aim at giving a view of the manners and modes in which, in Italy, the recent battle about religious teaching in the Government primary or elementary schools has been fought. The best plan for attaining this end is to let the American public read for itself the utterances of some of the chief Italian Parliamentary speakers (as far, at least, as a somewhat free and necessarily curtailed translation will allow), who spoke "for" or "against" religious instruction in the schools. We think, too, these utterances, and sometimes the method of delivering them, will in themselves prove to be rather a revelation, an "opening wide of the windows of the soul" of many an Italian to many an American mind.

It is no easy task to winnow the Parliamentary grain from the dense clouds of chaff energetically thrashed out by up-

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wards of thirty-seven speakers in the Italian senate. But we personally have emerged from that dust storm of many days duration, with the following fairly clear impressions:

First. We are struck with the *political* rather than the *religious* sense attached to the debate *and attributed as its leading motive* by leading speakers on both sides.

Second. With the apparent impossibility on the part of most of the speakers to avoid personalities—some even amounting to excessive abuse of their adversaries (these we shall refrain from quoting) combined with a great difficulty to keep to the argument under discussion.

Third. The tendency to quote the practices of the schools of other countries, and the allusions (not always quite correct) made to them.

Fourth. The apparent synonymy of the phrases: "Religious Instruction"; "The Catechism"; and "Dogmatic Teaching"; and the desire of many speakers of all parties to do away with this "Dogmatic Teaching" only. *No other form of religious instruction being apparently contemplated or taken into account in Italy.*

The question of the desirability or non-desirability of religious teaching in the Government schools becomes, at least from a Catholic point of view, an international one. Catholicism recognizes no fixed barriers of nationalities. A law that affects the religious status of one country affects indirectly (if not directly) all, and such a law cannot be ignored by other countries, not only from the religious but from the material, practical point of view, on account of its far-reaching consequences in the present, and still more, in the immediate future. In these days of every conceivable form of international communication, physical and mental, no one country can afford to stand by, idly looking on, while in some neighboring country the vital question of laws affecting the morals of future generations is being weighed in the balance. America must, of all existing nations, be most alive to this. America, over whom towers the huge and dominating figure of the Colossus of Immigration. America, through whose hands pass annually more than a million of the wandering sons and daughters of nearly every other country in the world. To America surely it must be, sooner or later, of an immeasurable importance, whether that ceaseless emigrant stream pouring itself out of Italy into her states shall be fed from the classes of men and women brought up on some recognized form of moral instruction, or shall consist entirely of those (considered by some Italian deputies, as will be seen presently, more desirable) who have been reared and educated in Government schools, in which all mention of any form of religious belief, definite or indefinite, has been excluded. Although obviously Italy must make her laws for the Italians, and equally obviously all Italians do not become emigrants, nevertheless so vast a number do pass the greater portion of their lives in the United States or other countries,* that it becomes a matter of sufficiently practical importance to warrant countries outside of Italy taking a profound interest in the Italian religious question.

In studying this question, even cursorily, too great insistence cannot be laid on the fact that Italy must not, cannot be judged from the same standpoint as any other country. For her the religious question is too burning and personal a one not to enter as a factor into her everyday life, and into almost every political action she takes, in a manner quite unbelievable and almost inconceivable to any one who has not lived for at least some years in Italy. For example, as things now stand, there can be no possibility in Italy of any discussion of important legislative matters between Church and State authorities. So that what might be elsewhere an ordinary and advantageous mode of procedure to both parties, is here absolutely precluded. Again: The fierce individual hatred of religion, which a strong anarchistical and anti-clerical party works unceasingly to instill into the minds of the Italian lower classes—a hatred confessed to openly in Parliament, and for the promulgation of which a certain foul class of illustrated paper like the *Asino* is issued—is, comparatively speaking, peculiar to Italy.† In fact, to invert the homely saying, "What is sauce for the goose is *not* sauce for the gander!" and to say, as often is said by irresponsible persons, "such and such a system works admirably in America or England; why not in Italy?" is, to put it plainly, if not politely, absolute nonsense. Most foreigners do not stay abroad long enough to get a real grasp of the situation between Church and State, or to see how it affects even the minutest concerns of Italian everyday life. Only a few months ago, in Lucca, the purely municipal question as to whether or not a gateway should be made and train lines introduced through the ancient city walls, developed into a fierce party struggle between clericals and non-clericals! Vote against demolition of the old walls —"Clerical!" Vote for the new gateway—"Anti-clerical!" We of other countries may smile at such pettinesses, but smiling will not alter the fact that they do exist in profusion in Italy.

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* For full statistics as to emigrant numbers in Europe alone, *v.* Annual report of the "Opera di Assistenza degli Operari Italiani in Europa e nel Levanti," founded by Bishop Bonomelli, of Cremona, with headquarters at Turin. Villari gives the number of Italians in Switzerland alone as 120,000.

† To illustrate this deplorable feeling mentioned above, we quote from one of the Italian papers the following account of a socialist open-air meeting in Rome. After several had spoken in a similar sense "it was the turn of the anarchist Deputy Ceccarelli, whose address was interrupted by deafening *fischi*, whistlings, hisses, directed towards *some priests who were passing through the street*. This noise having come to an end, the speaker concluded, saying it was high time the people ceased to genuflect in the churches and confessionals, or permitted their wives and children to do so. . . . *The people should take for their one guiding principle : Ne Dio ne Padrone—Neither God nor Master!*"

A foreigner, after residing in Italy for a few years, will become aware of the fundamental difference between his native country and that of his adoption; and he will also gradually realize that whereas he may stigmatize as "out-of-date" and "childish" many things Italian, the Italian in return, with centuries of a glorious past behind him, looks upon many modern things as purely obnoxious. At least a thoroughgoing Italian will so view matters; the one who does not, is probably of that class of modern scourges—a would-be-up-to-date-in-everything person—whose mind has become possessed with the new-fangled ideas scattered carelessly abroad by the tourist traveler; and, being neither prepared nor competent to deal with them, he becomes unreasonably dissatisfied with what he finds in his own country, and ready to think everything foreign as superior. But the real Italian is still suspicious with regard to foreign assertions, holding them to be exaggerations or untrue, and deserving therefore of the newly-coined Italian epithet—*un' Americanata*—an Americanism! So wherever we turn we are brought up short by the absolute dissimilarity between Italy and America; and it is utterly futile for Americans to imagine that they will overcome Italian customs and ways of thought by considering themselves evangelists and so conducting themselves when for a few months at most they visit the country which for many centuries taught the world its alphabet.

Before we give our summary of the most important speeches of last February on this school question, it will be well to outline the laws relating to religious instruction constantly referred to by the deputies:

First. The so-called *Casati* law, introduced by Casati in 1859, which made it obligatory for the Communes, the Municipal Councils, to give religious instruction in the elementary schools.

Second. In 1877 the *Coppino* law, which was introduced by Benedetto Cairoli. This, though altering the *Casati* law in several respects (excluding, *e. g.*, religious subjects from examinations), did not venture to suppress religious instruction, but made it obligatory on the Communes whenever a majority of the fathers of families asked it for their children.

This law has been in force up to the present, though it is a notorious fact that attempts have been made to undermine religious teaching in the public schools, by the nomination of men of the most anti-religious views to the post of religious instructor; this was especially true under the Nasi Ministry.

The Government Bill, and the opposition one proposed in February, 1908, are as follows:

That of the Government: "The Communes shall provide for the religious instruction of those scholars whose parents shall have asked for it, on the days and at the hours fixed by the Provincial School Council; to be given by the class teachers, who are considered qualified for the office, and who will undertake to give it; or by other individuals whose qualifications for the post are recognized by the same council. When, however, the majority of the councillors belonging to the Commune do not order religious instruction, then it may be given (the fathers of families who have asked for it being responsible) by any person who holds the certificate of elementary master, and who is approved by the Provincial School Council. In this case the local school buildings shall be set aside for such teaching, on such days and hours as shall be decided on by the Provincial School Council."

The Opposition bill which Bissolati proposed endeavored to ensure the lay character of the elementary schools by prohibiting the giving therein of religious instruction under any form whatsoever.

On February 18 Bissolati spoke in defence of his bill, and, as most of the speakers who followed him allowed, nothing could well have exceeded his frankness and outspokenness. The reason given by him for proposing his bill was, that the original proposals made by Rava on behalf of Government had been so altered, by what he called the "Bertolini code," that he was unable to assent to it. The amendment made by the Deputy Bertolini was that instead of leaving to the Communes the choice of giving or withholding religious instruction, the Communes should be obliged to act according to the votes and expressed wishes of the majority of fathers of families.

"The State," argued Bissolati, "cannot have any right to lend itself to the diffusion of any religious belief, even if held by the majority of citizens," for the reason that the State does not govern for the majority only, but for the entire nation; *therefore, the pretended rights of the Catholics, as constituting a religious majority, are not to be regarded.* A Democratic State may rightfully teach in State schools only facts known to be true and certain—not abstract matters, such as the catechism. "The Democratic State which teaches dogma contradicts itself, inasmuch as its supreme duty is not to preoccupy artificially the minds and consciences of the youthful generation." The ex-Minister Sonnino remarked that such a theory would prohibit teaching children in Government schools not to steal, not to kill, etc. Bissolati proceeded: "The eternal struggle between dogma and criticism,* between revelation and science, manifests itself in every aspect of life, and hence also in the school. And it is useless to desire to reconcile dogma and reason by interpreting and teaching religion in a rational manner, unless religion be considered a mere historical and human phenomenon —a method certainly not desired by the advocates of religious teaching. Individual morality is something quite independent of any profession of faith."

"I am convinced," he concluded, "that I have not worked in vain, if by thus agitating the question of religious teaching in the schools I have succeeded at least in re-arousing the drowsy Italian political conscience, directing it towards that ideal of civil and moral liberty, without which the New Italy would stand out in history as an ironical absurdity."

Bissolati's speech was loudly applauded by the Extreme Left, the party of which he is a leader, and the enthusiastic socialist,

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* Bissolati here referred at some length to the recent Modernist condemnation by Pope Pius X., and between him and Santini, the ultra-clerical deputy, many facetious amenities were interchanged, mostly personal and absolutely removed from the subject. Santini, it may be remarked, is the "enfant terrible" of the clerical party.

Turati, leaving his seat, embraced his colleague with much enthusiasm.

The Deputy Cameroni followed. His speech was considered one of the best throughout the debate and was listened to most attentively by a full house. His bold, frank attack on Freemasonry,* of which Bissolati is a member, and the patriotic and religious tone of his speech, told exceedingly, so much so that many of the succeeding speakers seemed to have confined their remarks to personal attacks against him and his statements.

Cameroni's great point was, that no such "neutrality as regards dogmatic teaching in the schools," as professed by Bissolati and his faction, is really aimed at by them, but rather an absolute subversion of religious instruction, and a powerful anti-religious and Freemasonic propaganda. As proof of this, he quoted from the minutes of the speeches and utterances of the Communal Council of Verona, at the meeting held recently in that city, when religious teaching was abolished in the schools there. The Tax Assessor had in rather vague terms enunciated the customary theory as to the desired neutrality of lay instruction in the schools, declaring that the tact of individual masters would enable them to satisfy the exigencies of the inquiring infant mind confronted by the problems of life, etc., etc. He was followed by an extremely outspoken socialist, who also alluded to the idea of neutrality in school teaching, but termed it a "metaphysical conception with a touch of romanticism about it, handed down by Minghetti, Sella, and Bonghi,† and other excellent persons who knew how to reconcile their own anti-clericalism with the interests of the citizen-classes, and *with a faith in the supernatural";* and he proceeded to point out the impossibility of State and Commune being neutral in such a matter, and actually declared: "It is said: 'In the lay-schools we teach no principles—we employ only the experimental method.' But is not this method surely a special conquest for the anti-religious spirit, by the use of which one advances to the heart of dogma? When we put into the hands of children a scientific-experimental form adapted to their tender minds, we accustom them to analyze things more and more, and thus in a veiled form make an effective anti-religious propaganda in the school, a propaganda which I consider ought to be made."

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*American readers should bear in mind the difference between Continental Freemasonry and Freemasonry as it is known at home, a difference so great as to have caused English Masonic societies, at any rate, to declare themselves as severed from the Continental ones.

† Very famous Italian statesmen, and names, moreover, which stir the Italian heart.

"Is this," asked Cameroni, "is this what the honorable Deputy Bissolati and his friends call the 'lay neutrality of the schools'? Is this, 'the lay neutrality' proclaimed by Sella, Minghetti, and Bonghi?" As an instance of the vacillation on the part of the Minister Rava, he notes that in 1906 Rava stated that the Commune was bound to give religious instruction to the scholars when it was asked for by their parents. Who would then have supposed that the minister would so quickly alter his convictions, and would leave it, as he now practically did, to the Communes to settle whether they would allow religious instruction or not? The Communal Council of Cremona, for example, has refused the use of the schools for religious teaching to the parents who asked for it. The advocates of the theory of a lay state incompetent to judge of religious matters, proceeded upon a false conception of what the state is. They represented it as an abstract entity, outside and above the life of the citizen, of whose material and intellectual interests it must of necessity take notice and provide for, but whose purely moral interests it might ignore. "What did it signify if the great majority of citizens were, and preferred to be, religious? The state must (according to these advocates) ignore all the aspirations of citizens desirous of a living religion —it must live in so jealous an isolation as even to forget what was, according to a certain article of the *Statuto*, the religion of the Italian people—and it must forget that the moral education of its citizens was a problem, at least as interesting to the state as the problem of the improvement in the breeding of horses; or, the battle to be fought against the phylloxera!"

Cameroni continued: "Can the Government ignore the fact, that the majority of fathers of families are desirous of having ensured to their children a religious education which will strengthen the sense of their obligations and duties as citizens? . . . Let the Government recollect how, as statistics prove, youthful crime is steadily increasing, how many reformatories are being erected and old ones enlarged, and how hatred and rebellion against authority is on the increase among different classes (especially the lowest), on account of the absolute discredit into which every principle of authority and law has fallen, and because of the deplorable anarchist propaganda which is being so largely diffused among the people. Though it cannot be said that moral education on a religious basis prevents all social disorder, yet it is certain that a firm belief in an invariable moral law and in a Judge Who sees all things, and Whose judgment may fall at any moment upon the culprit, can act as a far more effective deterrent than the idea of 'social rights and duty to society,' which are only too often valued according to each individual's conception of his own rights and interests.

"Statistics show that the will of the people is for religious education in the elementary schools. In Rome nearly 90 per cent of fathers of families have asked it for their children. In Verona, at the very moment when the Communal Council was abolishing it, it was demanded for 5,940 out of 6,000 scholars. And the Deputy Bissolati himself knows well that out of his own electorate more than 5,000 electors have risen in protest against his bill. Bissolati has openly stated in the press that 'if the majority of Italians are really and truly Catholic, and really believe that morals are dependent on religion—then it must be admitted that the *Third Italy* has arisen, and exists in opposition to the will of the majority, because the new Italy is asserting itself against the spirit and institution of Catholicism.' This is the Freemasonic announcement of Bissolati. There *was* in Italy a party to whom the fall of the temporal power and 'United Italy' represented nothing but a first step towards an attack upon the Church—who read into the radiant dream of our great national re-awakening nothing but the end of religion in Italy. This party still exists, but it is not the people. Nor can it arrogate to itself the pretension to represent the people, while it offends the people in their dearest sentiments and firmest traditions, while it stirs up everywhere religious strife, and retards that real progress, that moral and material elevation, so desired by all honest patriots. No; the powerful, sane, and strong people of Italy rebel against the servitude of party spirit, and demand of its national representatives a full recognition of one of the first principles of liberty—the education of their children in the faith of their fathers in order that they may become honest, upright citizens, ready to serve their country."

Signor Fradaletto, who spoke in the debate on February 29, was moderate and fair and made many good points—some very telling ones against the form of the catechism as imparted at present in several schools. He insisted that the catechism is employed at times for clerical-political purposes, as, for instance, when reference is made to the Ecumenical Council which, in 1870, was forced to suspend its labors, the wish is expressed that "when the storm shall have passed by, the Pope will be able to resume his labors." He thinks that the catechism, as taught in the elementary schools, should be revised. The Government measure he rejects, for its indecision and for the fact "that it would make the schools and the school question a permanent seat of contention and rivalry, and turn God into the eternal subject of an administrative referendum!" And, very wisely, he draws attention to the practical difficulty of constituting effective committees of the fathers of families when the Communes refuse religious instruction to their children. He concludes by expressing his belief that "the Chamber will, by its vote, safeguard the interests of the schools, which ought to prevail above all other preconceptions."

WEST-COUNTRY IDYLLS.

BY H. E. P.

III.

JEHU DAY, KNIFE-GRINDER.

A GREAT triangle of grass, and the houses round about it at a respectful distance. The green was the center of the village, and the great trees, a couple or more, made the shade and the lounge for all the lads of the place on Sunday afternoons, or on summer evenings. The highroad skirted one side of the green, and near the middle the blacksmith's shop opened out two wide doors, which were hooked back on windy days.

It is in the early years of the last century. The cheery-faced old woman who gives me the story was at that time a little maid of ten, and she played about in the dust which stood deep in her father's forge. The said dust brings other memories to the old lady's mind, and it is difficult to keep her to the point as she chatters on, telling of those simple days. It was from this dust that the child would pick out the old horseshoe nails which were thrown into it when the village cart horses came for repairs. The child would patiently add to the little heap she had made in a corner by the great bellows, and when enough of the curly bits of metal had been collected, her father put them into a bag, against the day when the man with the spotted pony came to buy them.

I guide this preface carefully as I listen, and try to bring it round to the story I want, but the preface must go on a bit, for I have not yet heard how the nails were sold, and the play that went on when the man came round. So I listen patiently, you must when an old woman talks, if you want to get to the point. The man who bought the nails was a "reg'ler cheat," she explains, and her father knew it. He would put the nails into the scale he brought with him, hanging it from a beam in the forge, and shout at the blacksmith at the top of his voice:

"two pound and arf." The blacksmith went on with his striking, just as if he had never heard. "Blest if he ain't gwoin' down agen," the man would exclaim. "Two pound and three-quarters, Mister, as near as mab-be." Still no sign from the blacksmith, who keeps on steadily at his work as if no one was in the shop. "Danged if he ain't moving agen," the man shouted the third time. The hammering ceased at once, and the blacksmith looked sternly from the man to the child. "Beggin' your pardon, Mister, but you *be* a hard 'un to deal with—will yer say three pound and ha' done wi' it?" "Three pounds it is," says the blacksmith slowly, "you may have 'em at that." The money is paid over and nails and man drive away. The child would linger near the anvil, and when the piece of work was done, over which her father was engaged, he would say with the faintest smile on his great stern face: "Some of this be thine, Anna," and give her a bright fourpenny bit, and a kiss on the top of her head.

The old lady is breathless with her story, and I have hopes that after this long preface, she will start on the one I want. But no, not for a minute yet. "You see, Father," she says, and the memory of the scene makes her laugh heartily, "this was the game every time the man came round, and they hardly altered a word of it; only sometimes, when it came to the swearing place, he'd use worse words than he did others."

"He made a lot of money out of them nails," she continued, just when I thought she had talked herself out, and had finished the preface. "He sold 'em to make gun barrels of, because they was so tough and hard, and I mind as I picked 'em up out of the dust, I thought I was helping to fight the Frenchmen—everybody was so much afraid of them people, when I was a little maid."

"How old were you when you found the old knife-grinder, you told me about once?" I ask in a careless kind of way, to see if at last I can start the old lady going. Yes, she takes it, and is off, and this is the story for which I have waited patiently:

It is an October night and the wind is cold. Most of the leaves are off the old trees on the green, and the moonlight can shine through them down to the great white stones beneath. It shows Anna the old stocks as she takes a short cut across the grass, passing close by them, on her way to Tucker's Grave.

The stocks consist of two massive stone posts with a rough groove on their inner sides. They are set about five feet apart, and a heavy board is fixed by its ends, in the aforesaid groove. A second board slides up and down, fixed at its ends like its lower companion. Where the edges meet, a half-circle is cut from each so that a hole is left, large enough to embrace a man's leg at the ankle. Half-way between the two great posts, and set back a short distance, is a solid block of stone, which does duty for a seat.

The little grocer's shop is beside Tucker's Grave Inn, and Anna has bought what she wants. It is not a part of the road where children care to loiter, for the place gets its gruesome name from a certain suicide who had been buried there. These burials were the strong rough way by which our forefathers sought to stay men from laying violent hands upon themselves. The unhallowed grave at the crossroads, opened at dead of night, the absence of coffin and shroud, and the last ignominy when a stake was driven through the dead man's body to pin him safely to the spot, formed so revolting a picture, that men may well have paused before they attempted self-destruction. And the recollection or report of these dread funerals, with the crowd upon the highway, and the feeble lights, and some ghastly corpse cast under the hedge until the hole was dug, made the place at the crossroads a terror to succeeding generations.

Tommy Tucker, the suicide who had been buried here, was supposed to haunt the road on moonlit nights, and trembling children would run as they came to his cross, lest he should belay them.

A deep groan, and a voice from the ditch, made little Anna's heart stand nearly still. "Be that some one? Oh, for God's sake, help I."

The child's first impulse was to run as fast as she could, for surely this was Tommy Tucker out for a midnight raid.

"Help I, oh, help I, for God's sake, help I; I be nearly done."

Was it some of her father's spirit that rose in the child's soul, and made her feel so firm? Anyway, Anna stood, and called from the middle of the road, towards the black part of the ditch where the voice came from. "And who be you, sir?" Only groans, deep and long-drawn, came in answer to the question. "Be you dying, please?"—Anna thought she ought to be very polite in case it might be the awful Tommy—"be you dying, please; or ha' ye got summat the matter with ye?"

The little voice trembled and the last words hardly sounded, so great was her fright. "Whose be the little maid?" said the voice; and then came some more of the terrible groans.

"I be Anna Selway; and who be you, please sir?" the child answered, getting more used to the dismal sounds, the darkness, and the black thing in the ditch.

"I be poor old Jehu Day," said the voice, "and they've a had I in the stocks most o' the day, and I be that perished, I can't go no furder."

Anna came over to the ditch at once. She knew Jehu Day—who didn't in those parts?—and she had seen him in the stocks herself. When the crime was worse than usual, the culprit was not allowed the luxury of sitting on the great square stone, but was laid on the ground on the other side of the stocks, and his legs put into the vice, where they were safely padlocked by the parish beadle.

Jehu Day was the local knife-grinder. He pushed his machine from village to village, and set the men's razors, and sharpened the women's scissors, and put an edge upon the household cutlery. The plough-boy too, when he could afford the luxury, which cost a half-penny, had his knife ground, for the old man did it better with his machine than the owner could with a burr.* And Jehu Day played the fiddle as well. When it was too dark or too cold to grind knives, Jehu would take his fiddle to the village inn, and, in return for sundry drinks, scrape out a tune to which the company would dance.

But these varied employments seemed to make him always thirsty. The grinding did—he said the dust from the wheel got down his throat and made him dry—and the fiddle did. The reasons why it produced this effect were as varied as the company in which he found himself. Indeed it was his ingenuity in finding the reasons that procured him so many drinks. But the drinks told upon Jehu—they had been telling upon him for years—and on the day that Anna found him in the ditch, he had paid one of the heaviest penalties he had yet paid, by having six hours in the stocks.

For an old man of seventy, on a cold October afternoon, the stocks had been an uneasy bed. On being let out of them, late in the evening, he had a difficulty to keep on his legs at all, and had staggered off down the road, till at last, overcome by the cold, his stiffness, his old age, and want of food, he had fallen where the child had found him.

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* Burr, a stone for sharpening scythes, etc.

"I thought thou was Tommy Tucker, Mr. Jehu," she said as she came up close to the old man, "and I were main scared."

"I b'ain't Tommy, me little maid; I be poor old Jehu. Try to help I up, there's a good maid."

Anna felt about in the dark, and at last got hold of the arm that was waving in the air. "Now do thou pull I that way, and I'll try to get on me knees, first," said the old man, and Anna pulled in the required direction.

The black thing in the ditch slowly turned over, and with many groans got on to its knees on the edge of the road. "If thou 'ult stand theere, me lass, and let I put me hands on thy shoulders, I'll be on me old legs again."

"And where be gwoin', Mr. Jehu, now thou b'est up?" asked the child, for the old man was clinging to her and threatening to fall again into the ditch, this time taking Anna with him.

"I wants shelter for the night, for I can't walk home till marn, I be that perished; mab'be some 'un 'ull take I in."

Very slowly, and leaning on the child until she felt nearly crushed down by him, the two made their way back to the village.

"I'll speak to father about ye, Mr. Jehu, do thou bide here in the loo [warmth], whilst I go in home."

Setting the old man in the angle of the wall formed by the projection of the blacksmith's forge, she timidly looked round as she went into the cottage. Yes, her father was there alone, in his usual chair by the fire. Putting her basket on the table, she went straight up to him, and joining her hands on his great knee, somewhat as if she were saying her prayers, she asked, all in one breath: "Please, Daddy, Mr. Jehu Day's tumbled into the ditch, 'cause he was perished by the stocks, and he's mortal bad; and can't he sleep in the forge to-night?"

For what seemed a very long time to Anna the blacksmith sat quite still. Then he knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the top bar. This was a hopeful sign, for it meant he was going to get up. "And where be Jehu, Anna?"

"He be in the c*a*rner by the shop; I put 'un in the loo. You will let 'un in, Daddy, won't ye? for he be mortal rough—'tis true as true," she pleaded, trying to keep back the tears, for she knew these would be fatal to success.

The blacksmith slowly rolled down his sleeves, buttoned them, took down his coat, and went out. Anna hesitated to follow. If the request were not granted, and her father judged she had made a mistake in bringing the old man there, he would not blame her—that he had never done in his life—no; he would not say a word. He would just look at her, and then sit down and light his pipe again, and go on reading his paper; but there would be no word. That was what Anna dreaded. She loved this strangely stern father with all her heart—she thought he was the cleverest man in the village, and that there wasn't another child who had such a wonderful father as she had, but she was terribly afraid of him. So she stayed in the cottage and waited with a beating heart to see what would happen.

The door opened a few minutes later, and the blacksmith put in his head. "Open t'other doors," he said, and was gone again. Anna ran across the yard and through into the forge, and took down the great bar from its double doors, and pushed them open. Her father and the knife-grinder were there waiting.

"Fetch a light, Anna," he said, as he led the old man slowly forward. Her mother had just come in, and the child explained the situation as well as she could, and the two went back to the forge with the light. There, nearby the great bellows, in a corner that was warm and sheltered from the draught, they made up a bed for Jehu. It was only sacks and hay, and more hay and sacks for a pillow, but the old knife-grinder could find no words to thank them for all this untold comfort. When he was safely settled down, they left him to himself.

An hour later Anna tried to feed her patient with some bread and milk. "I can't take it, me little maid, I be all afire inside me—gie I summat cold—oh, summat cold!" he said, and he shuddered from head to foot, and Anna could hear his teeth chatter.

"Will I get thee some water, Mr. Jehu?" she asked, "I'd soon get it."

"Nay, nay; I never drunk water in me life," he said with some energy; "and," he added, hesitating and lowering his voice, "I be gwoin' to die, little maid, I be gwoin' to die; and I won't start on no water now."

Anna couldn't think of anything else cold, except water, so she was silent and contented herself with pushing the hay pillow into a better shape.

Presently the sick man began again: "Me little maid, there's one thing I do want badly, if yer 'uld do it for I."

"I'd do anything father 'uld let me, Mr. Jehu; and p'r'aps he'd let I do it for thee, as you'm so bad."

"You see," he began, and the gasps and the shortness of his breath made it difficult to follow him, "when the barny [row] was a night afore last at the inn, I left me fiddle there, and I do want 'un. He and me bin friends ever zin I wur a boy, and I do want to see 'un afore I do die—'uld yer get 'un for I?"

"I 'uld, Mr. Jehu, and gladly; but father 'uld never let I. He 'uldn't let I go to the inn, if I wanted ever so."

"Do ye try, there's a good maid. I do want 'un, I do want 'un badly," the old man said; and something in his voice pleaded so, that Anna felt she was bound to do as he asked.

"I'll ask father," she said, "but he won't let I go."

The same clasped hands are on her father's knee, the same quiet little voice, the eyes look straight into the fire beyond, and the whole request is blurted out in one breathless sentence.

"Bide here, Anna," is the only reply, but the blacksmith goes out and in five minutes is back again, with the knife-grinder's fiddle, which he hands to Anna without a word.

One little arm is round his neck, and she says in her sweet tender voice: "You'll make Jehu so glad, Daddy."

She is kneeling beside Jehu with the fiddle. "God bless thee for a good maid," says the old man, as he takes the bow, and then reaches for the fiddle. "I'll sleep to-night if he be down by I here," and then he continued: "When I were in that there ditch, I did think upon 'un, and I never thou't I'd see 'un again."

She put the fiddle down by his side and left him.

"May I go to 'un early?" the child asked, as she went to bed, "I mean afore Daddy opens the forge?"

It was agreed that some gruel should be put in the oven over night, and that Anna should take it to the sick man early in the morning.

Long before it was light she was awake, and soon after six she went downstairs to the kitchen. Taking a rush-light and the gruel she made her way across the yard into the forge.

"Be you better 'smarning, Mr. Jehu?" she asks eagerly, "be you better or worser?"

"I be rough, very rough, I be worser, I think, and I be one martal pine [mortal pain] arl over."

"Oh, I be sorry, I hoped you had a' slep' and woke better," and she knelt beside the old man. Anna smoothed out his pillow and pushed the hay under it again, and pulled the sack closer round him.

"I do want thee to play just a little on he," he said, puting his hand on the fiddle at his side. "I jest wants to hear his voice oncet again—I be sure I be gwoin' to die—oh, God! how I do burn!"

"But I can't play 'un, and don't know how you does it," the child said; "'tain't easy to make 'un sound right, I've heard volk say."

"Now, jest ye take 'un, there's a good maid, and hold 'un up, and drar the bow, and I'll hear 'un—jest try."

It was the same pleading voice that asked for the old fiddle before, and Anna's heart was moved. She knelt up straight and put the fiddle on her arm, as she could remember seeing Jehu do, when he leant against the old trees on the green, near those fatal stocks, and played on the hot summer evenings while the youths and the maidens and the children danced. With timid hand she drew the bow across the strings. The thing gave a wail that finished in a shriek, and then as she pushed the bow back again, the noise was repeated shriller and still more discordant.

"I told thee I couldn't play 'un," she said, "and I be real sorry I can't; but he do make awful noises."

"It be his own voice, it be he," the old man exclaimed; "gie us another, little maid, gie us another," he added excitedly.

The light from the solitary rush candle, that was standing on the top of the great bellows, fell upon the scene. The child's light hair, her fair face and white pinafore, stood out against the black, rough walls of the forge. Before her lay the old knife-grinder with his gray locks tumbled about on the sack which served for a pillow. His trembling hands were clutching at the sack which covered him, as he tried to draw it closer round to keep out the cold of the chilly morning. "Gie us one more," he asked again, "drar jest gently, so he come out sarft."

Anna tried again—tried the effects of gentleness on the old violin—but the result was appalling.

"I can't play 'un, Mr. Jehu, indeed I can't play 'un," the child said; and great tears came into her eyes. "He do only screech, and I'd play 'un if I knowed how 'cause you wants it so bad."

"I must hear 'un, I must hear 'un," the old man muttered to himself, "I must hear 'un again. Gie I the fiddle," he said with a kind of desperation in his voice, and he placed it in the old position and took the bow. "Now do thou hold I up—put thee arm round me. Eh!—oh, steady! O God! how I aches—now!"

In a moment the bow flew across the strings and a wild tumult of sound came. The old man shut his eyes and the pain faded from his face. The tunes leaped from the fiddle and filled the murky forge and chased away sorrow and time. The stocks were a dream. The inn was no more. He was a boy again and life was young, and the music laughed and danced. The follies of his later years passed by, with their vices and their waste, and the sadness of the music showed the sadness of his thoughts. But in a moment these were swept aside, and he broke out into a rollicking dance. Just when it was at its height and the bow flew its fastest, with a wild dash across all the strings at once, Jehu fell forward on his face, and Anna heard him murmur faintly: "O God! have mercy on I!"

Her father was standing behind her. "Go into the kitchen, child, and tell your mother to come here," he said; and this was the last Anna ever saw of old Jehu Day, the knife-grinder.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.*

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER.

NO gift of modern scholarship should be more welcome to the faithful than careful studies of those holy men and women who are the glory of the Church Militant, and whose intercession avails for us in paradise. The eager, intellectual life of our day, with its revival of historical studies, has sadly neglected the saints. The labors of the Bollandists are inaccessible to the general public; the Golden Legend, that rich thesaurus of ancient story, appeals only to the mediævalist; and current hagiology, extended though it be, too often gives us a mere monotonous record of miracles, visions, and graces, and misses the human character while exalting the supernatural gifts. And this is surely a pity. For the value of the saints to us is largely their intense humanity. No mere recipients they of visions, no mere performers of miracles, but struggling, aspiring people who loved greatly and who were usually in close relation, whether mystical or outward, with the concrete life of their time. Intimate relation with historic fact is a glory and strength of the Church Catholic, as contrasted with the characteristic tendency of Protestantism to lean on theological abstractions. But the Church does not make the most of her heritage unless she keeps shining before the world the great examples of those who have fought the good fight and are venerated on the altars of Christendom. It is not enough to record their names or to mention their graces; we need full, clear knowledge of their diverse natures, of the conditions in which they moved, the temptations that they overcame, the work that they achieved.

Nearly all historical work preceding the last fifty years—not to speak of that of an earlier period—profits by being done over in the light of modern methods. Why then will not some enterprising publisher give us a whole series of Lives of the Saints? We have series diverse and sundry, often excellently done: Lives of Eminent Women; of English Men of Letters; of American Statesmen. But the saints are too often waiting their interpreters—writers who shall present us not simply with names to conjure with, but with men to honor. Holiness does not divide a man from his fellows; it is, on the contrary, wonderfully open to a sympathetic understanding. Only, where we feel faintly, the saints felt strongly; where we experience spiritual things dream-fashion, as beings half-evolved from the clod, they catch the open vision of heavenly mysteries. What new intelligence would be given to our invocations did we know more of the personality of those to whom and through whom we appeal! And how our feeble optimism would be reinforced! Nothing, surely, can so redeem "that record of crimes and blunders which men call history" as the study of the saints. For here we contemplate the victors, who if they stumbled did not fall, or if they fell rose again and pressed forward, and prevailed. Their lives were sometimes high uplifted before the world, sometimes hidden in secret places. It does not matter. The Church has discovered them; she has exalted them; and now it behooves her children to keep them living before the eyes of men. No other study has such evidential value. For the Church must approve herself to outsiders, less by asserting her claims—of what avail to assert claims to people who deny the premises?—than by manifesting her life. And it is these who show it in its glorious possibilities. The roll call of the saints is the pæan of the ages; their witness is the refutation of atheism, of heresy, and of despair. He who restores to the public a more intimate knowledge of one whom the Church has stamped with her seal, is in the truest sense a *Defensor Fidei.*

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* *St. Catherine of Siena.* A Study in the Religion, Literature, and History of the Fourteenth Century in Italy. By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. London: J. M. Dent and Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton. 1908.

Mr. Edmund Gardner, by his recent *Life of St. Catherine of Siena*, fully earns the noble title and the gratitude of all lovers of that great character. There have been other good biographies of St. Catherine, notably that by Cardinal Capecelatro, which deals chiefly with her public activities, and that by Mother Augusta Drane, which lays more stress on her mystical and supernatural experiences. But both these books are a little old-fashioned in tone, especially since the opening of the Vatican archives has given a new impetus to scholarship and furnished rich abundance of new material. The twentieth century is capable both of interpreting St. Catherine with a keener psychological insight than ever before, and of presenting the facts of her life with a new accuracy. Mr. Gardner is perhaps stronger as an historian than as an interpreter. He has given indefatigable pains to the study of sources, and has reaped his reward in the power to establish for the first time a clear and satisfactory chronology, and to rectify many errors in detail. He has translated afresh from the manuscripts a number of Catherine's most important letters, and has enabled us, by the number of corrections and additions thereby afforded, to measure the imperative need of a new critical text. Reverence treasures every word written by this extraordinary woman, whose genius equalled her holiness; but contemporary scribes and early printed editions are sadly inexact, either transcribing carelessly or omitting as unworthy of attention passages of homely personal detail, often more precious to us now than formal exhortations. "The manuscripts," as Mr. Gardner says, "are full of unpublished matter which has previously been unaccountably neglected, having apparently escaped the attention of all her biographers and editors: matter which throws light on every aspect of the saint's genius." He gives us, as an example, six entirely new letters, and two, previously printed in incorrect form, to show what the labor of establishing a correct text would involve. All the new letters are valuable: and one, written to the ungrateful Republic of Florence, after the saint had narrowly escaped martyrdom at its hands, is among the most dramatic and significant that she ever composed.

Above all, Mr. Gardner's account of the intricate history of those troubled times is of high value. "While devoting my attention mainly to Catherine's own work," he writes in his preface, "I have endeavored at the same time to make my book a picture of certain aspects, religious and political, of the fourteenth century in Italy—the epoch that immediately followed the times of Dante, the stormy period in the history of the Church of which Petrarca and Boccaccio witnessed the beginning." He has fully succeeded; the student who wishes to see in clear light the events connected with the return of the Holy See from Avignon, the rebellion of the Tuscan cities against the Papacy, and the early stages of the Great Schism, will turn first to his pages. Long and full though the volume is, it contains no idle word. Chapters concerning the childhood and private life of the saint alternate at first with others dedicated to the story of the times; in the sixth chapter we are told how

Catherine came forth from the cell to the world; the seventh gives a vivid picture of the society into which she came; and from this point the story of her spiritual experiences is blended with the record of her sweet ministries to individual needs and of the public affairs in which she played a part. When we have watched to the end that tragedy of her life which was triumph, and have reverently followed her passage from this world, we return and dwell for an admirable chapter on her literary work, after which we are allowed one more illuminating glimpse of the later history of her spiritual children and of the public characters with whom she was connected.

Mr. Gardner's workmanship throughout is firm and masterly. The great story moves on with rapidity, yet with an amplitude that gives the sense of leisure. One can hardly speak too highly of the devout yet candid tone in which the subject is treated. Too often Lives of the Saints either move in an atmosphere of unreality and of perfervid devotion, or else tend to apologize for all that is mysterious and to attenuate all that cannot be understood. Mr. Gardner avoids both errors. Catherine's possession of a suprasensible revelation is clearly postulated, and there is no attempt to minimize the marvels among which she moved; but this recognition of the supernatural elements in the story is, as it should be, united with entire scholarly frankness, and with fine realism in the treatment of the external history of the times. In achieving this union, Mr. Gardner doubtless owes much to his own Catholic faith and sound critical instinct —something also to the spirit of the times. For the most rigid scholarship, psychological and historical, is beginning to outgrow the shallow scepticism of the nineteenth century, and to perceive that not only are the forces which control the visible movement of affairs generated in the Unseen, but also that unusual manifestations of those forces confront the student of history again and again. It is this change in critical temper which is rendering possible that finer and freer presentation of the Lives of Saints for which we were just pleading; and Mr. Gardner is one of the first modern biographers of holiness to profit by it. He records the wonders that accompanied Catherine's earthly course with as grave yet discriminating a simplicity as that with which he treats diplomatic intrigues. His is a tone and method to inspire confidence in every dispassionate mind.

Any one indeed, considering the life and personality of this daughter of Jacomo Benincasa, the dyer, must find himself in the presence of unaccountable mystery. Catherine herself is a miracle: one of those blessed miracles, prophetic of the normal order in the holy society foreseen of faith. One contemplates her moving like a swift and steady light through the lurid shadows of one of the darkest periods in Christian history:

> "Within a cavern of Man's trackless spirit
>   Is throned an Image, so intensely fair,
> That the adventurous thoughts that wander near it
>   Worship and as they kneel tremble and wear
> The splendor of its presence, and the light
>   Penetrates their dreamlike frame,
> Till they become charged with the strength of flame."

The image throned in the sanctuary of Catherine's being, was the figure of her Crucified Lord: and in very truth her spirit, kneeling before Him, became charged with "the strength of flame," to aspire, to warm, and to illume.

How sweet is the record of her homely childhood, lived in the house clinging to the side of that steep street in Siena, filled then as now with the pungent smell of the tanning! Her essential charm is evidenced by the eagerness of the neighbors to borrow her in turn from her mother—Italian housewives are none too desirous, usually, of another child under foot. We get from the account of her youth an unusual impression of joyousness and power. She was a tall, strapping girl, of unusual physical strength, according to her mother's account, and full, as she remained to the end, of fascination for all who came near. But her religious vocation, strong in childhood, deepened till, while still in her early teens, she withdrew from the world, entered, in her own home—shared by twenty-five brothers and sisters—into a three years' retreat, and, to use Mr. Gardner's words, "became one of those saints, horrible and repulsive to the eyes of many in an age which worships material gain and physical comfort, who have offered themselves as a sacrifice to Eternal Justice for the sins of the world."

What shall we say concerning Catherine's austerities? The simple chronicle as given in this book, is sufficient comment. In the school of self-inflicted suffering, often one must grant so extreme as to weaken instead of strengthening the natural powers needed for God's service, Catherine did gain strength to endure the anguish laid upon her by the private and public evils of the times, and in this school of expiation her natural and instinctive joyousness was transfigured into the joy that no man taketh from us: "'Lord,' she prayed, 'give me all the pains and all the infirmities that there are in the world, to bear in my body; I am fain to offer Thee my body in sacrifice, and to bear all for the world's sins, that Thou mayest spare it and change its life to another.' And when she had said these words she was abstracted from her senses and rapt in ecstasy. But when she returned to herself, she was white as snow, and began to laugh loudly and to say: 'Love, Love! I have conquered Thee with Thyself. For Thou dost wish to be besought for what Thou canst do of Thine own accord.'" *

Of her mystical life one hesitates to write. Her sound good sense and perfect mental balance in regard to it are evident enough. She was always extremely practical, on her guard against delusion for her friends or herself, and impatient of over-emphasis on marvels as signs of the divine favor. Moreover she was not in the ordinary sense an imaginative woman—at least if one may judge from her writings, which, while abounding in homely metaphor, are yet notable rather for qualities of heart and intellect than for those of the imagination. Gardner declares even in the moment when his keen analysis is detecting in the records "things incapable of literal acceptance," that "Catherine, like Teresa, with her unwavering fortitude and calm resolution, her firm will which was to impose itself upon the rulers and powers of this world, her practical sense and angelic wisdom, was poles apart from an hysterical subject." Her insight in regard to her experiences is evinced in a wonderful passage where she tells us how Christ gave her the means of discriminating between the visions that come from above and those from below. All these considerations increase our confidence and our respect: nor do we ever find in Catherine's life empty marvels devoid of spiritual value. All that occurred to her made for the solution of doubts and the reinforcement of faith and hope. But it is clear that with all her frankness concerning her supernatural life—and she was always touchingly ready to share God's favors with all she loved, especially with her confessor—she was trying to express through the medium of words, imperfect instruments at best, visions that were themselves only symbols vouchsafed to sense of experiences in eter-

* P 15.

nity, transcending mortal limits. It is open to surmise that modern psychological study might often penetrate to the reality within the symbol, and translate into terms comprehensible to the modern mind, the figures in which the "deep truth" that is ever "imageless" presented itself to this mediæval woman.

At all events, we constantly notice in these experiences the reflex of her individuality and of her characteristic preoccupations. A large number reveal her passionate allegiance to that Church for which she was to be privileged to give her life "in a new way." Her first vision showed her our Lord in priestly vestments—St. Dominic by His side; one of the last recorded was the Ship of the Church, descending swiftly on her frail shoulders and crushing her to the ground. Catherine was no spiritual egotist. Into her most solemn moments of communion with her God she carried her brooding love for others. Her spiritual espousals, in which she realized the awful depths of union with the Divine, her stigmatization, which occurred not in some far mountain cleft, but in the city of Pisa, where she was laboring for a Crusade and besieged by needy souls, are interwoven with her passionate pity for her brethren and her longing that the Bride of Christ should be without spot or taint.

The time came when she was summoned to more active service, when her "existence of expiation," which far from ceasing was to increase in intensity until the end, was to blend with the public duties of a great stateswoman. Mr. Gardner gives an admirable description of Catherine in the summer of 1370, at the point when her active career began:

"Catherine was now twenty-four years old: a wonderfully endowed woman. Gifts had been given her to fulfil the impassioned 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,' a divination of spirits, and an intuition so swift and infallible that men deemed it miraculous, the magic of a personality so winning that neither man nor woman could hold out against it, a simple, untaught wisdom that confounded the arts and subtleties of the world; and with these a speech so golden, so full of a mystical eloquence, that her words, whether written or spoken, made all hearts burn within them. In ecstatic contemplation she passes into regions beyond sense and above reason, voyaging alone in unexplored and untrodden regions of the spirit, but when the sounds of the earth again break in upon her trance, a homely common sense and simple humor are hers no less than the knowledge acquired in these communings with an unseen world."* This is the woman shown us in the precious contemporary portrait by her disciple, Andrea Vanni —a figure stern and emaciated, but distinguished by a lovely grace and radiance, and expressing in pose and countenance tenderness united with strength.

Mystical death and return to life formed the prelude, with Catherine, to that public career which remains a wonder of the ages. It would be hard to exaggerate the horror to a sensitive and devout woman of the scene into which she emerged. Italy was indeed, as Mr. Gardner quotes, a "hostelry of sorrow," ravaged by civil strife, deserted of the Vicar of Christ, and, as no Catholic historian denies, oppressed by the Papal legates till an indignant patriotism, confounding the accidental with the essential, turned against the Church and denied Papal authority. Diseases abounded within the Body of Christ. Catherine's own Dominican Order had, as she writes, "run altogether too wild," and gave scant support to sanctity; the sister order of Francis had passed but lately through that memorable struggle with Pope John XXII. which led to the repudiation of the most sacred principles of the founder. Catherine's commerce had hitherto been chiefly with the Church in paradise; her commerce with the Church on earth must indeed have been a miserable contrast. That apparent conflict between liberty and religion, between patriotism and faith, which has racked many a noble spirit, can clearly be read between the passionate lines of her letters.

Not that she was alone, in loyalty or in holiness. God has never left Himself without witnesses, and sanctity was never more triumphantly manifest in the Church than in these times of her seeming degradation. Mr. Gardner gives us delightful pictures of some of Catherine's predecessors, notably of that royal woman, Bridget of Sweden, and of Catherine's own townsman, the Blessed Colombini with his followers. The richly colored life of mediæval Italy, with its lovely landscape, its clashing arms, its violent factions, makes an effective background for the picturesque and touching story of the labors of these blessed ones. It is good to realize how much more vivid and vital are their figures than those of the sinners and worldings of the day. But of them all, Catherine was reserved for the greatest deeds and the deepest sorrows. We can look back calmly to-day on the picture of the times; we can give thanks that, in spite of the evil in the Church then and later, she has continued to be the nursing mother of saints. No other testimony to her divine nature is more impressive than the perpetual reassertion within her of a supernatural life, at the most unpromising moment. The lowering darkness around her seems to invade the very citadel of her being; it passes like a cloud, and her glory shines forth impregnable.

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* P. 81.

But who shall measure the anguish of those who live in her darker hours? Catherine's terrible *Trattato delle Lagrime*, quoted by Mr. Gardner, is evidence of her uncompromising indignation, her clear and wretched vision. Modern ears cannot endure the arraignment of the ecclesiastical life of her day proffered by St. Catherine. It is in its way a splendid evidence of the fearless candor of the Church which has canonized her.

Her sharpest trial was reserved for the end of her life. She was at last successful in two of her chief external aims. Gregory XI., largely through her powerful influence, had put an end to the Babylonian Captivity in Avignon; his successor Urban had at last sealed a just peace with the rebellious Florentines. And now the cruel and unforeseen development of the Great Schism nullified these results, tore Christendom asunder, and made of Catherine's later years a protracted martyrdom. She never faltered. The triumph of an unfailing loyalty is the most precious gift bequeathed by her to these modern days. Through the rebellion of the Italian cities, she had steadily upheld the position that no wrong on the part of the ministers of Christ could justify repudiation of His Mystical Body; now, in time of sharper stress, she fought most valiantly, placing all the rich resources of heart and mind at the service of him whom she judged the legal Pope, Urban VI. But the struggle cost her her life, and during her last two years on earth, she achieved her greatest work, as one must feel, in the mystical existence of expiation. He who would follow it, and who would know the rare and solemn privilege of penetrating deep into the consciousness of a saint during her supreme agony, can find the marvelous record in Mr. Gardner's book. Here indeed is the full story of Catherine's activities from the beginning, narrated with sympathy and reverence only equalled by historical acumen and literary skill.

ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN

*AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NOT foot upon the departure of Brother Thomas for Anagni followed the secular doctors. The appeal was taken to Rome. Well, to Rome should they go too, not only to defend themselves against the arrogance of these interloping friars, but to fasten upon them the heretical doctrines contained in the *Eternal Gospel* as well.

The whole University, not to speak of the town of Paris, was in an uproar. Seldom, if ever, in the history of the schools, had a time of such intense excitement been known. No one living, at any rate, was able to remember anything approaching it. It was war to the death now—war between the secular party, the party that stood fast to its old traditions and its laxity of teaching, and the religious, the upstart element of discord, that brought in new and strange changes of order while professing the most unbending rigidity in matters of doctrine.

It was, had they but realized the eternal nature of the struggle, Plato pitted against Aristotle, Abelard against Bernard, the spirit of license, tricked out in the habiliments of orthodoxy and reason, against the incarnation of orthodoxy, clad in the flaunting cloak of rationalism and novelty. But few, if indeed any, realized to the full the bearings of the contest, or the great sequence of practical effects that were inextricably mixed up with its issue.

The friars were on their mettle. They had not only the prestige of their orders to defend. The entire principle of the religious life was involved in the attack that was made upon them. On the other hand, the privileges of the corporate body

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of the University were threatened. So the seculars urged, and, from their point of view, with some reason.

On August the fifth William of St. Amour descended from the pulpit from which he had been addressing a large and excited crowd of University officials and scholars. The day was a broiling hot one; and the preacher, heated still further by the efforts of his oratorical vehemence, mopped the beads of perspiration from his brow. His thin, sallow face was flushed, two bright patches burning red upon his cheeks; and his great eyes glowed like live coals. Earnest as he appeared, the cruel lines that drooped about his lips and the haughty contraction of his brows gave him more the air of an egoist than of an ascetic, and there was a suggestion of shiftiness that made itself felt, rather than showed in his features.

His audience was still applauding him—a grateful sound in the great doctor's ears—as he left the building and made his way through a short, closed passage to a chamber attached to the church. Evidently he had some business afoot, for, though he left the door ajar, he at once unfastened a small, wooden chest, and began arranging a series of parchments that he took from it. There were several of these parchments covered with heavy writing and sealed with leaden bulls. Also there were two books—the one a thick volume unwrapped, the other carefully tied up in a sheepskin wrapping. This latter he untied and laid with the parchments upon the table. He gazed upon it long, a sneering smile upon his features, his eyes contracting in an ugly fashion. Then he continued his task of taking out and arranging the parchments. While he was thus occupied, pausing from time to time to scrutinize one of the writings more closely, or to listen for an instant to the hum of voices that he knew were speaking of him and of his discourse, steps came to the door and three men entered. He went on with his work, acknowledging their salutations and speaking with them over his shoulder.

"That was a fine discourse, Maitre William," said Maitre Christian, Canon of Beauvais. The two others were the Maitres Odo of Douai and Nicholas of Bar. "A fine discourse, truly, and one that will secure the whole University for us, I am sure."

Maitre William smiled inwardly, but said with a great show of humility: "Too weak, too weak, Maitre Christian, for the work! Besides, we have the University already on our side. 'Tis these cursed friars with their tricks before the Pope that we have to fear now."

"Ah!" said Odo slowly, in his heavy, solemn voice. "You say truly! That is to fear! Still, we are a powerful corporation, even for Pope Alexander to upset. What says the letter, Maitre William?"

"Our instructions? Here they are," answered St. Amour, selecting an unsealed parchment from the pile before him. "They are informal. Read for yourself! You see that a collection has been made through the University for the expenses of our mission, that we are to strive to the utmost to win back our professional chairs from the friars, to oust them from any official standing or position in the schools, and, finally, to obey the Pope in so far as God and justice permit us. That leaves a fairly large margin, you perceive, for individual methods, and putting pressure on the judges."

"Um! Yes, that is it. The paper mentions the other two deputies also. Where are they? They ought to be here by now."

"Belin and Gecteville? They meet us when we set out," replied St. Amour. "At least, so it was arranged. They may turn up here of course. They know we planned this meeting. But there's no real need why they should come."

"We shall have a difficult task, I fear, when we reach Anagni," began Nicholas of Bar. "Think of all the opponents we shall have. And they say that King Louis will support the friars through thick and thin. He has made the strongest representations to the Pope. And Alexander is quite prepared to stand by them if he can see his way to doing so."

"That for the king!" retorted William, wheeling round upon the speaker and snapping his fingers. "He is a weak puppet, letting his kingdom slip from his hands in such a fashion. Why has he spent all this time crusading? He had better have managed his affairs at home. And, if he does side with these gorged beggars, what is that to us? Can't we make out as good a case before the Pope as they? We shall win, never fear! It only wants courage and skill, a little fencing with the cardinals, a countercharge well pushed home. Besides we"—here the speaker drew himself up with conscious pride—"we are the University. Do you imagine Alexander will treat the

University of Paris haughtily, or dare to settle so grave a question in the teeth of our rights and just demands?"

"Nay, I know not"; replied the timid Nicholas. "I know not, in truth, how we shall fare. But I have heard that an astrologer has predicted evil for our work; and, indeed, I feel dubious myself as to its issue since the friars began to flock to the court of the Pope."

"Out upon you!" snapped the sceptical St. Amour. "Do you give faith to such fools' jargon? If you are fearful of what those black visaged hucksters prate, stay you behind and shrive you to a friar for a fool!"

"Nay, Maitre William, I meant no harm. But the odds are heavy."

"In our favor," was St. Amour's comment. "The University against these intruding upstarts! Why, if the worst came to the worst, we could migrate again and leave Paris empty, in spite of Papal bulls and Royal decrees!"

"That were a thankless task," said Odo.

"Yes, but a masterful one; 'twould bring this snivelling King and the friar-bitten Pope to reason."

"Softly, softly, Maitre William! Those are not the words to use in so delicate a cause as ours," urged Christian. "We must be discreet and cautious—humble, I should say, if need be—that we may gain our cause. For, no matter how, gain it we must!"

"Hearken to the clamor without!"

"That is the crowd acclaiming Maitre William's doctrines."

"How they shout and scream! I would that the Holy Father could hear his children of the University! No doubt of the decision then!"

"Pah!" said St. Amour with a sneer. "The scholars are weather-cocks, trimming their position to any breath of wind."

"Go out to them, Maitre William," urged Odo. "Show yourself to them."

"And what is the use?" asked St. Amour. "Have they not just seen me in the chair?"

"Nevertheless it would be well. Tell them, if you can get a hearing for the acclamations, what the purpose of your mission is."

Whether St. Amour approved or not of making public the sinuous diplomacy that lay hidden in his wily and shifty mind, the thought of receiving the homage of the crowd worked upon his vanity, and he fell in with the proposal, stipulating that the others should accompany him. He made safe the parchments and the two books, buttoning them all together in a strong leather wallet that hung underneath his outer cloak. Then, followed by the others, he made his way out into the little square that gave upon the church. It was densely packed with scholars of all conditions, with here and there an individual whose dress betokened that he had ceased to belong to the rank and file of the schools, and held position in the body regnant.

At the sight of St. Amour and his three companions a shout went up, swelling and spreading from mouth to mouth, as those further away learnt the cause of the shouting, until the whole crowd was shrieking itself hoarse, with every accompanying sign of excited enthusiasm.

The news went round that St. Amour was not alone—that the whole deputation to the Pope was present—that they were going to make speeches; and an improvised platform was hurriedly put together with planks and a couple of empty barrels rolled from a neighboring wine shop. St. Amour was pushed up, pale now, with brows drawn together in the sinister frown that he wore when in deep thought. Did he realize, this extraordinary, twisted genius, as he stood gazing upon the upturned faces before him, to what extent he was responsible for the unloosed passions of these men?

Faces! A sea of faces! There were faces turned towards him in which every gradation of passion was written, from heavy brute sensualism and cunning to polished sneer and refined intellectual hatred and license. They looked upwards, young men and old, men of all nations and climes, of all habits and manners of life, towards that pale, rough-hewed visage, towards those restless eyes that held them fixed in their hypnotic power. This was the man, the leader, who, in this one point at least, held them all together, diverse as they were in every other way.

He was the incarnation of the proud old secularism of Paris, the bitter and eternal opponent of the new influences that had begun to make themselves so strongly felt. Did he realize, as he looked down upon them, moistening his dry lips with his tongue as he prepared to address them, to what point his egoism, his libertine spirit, his fierce principles had led them? Did he understand how his bitter gibes had found their way into their hearts, his heated polemic stirred their minds, his inflammatory sermons and lectures goaded them into an opposition to the religious and their mortified lives?

No; he had justified himself and his course of action long before. These were his sectaries. He and they were the University. He lifted his hand to command silence, and the mob straightway resolved itself into an orderly class of rapt listeners.

"Scholars of Paris," he began, in a loud and incisive, though somewhat high-pitched voice. "You have chosen us to fight your cause before the high tribunal of the Pope—you, members of the University and upholders of the immemorial rights and privileges of this august body. You have entrusted your cause to our pleading. All the events that have led up to this point you know and appreciate—how these mock-religious have entered in among us like wolves, wearing a garb of humility, yet puffed up with a satanic pride, professing a poverty contrary to Apostolic teaching and amassing money by extortion from rich and poor alike, instead of living by the labors of their hands, holding no cure of souls, yet intruding themselves into the jurisdiction of the bishops and of the parochial clergy; yea, and sitting as judges in the tribunal of penance. What do they say, these false and upstart friars? That poverty is an evangelic counsel? And so it is, albeit they filch not their support from others, but labor, like St. Paul, with their own hands. That they have received power from the Pope to hear confessions without cure of souls? How can that be? Was it not to the Apostles and their successors in the pastoral office that the power of binding and loosing was given? These men are priests indeed, but they have no portion of the flock of Christ to rule!"

So he continued, adding sophism to sophism, tricking out his charges against the friars, with which all his hearers were not thoroughly familiar, in strong, nervous, telling words, carrying his audience with him.

"And now they have wormed their way into the schools of Paris, and distract the peace with their novelties. They have stolen the professorial chairs from those who had a right to them, and set themselves up, in their pride and ungodliness, against the University. They interfere with our privileges and break down our proscriptive customs. They carry their squabbles to the courts of princes, enlist the favor of the King, poison the ear of the Pope—

"We set out, your chosen representatives, seeking for justice. You have bidden us do all we can. We shall do that and more. Maitre John of Gecteville, Englishman, the Rector, Maitre John Belin, Frenchman, are your deputies. They will see that your case is properly pleaded. As for me"—and he looked down with a proud humility—"I shall defend my libel and make it good. Moreover, I shall see that these friars are implicated, entangled, compromised, with the heresies of their John of Parma, their Leonard, and their Gerard of San Donnino."

These were the friars who, by preaching the wild doctrines of Abbot Joachim, had certainly given a handle to the opponents of the Franciscans.

A wild burst of cheering rent the air, as St. Amour finished his harangue. One after another of his colleagues pledged himself to similar, though possibly less strongly-worded sentiments, to the enthusiastic plaudits of the scholars; and the four doctors having withdrawn to prepare for their immediate departure, the crowd began to break up and disperse, talking loudly and excitedly of the certain and assured success of the University mission to Rome.

Arnoul who, with Roger, had been attracted by the noise of shouting and cheering when St. Amour first appeared, had listened to the whole tirade against his friends, the friars. He moved off with the rest when the crowd broke up, his whole being in revolt against the insinuations and slanders of St. Amour. They were too specious, too cleverly put forward for him to see where they were wrong, but wrong they must certainly be, he thought.

"Well, Master Arnoul, what do you think of that?" asked Roger, breaking in upon his silence.

"Think?" he exclaimed. "Why, that that man would perjure his soul to do the religious an injury. Of all the clever scoundrels! Oh, the conceit, the pride, the hatred! And that was the man I purposed taking as my leader! Those were the principles I had adopted! Faugh! I am sick of it all! Sick and tired of everything, Roger! The world is full of lies and hatred and murder."

"Don't say that, lad. Don't lose your grip of things. But did you see the man's eyes as he spoke?"

"Why, no, Roger. What of his eyes?"

"Do you remember, lad, the otters down by Avon mouth? He has the eyes of an otter. Sleek and smooth is the otter, with its great, open eyes. But there are deceit and cruelty in them. They are crafty and shifty eyes. Yes, lad"—Roger summed up St. Amour in his homely way—"he is an otter and the friars are the fish. He will get at them if he can and take them out on the bank to eat their heads off and let them rot. I don't trust him. I have no learning like you, but I know enough to read a knave from his face."

"You are right, Roger. He is crafty and slippery. But wait! Brother Thomas is pitted against him now, and the Lord Pope will give the friars a fair hearing."

"I don't love the friars myself," Roger pursued meditatively; "but I like men of that kidney less. He will stop at nothing. Let us trust you are right, lad, and that they will win their cause."

So the deputation from the University set out in haste and made its way hurriedly to the Papal Court, to which arena the battle had been shifted. And Paris settled down in a fashion to its work once more, to its petty scheming and plotting, anxious, restless, anticipant; a seething, bubbling cauldron of elemental life and passion, kept from boiling over altogether by the fact that, for the moment, the fuel of its main interests had been moved from it.

The secular doctors had gone with their dispute to Anagni.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Look, Master Arnoul, look! There, by the rood, is the Lady Sibilla! See, she has turned! She is coming this way! Who would have believed it? Who would have thought it? In Paris! By the saints!"

"What, Roger? What is it you are saying? The Lady Sibilla? You dream!"

"Nay, Master, I am not dreaming. Look over there, by the head of the bridge. On my life! It is the Lady Sibilla Vipont, of Moreleigh! See! Don't you see her—beside the dame with the scarlet hood?"

At the man's words Arnoul turned suddenly as white as a sheet. His eyes had been fixed idly upon a party of people

—a grand dame of the period and her retinue—slowly riding past. He had been wondering who rode in such state, for the trappings of the horses and the rich dresses of the riders were evidences of their high rank. The young man was too much occupied in staring at the silken housings and gilt accoutrements, trying to discover the blazons of the house, to have perceived the faces of the riders; and Roger's words came to him as a stunning blow. He started forwards towards the spot where, close by the Pont au Change, the riders had paused to view the varied scene. An elderly lady—she of the scarlet hood—was pointing out the shops of the jewelers on the bridge to the two young girls beside her. Two men servants rode behind the women. Evidently none of them were inhabitants of Paris. They were occupied in looking about them with animation and interest, as only strangers would. And their faces were fresh and rosy, not sallow like most of the faces to be seen in the city.

It was, true enough, Sibilla whom Roger had seen—Sibilla in all the radiance of her grace and beauty. She turned suddenly; and, catching sight of Arnoul, opened her eyes in wonder. Then, with a little start and blush, she withdrew her gaze as suddenly, and began to speak earnestly to her companion. The ladies rode slowly forward in the stream of people crossing and recrossing the bridge. They were making, apparently, for the city. Arnoul, following at a short distance, noticed that Sibilla lingered a little behind the others, and seemed vastly interested in the trinkets of the goldsmiths temptingly spread out before her eyes. He noticed, too, that from time to time she cast a quick glance behind her. The others were a little distance away now, looking at a wonderful display of the jeweller's art in a shop further on. He edged up quietly beside her.

"Lady Sibilla! Lady Sibilla!" he called to her softly. "Have you forgotten me—Arnoul, Arnoul the Englishman?" In his excitement he forgot that he was not speaking to one of the students.

"Forgotten you? No, Arnoul de Valletort; I have not forgotten." She spoke in a low voice, almost in a whisper, reining in her steed and keeping her eyes averted from his face. "But I must not speak with you here and now," she went on. "The countess, with whom I journey—I am in her care— Though we have been in Paris these five days, I had never thought—had never dreamed of meeting you. Indeed," her voice trembled, "I had not even hoped to see you. How were you to know? Where was I to find you?" She spoke hurriedly, nervously.

"Countess? Not speak with me? All those days here?" gasped Arnoul. "But I must have word with you! Countess or no countess, you must speak with me! Can you not see how necessary—?"

He spoke rapidly and with suppressed emotion, so that the girl looked down at his upturned face wonderingly. There she saw the change that his University life and the terrible grief he had so lately suffered had written. He was the same—only older and more resolute looking. Handsomer, too, she thought, and more manly, with the down upon his upper lip. But his manner, so strange and so insistent, she could not understand—though she did not try to resist it.

"We are in Paris to see the sights," she said. "We are going now to Notre Dame. I cannot speak to you here. Follow us to the church and I shall slip away, if I can manage it, for a moment from the others and speak to you there. But cautiously, I beseech you! I would not have my companions know of it. Believe me, there are reasons—grave reasons—"

The girl left him hurriedly, turning her horse with her heel as though she were a man and wore spurs; and, dexterously guiding the animal through the throng that threatened to separate her altogether from her companions, rejoined the others. Arnoul followed them to the cathedral, in front of which they dismounted, leaving their horses in the care of the two men.

Once inside, an easy opportunity was found for their meeting. The dim light of the church, the many piers and chapels, the corners and angles of the building, gave cover and secrecy. The three ladies walked about, looking at the many things of interest in the great church, Arnoul shadowing them at a distance. At last Sibilla managed to remain alone in one of the side chapels, while the other two went on, not noticing her absence. Arnoul was at her side in an instant and speaking in low, hurried tones.

"Why are you here?" was the first question that he uttered. He could not understand how she could be in Paris—sight-seeing and enjoying herself—with her father a murderer—his brother's murderer—and even then an exile suing for pardon at the Court of Rome. It was too callous, too heartless!

"Why am I here? What a question to ask? I am come with my lady, because she asked me to come; and because my father wished me to voyage abroad for a season."

The girl was unfeignedly astonished at the lad's words, and still more perplexed by the extraordinary agitation of his manner.

"But—but, Sir Sigar—! How could he have allowed you to come?" Arnoul stammered. "How is it possible?"

"What do you mean? I do not—I cannot understand." The girl spoke blankly, looking him full in the eyes with wondering gaze.

"My God! is it possible?" thought the boy. And then, suddenly: "How long is it since you left England?"

Sibilla was fairly puzzled. "We have been journeying now for months past. We have come through Normandy, and stayed at many towns on the way. It was in the early spring that we sailed from Devon."

"Then you do not know—?"

"Know what?"

"Oh, heaven! how can I tell her?" gasped the boy.

"What—what is it that so distresses you? I cannot read the meaning of your words."

"Your father— Your father—"

"What do you say? My father? What is amiss with my father?" The girl grew pale and agitated in her turn.

"My brother— Oh, how can I say it? My brother—Guy—is dead. And your father—your father—"

The Lady Sibilla blanched and trembled, leaning against a pillar for support. What was coming? She was like to faint.

"Your father is not in Devon now. He is gone to Rome."

"To Rome? And why?" Her words came frightened and trembling.

"For relief from censure. He has— He has slain—"

"Oh, God of Heaven! what are you saying?" the girl half shrieked. What do you mean? What—what has he done?"

It was pitiful, terrible to say it; nevertheless, having thus referred to the tragedy, thinking that she knew of it, he was obliged to tell her all. Now he was able to understand her presence in Paris and her demeanor. She had set out before the murder. She knew nothing of it.

He recounted all that had happened at Moreleigh—his brother's death, her father's remorse and pilgrimage in search of absolution, his own agony. And as he recounted the sad tale, while she stood there white and open-eyed and trembling, the old fires of his first love for her burst into flame again. Terrible as his tale was for him to tell, awful as it was for her to hear, as he told it he found his heart going out to her as it had never gone out to any one in his life before. Through the sad words, the broken, ragged sentences, in which he spoke of her father's awful deed, the burden of his great love breathed. Sibilla was no longer a far-off ideal—an ideal set up in the sanctuary of his own heart and soul to be worshipped as a thing high above him—but a living, breathing creature to be loved, a creature standing before him, stricken with a grief that was his own, dumb with a suffering that lent words to his faltering tongue, quivering with a new-born agony that set pulses of pity and love throbbing in his heart. He stood in her presence, whispering of her father's crime, but all the time he was drinking in her beauty and losing himself in it. What was his folly, and worse than folly, in stooping for but one instant to the baseness of his wild, unbridled course! He had never loved before—no, never! This was love—true love—at last! Whatever else had been was madness! He lost himself in the impetuosity of his passion. Speaking of her father, he pleaded for himself. His words came fast, burning, a torrent of fire, a desert blast of hot, passionate entreaty. He spoke of all the things that stood between him and the winning of her. He was carried away in the excess of his worship. His poverty, his state, the murder, the months of wasted energy—he spared himself, and her, in nothing. It was a strange speech, the overwhelming outpouring of a pent-up soul. But it was an earnest one.

And she, the awful tidings so unexpectedly brought to her burning into her brain, knowing not whither to turn for comfort or consolation, turned to him. They were companions in grief, they would become companions in consolation. Her dreams of her hero-knight made her look to him for strength, even now when it was his hand that was wounding her. She lifted her eyes to his and the love-light—the faith and trust of utter love—shone for a moment through the distress and agony of her pain. She tried to speak; but her parched lips refused their office. She put out her hand, as though to stay herself, and then shrank back against the pillar, trembling.

But Arnoul had seen and read the faithful message of her soul and the vehemence of his love broke out afresh.

Sibilla listened, agitated and affrighted by the very violence of his pleading. She remembered—as one in a dream, it all passed before her—the scene with her father at Moreleigh when she had dared to confess her love. She saw him now—bowed down with repentance and broken with remorse—craving pardon and absolution as a penitent at Rome. She loved Arnoul—the more that she now saw him in the flesh, who had been ever in her secret thoughts. The heart springs of her sympathy vibrated to his voice in its sad retelling of her father's awful deed, and she yearned towards him for the love that he offered, longing, craving, yet, in spite of herself, resisting. For she was a Vipont. Love as she might, she could not forget that. Her father's scathing words had told. She was torn between conflicting passions—her love for Arnoul dragging her to throw herself into his outstretched arms and the stubborn pride of race that threw her back upon herself in lonely coldness and disdain. What she had just learnt, too, had made it the harder for her to unbend. Her father was a murderer. He had killed Sir Guy, Arnoul's only brother. How could she stoop—and to one whom her own father had so grievously, so cruelly wronged—and declare the love that so tortured her own heart? She leant against the pillar, dry-eyed, speechless, hopeless. The words were frozen on her lips; her heart wrung and bleeding. How she loved this Valletort! And yet—and yet—she could not—she might not show her love. And her father—her own father! God! how terrible it was.

Arnoul's burning words struck upon her ear. His eyes seemed to penetrate her very soul. She began to waver.

In his passion—his ecstasy—the lad seized her hand and clasped it to his heart. She yielded. Her love proved stronger than her pride, stronger than the sudden revulsion and disdain, stronger even than her newly learnt anguish. Yet there was a struggle. It could not thus be all abandonment.

"My father," she sighed; and her words came in the faintest of whispers. "My father; he would never— Oh, Blessed Virgin! he would—he would—"

But Arnoul had lost himself. What recked he of fathers? Who should stand between him and the being that he claimed by right of perfect love? Even the thought of poor Guy was powerless to stay him now. He clasped her hand the closer in his own and pressed nearer, ever nearer, to her. His ardent words burnt into her very soul. His warm breath came and went upon her cheek. He felt the quick beating of her heart upon his breast. His lips met hers—

"As there is a God in heaven," he protested. "As I hope for salvation, nothing shall ever break my faith or daunt my love! I shall strive! I shall live but for thee!"

She heard him and sighed again. An eternity was compressed into an instant of time. Then she tore herself away from his embrace.

"What have I done?" she cried. "What have I done?"

"Done," he made answer. "You have opened paradise to a tortured soul. You have given hope to one who was in despair. Now—now will you say me nay if I seek your countess?"

"For the love of heaven, begone! She comes! See! Already they have discovered—! They have missed me and are returning! Fly! I may not—! Oh! I may not—!"

"Sibilla, as you love me—as my love for you is all in all—I beseech you do not leave me thus. Why, why, in heaven's name—?"

"I may not stay! I pray you! Oh! I pray you, let me go!"

"But where? When do you depart? I shall see you again—You will not—you cannot leave me thus!"

"To-morrow! To-morrow we depart from Paris. I shall go," she continued bitterly, "to my aunt—to Exeter. There is yet the convent if the castle lacks its lord! Where else is there for me now to harbor? And— But soft, for the love of heaven! Here is the—"

"Sibilla! Lady Sibilla!" came a querulous voice from beyond the chapel. "Where are you? Where can you have hid yourself? We are seeking for you!"

She tore herself from him. There was one embrace—she yielding to his passionate ardor—and he found himself standing in the chapel alone. She had gone—whither he knew not.

But he had seen her. He had heard her voice. He had spoken with her. It was enough to set his pulses throbbing and his brain reeling! His lips had met those of the Lady Sibilla—Sibilla, his own beloved Sibilla! She had heard his words of love! She had hearkened and sighed! He walked on air, on clouds, on nothingness!

And Thomas—Brother Thomas—it flashed across his mind—had counselled him aright. Sibilla would be his. He had only to wait—only to win her. Nothing could ever come between them now. He had spoken with her. She had hearkened to him. The touch of her hand—the unresisting caress of her lips— What more was there to hope? What bliss could there be greater?

He found himself, in a maze and whirl of thought, outside the cathedral, walking with Roger, as in a dream.

"It was, as I said, the Lady Sibilla, was it not?" the good man was asking him.

"It was indeed the Lady Sibilla Vipont, of Moreleigh," he found himself repeating mechanically.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Massive and somber, in the beams of the setting sun, the town of Anagni rose upon its mountain top. The sharp indentations and jutting curves of the mountains that soared away from it rank upon rank, caught the last glow of the yellow light, burying it in the folds of purple shadow. A little band of travelers was passing slowly up the slope of the hill that fell away from the principal gate of the town. Behind them, across the fertile valley still rich in the harvest hues of late summer, stood out in low profile upon their mountain tops, Segni in its gray girdle of pelasgic walls, Carpineto straggling on its hillside. Far away to the left of the valley Alatri rose, a brown and purple shadow upon a dark blue hill.

Above the yellow corn and the green vines of the valley, above the gnarled olive stems and the luxuriant chestnut groves upon the slopes, the towns stood upon their hills, looking silently upon each other across the intervening spaces, proud, feudal, distrustful, the isolated stronghold of a spirit and a system that had reached its apogee.

Our band of wayfarers was composed of friars—friars spent and worn with journeying. They had made their way without pause or lengthy rest from Paris to Anagni, where Alexander held his Papal Court. And the handful of weary brethren, slowly toiling up the long hill that led to the gate of the town, though it could hardly be supposed that they were aware of the greatness of the issue, was the first wave of that vast force, that unstemmable tide, that would ultimately crush feudalism out of the world and leave it ready for the new system of civilized Europe.

"It is late, my brother," said one of the friars to another as they urged their mounts towards the goal. "Late; and ere we reach the sheltering walls of our convent night will have fallen. I am weary of this hasty journeying, Brother. There is no comfort in a voyage such as this."

His companion turned slowly towards him. His large eyes gleamed strangely in the dying light. "Weary, Brother?" he said. "Our pilgrimage is not yet done. Three score years and ten, and if by chance— But we draw nigh to the gate. Be sure, Brother, our brethren will be awaiting us, and the General—"

"A fool's errand!" grumbled the first speaker. "Of a certainty a fool's errand! Is not our Lord the Pope in our favor? Is not Master Albert, our brother, here? What need to drag you from your work in the University, through all these perils, weariness by sea and land, hardships and discomforts, as the Apostle says, to come here to Italy?"

"Peace, my brother! 'Tis his Holiness who commands!"

"Yes, I know; his Holiness! Are there not enough in his court to tell him the truth? Yet he must drag you from your school into this foreign land. I know! Oh, yes; I know. The best the order has to defend it! An angel from heaven, forsooth! So Brother Thomas must needs come post haste from Paris with a defence for practising the Gospel counsels! Brother Thomas, no less, the pride and glory of all our order! And to defend us against these God-accursed seculars—"

"Peace, Brother!" The words fell solemnly from the slow lips of Brother Thomas. "Who am I that I should come to the succor of our order—aye, and of all the friars—in their hour of need? Who am I? Tinkling brass—a shaken reed! 'Except the Lord build the House—' 'Unless the Lord keep the City—' Nay, Brother; spare these words and be at your prayers! The danger that menaces us is no vain sophism of St. Amour's. 'The kings of the earth stand up and their rulers take counsel together—' Our Lord the Pope has given to us friars, humble and lowly though we be, the power to absolve and to preach throughout the world. Of a surety these privileges trench deep upon the rights of a body corporate. Yet, were it not for us and for our humble work for souls, I mistrust me that the work of God would be accomplished upon earth."

"The seculars are accursed hirelings," put in the brother roughly. "They are wolves in sheep's clothing, taking tithes of mint and cummin, defrauding the widow and the orphan. Upon my soul and the faith of—!"

"Nay, Brother; speak not thus, I pray you! There are abuses doubtless—but it is not for us to set them right. It is for us to labor for the salvation of the souls of men; to practise those same Gospel precepts. We ask no more than to follow in the path of Him whose name is in our hearts and on our lips; to work for Him; to labor for Him; if need be, to die for Him—no more. Yea, my brother; these words, this antipathy to the seculars, is not seemly in the heart of a true religious; for the seculars are the servants of God no less than we. We are no more than poor brethren, seeking to live unmolested and to do our work in peace. All will yet be well. But, see! Yonder is the gate; and we are at our journey's end ere yet the sun is gone from the sky!"

While the travelers were ascending the hill and drawing nearer to the town, a solitary man was waiting seated in a huge and somber room of the great, frowning palace near the cathedral. He was a man past middle age. The scanty light that struggled through the narrow windows pierced in the thickness of almost cyclopean walls just showed the ascetic features, the dark, curling hair and beard cut after the manner of the ecclesiastic, the large and intelligent eyes, the broad, high forehead. His expression was a singularly kind one, though traces of stubbornness as well as of conscious power were also to be found in it. The delicate arch of the nostril, the thin and somewhat closely pressed lips that showed beneath the drooping moustache, betrayed the enthusiast and the mystic. He was seated in a rich chair, carved and gilt and upholstered in crimson silk. Before him stood a table, also carved and gilt, supporting two candlesticks bearing waxen tapers that had just been lighted. Between the candles was a crucifix, and before it lay writing materials—pens, inkhorn, sand—together with a large and richly illuminated volume, upon the opened page of which the ecclesiastic's hand was lying. But he was not reading. The large and dreamy eyes were turned towards the white figure of the tortured Christ hanging upon the cross.

The rest of the furniture of the immense room was as scanty as the struggling light itself, though what there was of it was rich in the extreme. Here and there some object stood out from the general gloom, in patches of crimson or gold, or glistening white or colored marbles. At each end was a doorway leading into an adjoining apartment and closed with heavy folds of tapestry. The room was the audience chamber of the palace of Anagni; the ecclesiastic, Alexander, fourth of that name, Bishop of Rome.

The Pope sat, gazing at the crucifix. There he had been sitting ever since the consistory, the third that had been held that week. And indeed there was enough to occupy his thought. The political outlook was a dreary one. His offer of the throne of Sicily to Edmund had been accepted. His legates had for months been waging war in the young King's name. But King Henry found it difficult—nay, impossible—to furnish the means necessary to pay the Papal armies that fought for his son's new possessions. England was groaning under his fruitless efforts to obtain money. And at length Manfred, with his Saracen troops, had conquered both Naples and Sicily.

The Pope's own University, too, that turbulent School of Paris, was giving trouble again. Bull after bull, brief after brief, had he sent into France to quell the disorder, notwithstanding which it grew and fermented, threatening to end in a final disruption of the place of learning. It seemed to be slipping from the grasp of the Papal hands altogether, so unruly and so precipitate were the turbulent minds that strove to shape its course. And even the friars whom he had done his best to support in the troubles and persecution they endured, had seemed to give way before the great moral pressure of the secular body. They had actually written supplicating him to withdraw the bulls that he had addressed in their favor. They had attempted a compromise with the University authorities, without his supreme sanction. And now dogmatic controversy had become mixed up with the conflicting policies and King Louis had brought the whole crisis to a head by sending St. Amour's book directly to the fount of all earthly authority. His cardinals were occupied with its statements. They had spoken of it at the consistory. And deputations were on their way to examine and refute, to drag out the weary controversy in the very presence of the Holy Father.

There were other matters, too, lesser troubles and cases coming daily before him from the whole world for settlement. The curia was burdened with the cares of civilization. And the sinews of war! Where was the money to be got? Agents in England, agents in France, agents and legates everywhere, gathering, scraping, screwing, in his name. Much of the money stuck in its passage through their hands. Besides, the nations had been bled so long that there was little to be had. Perhaps there was a touch of avarice in the character of Alexander IV.; but money must be had for the curia, and it was the business of the agents and legates to obtain it. How could he know the intolerable strain that perpetual taxation put upon the people, taxed as they were by kings as well as by popes. That money was refused, often enough, he knew—refused by bishops and wealthy abbots, who certainly ought to bear their part in the burdens of church administration as well as the wealthy laymen, and set them a good example to boot. There was little money, at any rate, in the Papal treasury; and the vast machinery of the Roman Court that existed for the good and well-being of the Church at large, must be oiled in order to proceed as it should with the business of the peoples.

Amid his many cares the Pope found time to draw some spiritual comfort and consolation from his religion. That is why, perhaps, he was now gazing upon the crucifix; for it was not politics, and money-getting legates, and squabbles at home or abroad that occupied all his attention. Nevertheless, he came back from his meditation with a sigh, confronted once more with the practical business of his office He closed the vellum volume before him, rose slowly to his feet, and crossed the length of the great room. For a moment he stood at the doorway, and then, lifting the heavy curtains, passed on into the antechamber. Two clerks—ecclesiastics of some grade and dignity, for they wore the purple garb of prelates—were busily engaged in writing at two small tables in the apartment. The Pope stood, a ghost-like figure in white, beyond the circles of light that radiated from their candles. Neither of the scribes had noticed his approach, but they both looked up quickly and rose to their feet as they heard his low and musical voice.

"Are the drafts of the briefs made out, Hugo?" he asked.

"We wish to read them ourself as soon as they are completed, and before they are written out fair."

"They are not yet complete, your Holiness," the cleric addressed as Hugo made answer. "I am still at work upon them. I shall bring them to your Holiness at once when they are done."

The other cleric bent again to his task of copying. He was engaged upon a brief confirming and extending the privileges of the University of Salamanca. An elderly man, this, with his back bent by much writing, gray wisps of hair standing out behind his ears. The mellow candlelight, reflected up from the vellum lying before him, softened somewhat tbe hard lines of his face, not so much, though, that it ceased to be crabbed, and even cruel, with a shifting, crafty look about the downcast eyes.

Hugo, on the contrary, was a young man, straight as a die and of a pleasant, though grave, countenance; one of those individuals who take life seriously enough, and for what it is worth, yet somehow always seem to find it easy to look upon the bright side of things and to make an estimate accordingly. Both, for all the difference in their appearance and character, were devoted servants, half-officials, half-secretaries, of the Pope, each serving to the utmost of his power in his own way.

"'Tis well," replied the Pope. "And the arrangements have been made for the solemn condemnation of the infamous libel against the mendicants?"

"Yes, your Holiness; the cardinals have sent in a copy of their report upon it, and all is ready for the judgment."

"Good," said the Pope, emphasizing his words with little nods of his head. "Good, Hugo. We shall make an example now, once and for all, of these detractors and calumniators. Our University of Paris is distracted and distressed as it has not been since the time of Abelard. Our brethren, who look to us for succor, are set upon and driven from the schools. Nor shall they cry to us in vain. By St. Claire, whose sanctity we were privileged to honor, by the stigmata of St. Francis, by our own faith, we shall right them. Has my Lord the Cardinal departed?"

"Which cardinal, your Holiness?"

"St. Caro."

"Yes, your Holiness; he went straight from the consistory to his convent."

"And is Brother Thomas of Aquin yet arrived?"

"There is no word, your Holiness; though he should have been here before now."

"You have acquainted Brother Humbert that we wish him to defend the orders—and especially the poverty of the orders—before us?"

"Yes, your Holiness."

"Good!"

The Pope turned as if about to depart. His white form looked ghostly in the flickering light of the tapers. Hugo made as though to address him, paused in hesitation, and then, with a deprecatory cough, said: "Your Holiness!"

"Yes, Hugo?" queried the Pope, turning again.

"The Cardinal Penitentiary has left a referendum in the murder case."

"Murder! What murder?" asked Pope Alexander, starting back.

"The murder of the English priest, de Valletort, your Holiness. He—the Penitentiary—has given as a penance the building of a church and the endowing of a perpetual Mass. But it seems that the murderer—he is one Vipont, an Englishman and noble—is not satisfied. He craves an audience with your Holiness. He is very penitent—an old man and quite broken—"

"We cannot see him," the Pope broke in upon his secretary. "You did not say you could arrange an audience, Hugo? You did not tell him we would see him?" And then, without waiting to hear Hugo's low "No, your Holiness; I told him it was impossible," he went on querulously: "We are torn hither and thither by affairs of state. We have heresies thrust upon us, heresies hatched in our own schools of Paris. Our armies that wage war for the English are starving for want of English gold—gold that was promised and that has never come. We have the cares of all the churches pressing heavy upon us—the cares of all the churches. Truly we are the servant of the servants of God. Aye; a slave, a very servant of slaves! And yet—and yet—we are the Father of Christendom, torn though it is by these endless wars. We are the father of souls entrusted to our keeping, that look to us for consolation and for strength. Hugo! Hugo! 'Tis far better to be the Cardinal of St. Eustachio—a cardinal-deacon, Hugo, one of the least—better to be a simple Canon of Segni, or a boy, free from care, in the little town of Jenne, than to be weighed to the earth with the tiara of the Popes and the weight of the keys of Peter. We are a father, Hugo, a father to whom the children have a right to come—most of all, the child that comes back from his wrongdoing. We will see this Vipont, Hugo! Bid him come to us as to a father. And, Hugo, pray—pray for Orlando of the Counts of Segni, that his strength fail not in all his perplexities; for Alexander is the Vicar of the Lord, and bears the cares, the responsibilities of all the world upon his shoulders."

The Pope was deeply moved. His voice trembled as he spoke at the thought of the awful meaning of his high office. Then once again he turned to go.

"There is nothing else?" he asked, steadying his voice.

At the moment, and before Hugo had time to answer, there was a clanking of armor in the room beyond that in which they stood. A curtain moved at the far end, showing the lines of troops that stood without, guarding the approaches to the Papal apartments. A small, thick-set figure entered, and the curtain fell again, to the accompaniment of a second clanking of steel.

The newcomer was clad in white, with a mantle and hood of black almost entirely covering his habit. A small cap of vivid scarlet covered his thin, white hairs. At first he did not see the Pope in the sparse light of the room. Then, as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he hastened forward and, bending low, kissed the outstretched hand.

"Holy Father!" he puffed, for he had come in great haste.

"My Lord Cardinal?" queried the Pope kindly.

"Your Holiness! Brother Thomas of Aquin is come and is even now at the convent of the friars."

The Pope smiled—a rare, sweet smile—and took the cardinal by the arm.

"Come, he said, still smiling. "Hugo, you will set apart an hour for us to see this Vipont. Come, my Lord Cardinal!"

And they passed through the tapestried door to the audience chamber.

Hugo seated himself again at the table, and drew the parchments towards him. He smiled, too, as he jotted down Vipont's name.

Then there was silence, save for the scratching of the quills as the two secretaries worked on in the flickering candlelight.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The hot mid-day sun of early autumn beat down upon the valley. The vines, the blue-gray olives, the golden corn, stood out in patches of bright color in the heat haze that shimmered upwards towards the cloudless sky. On their hills the lonely towns sat trembling, swaying, shifting, in the glare. As the eye rested upon their solid fortifications and soaring buildings, they seemed to dissolve and form again like fairy cities built of the air spirals and the sunbeams.

But within the palace of Anagni all was cool and restful. The fierce heat could not pierce the thickness of its great walls; and though to an observer on a distant hill-top it would have looked as unreal and as fairylike as the rest of the strange panorama, as it reflected the heat waves from its baked stone front in dancing shimmer, the hand laid upon these same stone walls within would have felt nothing but a grateful coolness. The garish light, too, that entered through the narrow windows, was subdued and diffused in the great room where Hugo and his companion worked.

This morning they were not alone in the apartment. A considerable number of people, both ecclesiastic and lay, were waiting for audience with the Holy Father. From time to time the curtain moved, and some one left the audience chamber. Then Hugo, glancing at the lists he held in his hand, went quietly to one or other of the groups, whereupon the heavy curtain was raised again and a new audience began. There was a continual clank of armor to be heard, for without soldiers were slowly pacing to and fro, and in the room itself gorgeously accoutered officers stood on guard near the further door. In the corner nearest to the entrance one melancholy looking man stood apart from the others. He was clad in a dress of dark and somber hue, unrelieved by ornament of any kind. He was a tall man with a firmly knit, well-proportioned figure, but his head was so bowed and his arms fell away so loosely from his shoulders that he appeared, if anything, under, rather than over, the average height. His hair was iron-gray, bleaching to white about the temples; and his eyes, when he looked up, as he did quickly from time to time, were apparently the only living features in his face. They burned like coals under the cavernous brows, showing strangely in the drawn, white face. But for those fierce eyes and the sudden movements of his bowed head, it might have been a corpse that awaited an audience with the Holy Father.

A stir at the entrance. The curtain moved to admit a party of religious, the brown habit of the Friars Minor with its pointed hood, side by side with the white tunic and black cloak of the Dominican. Hugo came forward quickly to receive them, and they stood together, speaking in low tones, waiting for the swing of the curtain to show that the Pope was once more disengaged. But as it moved there was another stir at the further door. The hangings were twitched sharply back and two guards entered, standing at the salute, one at each side, as a cardinal passed between them. He made direct for Hugo and his group of religious, crossing the room with firm and business-like steps. The secretary bowed to kiss his ring as the cardinal asked hurriedly: "Am I late, Hugo? I trust the friars have not yet had audience with the Holy Father?"

"They have just come, your Eminence. These are they." The secretary moved aside as he spoke, so that the cardinal stood facing the brothers.

"His Holiness bade me admit you to his presence at once," continued Hugo. "Even now he awaits you."

"So!" said the cardinal. "Let us advance, my brethren. A sad occasion, a sad cause, that brings us together at the feet of the Pope; but courage, brothers. The commission has already condemned your accusers, and the Holy Father will ratify what we have done."

They passed through into the presence. The Pope was seated by the table bearing the crucifix. Several prelates and an officer of his guard stood not far from his person, and armed soldiers were posted at either door. The Holy Father's head was resting wearily upon his hand; but, as he caught sight of the friars and the cardinal, he sat erect and alert to welcome them. There was no trace of weariness or preoccupation in his gesture as he received their homage, naming each—the Cardinal Hugh of St. Caro, Brother Humbert, General of the Dominican Order, and Bonaventure, General of the Franciscans—with kind words of paternal welcome. Brother Thomas hung back behind the others in an attitude of supreme reverence and humility, but Alexander, catching sight of him, beckoned to him to come forward.

"And you, my brother," he began, with a kindly smile, as Brother Thomas fell upon his knees at his feet; "you are

Brother Thomas of Aquin. It needs not that my Lord Cardinal should make you known to us. Rise, my brother, rise! Yes; he is not likely to allow us to forget. He never tires of telling us of your renunciation, and of how you escaped the wiles of those warlike brothers of yours. He was himself present when you defended your vocation before our holy predecessor, Innocent. He has recounted to us the scene when, in the presence of the countess, your mother, you gained the Holy Father to your cause. Was it not he who urged your call to Paris; he, too, who whispered in our ear the counsel that has led us to summon you to our court in this crisis of your order? Yes, my son; we know you well by good report. It is our will that you, my brother, should publicly defend your manner of life before us in the Cathedral Church of this town. You know the issue? You have perused the libel of St. Amour?"

"Your Holiness!" It was Brother Humbert who spoke for the young Dominican. "Your Holiness! Three days ago I placed a transcript of the work in the hands of Brother Thomas. He has his reply ready by now."

"And had you not seen it before?" asked the Pope, turning directly to Aquinas. "Had you not read the book in Paris? Did you not know the substance of these attacks against your order? Have you not heard this turbulent, this crafty St. Amour or his associates in the schools?"

"No, Holy Father"; came the answer in the clear, slow voice of Brother Thomas. "Only in a general way have I taken any part, and then no active part, in this matter."

The Pope made a gesture of impatience. "Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Surely you cannot have been deaf to the calumnies that have been spread abroad? Surely your cloister echoed with the accusations of the seculars?"

"Holy Father," replied Brother Thomas in the same slow voice, "it was not for me to listen to the calumnies, or to take action against the accusations. I had my schools, my work, my rule—"

"But your blood must have boiled when you saw all you held most dear held up to ridicule! It would not be human to take no interest in the fate, the destiny of your brethren. Surely you have read the libel?"

"Yes, Holy Father"; the brother answered with submission. "Three days ago my Brother Humbert"—and he bowed his head in reverence as he spoke of his superior—"gave the libel into my hands. I have read it. I have mastered its contents. I have an answer, with God's help, to the charges."

"And not before?" queried the Pope, more surprised than ever. "Impossible! Our commission has had the volume under consideration these three months; and only now has come to a conclusion as to its contents. You have had it only three days in your possession and profess to have found an answer to the accusations."

The cardinal was smiling discreetly. He knew what he was about when he suggested that Brother Thomas should be sent for·

"Your Holiness," he interrupted, with a little gesture of self-congratulation, "Brother Thomas is a friar. It behooves him to do what work his superiors assign to him. He has kept aloof from these wordy battles, these endless disputes, because he was engaged in the work of teaching, and because they are of no profit to the soul. He looked, doubtless trusted, to his superiors, as he was only a simple friar, to defend the order under their care from all assaults. Now that your Holiness has called him from his cell and from his class-room, you will not find him dumb. He will force these calumnies back upon those who utter them. He will twist and break their arguments. He will utterly confute them."

"Yes"; mused the Pontiff, half to himself. "Yes; we have called him to the defence of the religious. We have heard of his keen mind, his ready logic. But dare we risk so weighty a matter? He is yet young. Scarce can he, in these three days, have perused the libel. Better, my Lord Cardinal, far better postpone the public dispute until our Brother Thomas has had time to order and arrange his answer."

"There is no need, your Holiness," the cardinal explained. "He is ready, is he not, my Brother Humbert?"

The general made a gesture of assent. "If the dispute is to be held," he said, "'twere best held at once. I will answer for Brother Thomas of Aquin."

During this conversation its subject, Brother Thomas, stood with downcast eyes before the Pope. There was no false modesty, no proud humility, in his attitude. He had answered the Pope truthfully, and had heard the doubts of his Holiness and the warm praise of the cardinal with equal indifference. He was, so he felt, an instrument in the hand of destiny. Praise could not alter the even temper of his calm mind, any more than calumny could shake his confidence in the designs of providence with regard to the religious life. Utterly lacking in self-consciousness, he stood there, a humble friar, ready to speak if he were bidden to speak, to keep silence if his defence was not required.

Pope Alexander looked at him keenly from time to time, as he and the cardinal spoke together. He perceived for himself that there was no mock humility in the attitude of Brother Thomas, and gradually became conscious of that extraordinary output of strength that seemed to radiate from his person. This, more than persuasion or argument, had its influence in deciding him.

"Good, my Lord Cardinal! Be it as you say. Two days from now, in the Cathedral Church, our Brother Thomas shall defend his order and its rule. We shall give orders that the whole curia be present, and, after his defence, we will that the findings of our commission be read, and sentence pronounced in due form."

After a few moments spent in further conversation, the cardinal gave the signal to withdraw; and they knelt for the Papal benediction. Then the guards opened the heavy door, and drew back the tapestries, as they passed out from the audience chamber.

Hugo was leading the bent and somber figure from the antechamber towards the portal through which they had just passed. He was whispering directions to the newcomer as to how to approach the Pope. At the doorway he gave the stranger's name to the guard, who called it out in stentorian tones as he passed through: "The Knight of Moreleigh, Sir Sigar Vipont, of England, Most Holy Father!"

Brother Thomas turned slowly—all his actions and words were characterized by a grave deliberation—and raised his eyes. He just caught sight of the bowed head crowned with its gray locks, the sad colored habit, the broken gait of the knight. The guards and chaplains had advanced and were standing close behind the Pope. His white cassock and the scarlet cloak falling over it stood out sharply in the glint of the gold back and arms of the chair in which he was seated. Vipont raised his head and strode forward towards the presence; but, half way across the room, he fell upon his knees and clasped his hands together before his breast. The Pope grasped the arms of his chair and half raised himself to his feet. Then the curtain fell again and the heavy door silently swung back into its place.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUEBEC AND ITS EARLY HISTORY.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

THE tercentenary of Quebec, to be celebrated this month, opens up a whole chapter of historical association, that from a picturesque, dramatic, and religious standpoint, can scarcely be surpassed. It offers a diversified picture, of prelate and missionary, viceroy and intendant, soldier colonist and commercial trader, *coureur des bois* and Indian warrior.

In the three hundred years of its existence, Quebec exhibits no marvels of progress, and from the limitations of its position no phenomenal growth. It has rather remained as a monumental city, pathetic in its fidelity to the traditions of the past, and, as it were, attesting the glories of a bygone time. For it must never be forgotten, that those missionaries, those colonists, those explorers, of which the first Governor of Quebec was the forerunner, as he was the type, rescued that new earth from the forest primeval, and from a barbarous heathendom. Situated in the heart of a solitude, encompassed by savage foes, enduring the utmost rigors of a severe climate, suffering from frequent famine, provided at best with the barest necessaries of life, they laid the foundations of present wealth and present prosperity.

It is scarcely possible to imagine that handful of men upon a hillside, forming the first settlement, to which were afterwards added the sister settlements of Three Rivers and Montreal. That colony has been compared by a chronicler to the Early Church "without, persecution, fire, war, tortures, and massacres, every imaginable horror, and within, calm, serenity, prayer, the enthusiasm of self-devotion, the luxuriant vegetation of virtue."

Setting forth from that primitive settlement, missionaries and explorers examined the vast territory of what is now the Dominion of Canada, jotting down the information thus gained upon maps and charts, to serve as guides for those who came after.

The seventeenth century in France was one of prodigious activity in the moral and religious domain. New orders sprang into being, old ones were re-organized, as if in preparation for that tremendous struggle of the succeeding age, which was to convulse alike the world of thought and the world of action, and to shake Christendom to its foundation. Instances of public and private virtue were multiplied, and the calendar of the Church was enriched with innumerable saints. The crusading instinct of the later Middle Ages was rife, both in those who followed the profession of arms, and in those who "went down to the sea in ships." It is certain that in that period of her history, the greatest and most glorious, France appeared in the vanguard of exploration as well as of missionary endeavor.

It has been justly observed that "the esteem wherein she was held by savage nations and the preference which they accorded to her, must be attributed to the fervor of her faith." As Bancroft says: "It was neither commercial enterprise, nor commercial ambition, that carried the power of France into the heart of the continent; the motive was religion. . . . The only policy which inspired the French conquests was congenial to a Church which cherishes every member of the human race, without regard to lineage or skin." *

This impelling motive is clearly expressed in the charters and other documents, given to the hardy mariners and adventurers who crossed the seas in quest of unknown lands. For example, it was explicitly stated in the royal commission bestowed upon Jacques Cartier, that his undertaking was to be for "the augmentation of the Sacred Name of God."

A memorable occasion was, therefore, that Feast of Pentecost, 1535, when Cartier and his hundred chosen followers occupied the nave of the ancient cathedral of St. Malo, during the celebration of high Mass. At the moment of Communion they advanced, as one man, to receive the Bread of Life, which should sustain them upon their hazardous journey. And when Mass was finished, the venerable bishop lifted his anointed hands and invoked a blessing upon the expedition.

Cartier, having discovered the river, which is now one of the main arteries of the Dominion, sailed up its broad bosom, and was met by a deputation of savages, who came forth from a hamlet perched upon a rocky height, that was afterwards called Quebec.

Some seventy years after Cartier had there planted the cross, another mariner, from Brouage in Saintonges, made a landing upon

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* *History of the United States.* Vol. III., p. 118.

a narrow strip of land, beneath the overhanging cliffs of his future city. Samuel de Champlain, who had already attained distinction as a sea-farer, had made a previous voyage to that region, and with his patron, Pont-Grave, had sailed up as far as the Sault St. Louis. Thence he brought back to France a chart of those countries, and such a description as inflamed the imagination of the reigning king, Henry of Navarre. Empowered by that monarch, and after having been involved in an unsuccessful attempt at colonization in Acadia, Champlain landed upon the spot with which his name was to be thenceforth associated. On the third of July, 1608, he stood upon the shore, looking upwards to that bold promontory, where he was to begin the foundation of an empire, and outwards over that vast expanse of water, which his predecessor had discovered and christened the St. Lawrence.

A few cabins were built, the ground was cleared with vigor and energy, and presently there sprang into being a commodious habitation, a fort, a chapel, and the chateau of St. Louis, that in the course of years became the theatre of innumerable events.

Champlain assumed the office of governor, which he was to retain, with but slight intermission, for nearly three decades, and spared nothing that could contribute to the moral, religious, and material well-being of the infant state. Twenty times he crossed the ocean in its interests, when the transit was tedious and perilous, and he was at all times indifferent to his personal comfort, sleeping, when occasion offered, upon the snow, and subsisting upon the coarsest food.

He made extensive explorations, in his vast domain, becoming thus the forerunner, as he was the best type, of a legion of explorers. Besides that important sheet of water which bears his name, he discovered lakes Ontario and Nipissing, sailed up the Ottawa River, almost to its source, and penetrated northwards, as far as the Isle des Allumettes. He visited the Algonquins, in their country, and sojourned a whole winter in the land of the Hurons, on the southern shore of the Georgian Bay. While there, his first conflict with the Iroquois occurred. He fought in defence of the allied tribes, and was severely wounded. Thenceforth he was almost continually harrassed by those ferocious warriors of the Seven Nations; obtaining over them, however, on the shores of Lake Champlain, a decisive victory, which kept them in check long afterwards.

As governor, Champlain was invested with the fullest powers, legislative, executive, and judicial, and he made the noblest use of his plenary authority. He preserved the most exact discipline in the fort and in the city, so that it was compared to a well-regulated seminary. "After the example of their leader, the behavior of all was most edifying, every one approaching regularly the Sacraments of the Church. During meals a historical work or the life of some saint was read, night prayers were said in common, with examination of conscience."

The Governor had to contend against civilized, as well as savage, foes. One Jean Duval, and a few other malcontents, planned to assassinate Champlain and compass the destruction of the colony. Duval was executed and the rest of the criminals banished from Quebec.

The English had likewise begun to contest French supremacy upon the soil of the New World, and the little settlement on the St. Lawrence did not escape attention. Three Huguenot brothers, the Kertks, in command of a British fleet, appeared before the infant city, and demanded its surrender. The garrison, depleted by war and famine, was at its lowest ebb. Longing eyes were being turned towards the expected vessel with supplies from France, in command of Emeric de Caen. Nevertheless, Champlain made answer that "if the enemy wished to see him, they must come nearer." Impressed by this bold and resolute attitude, Kertk burned the ships he had taken, and sailed away. Some months later he reappeared, better informed as to the condition of the garrison, which was then most desperate, and Champlain was forced to capitulate.

When he was a prisoner on board Kertk's vessel, the long expected ship of Emeric de Caen was sighted, and Kertk informed the captive that he must, under pain of death, advise his compatriots to surrender. Champlain characteristically replied, that he was not in command of that vessel, and that if he were, he would advise those on board of her to do their duty.

A few months later Champlain was reinstated in the command of Quebec, which, by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Lay, was restored to France.

During the years that followed, he strove to establish the commercial interests of the country upon a secure basis. To that end he obtained the assistance of the great Richelieu, who founded the company of the "Hundred Associates," which some regard as the prototype of the East India Company, and others of those famous organizations, that have played so important a part in the commercial destinies of the world. Anticipating the policy of Talon, the first and greatest of the Intendants, Champlain strove to systematize the piscatorial industries of the country, especially the seal fisheries, to develop its natural products, and to establish trade with various foreign ports. He also encouraged, by every possible means, emigration from the mother country.

The matter which he had most at heart, however, was the evangelization of the aborigines, and this he promoted from the very inception of his foundation, until that Christmas-tide, 1635, when he was called to give an account of his stewardship. His immortal words, "the salvation of one soul is of more value than the conquest of an empire," were the key-note of his character, and he held it to be the bounden duty of kings and rulers to labor for that result.

On one of his earliest voyages to France, he brought back three Recollet Fathers, and one lay brother, so that Mass was offered for the first time in that region, June 25, 1615, on the bold headland of Quebec, by the Franciscan, Father Dolbeau.

"Everything was done," says Father Leclerq, "to render that act as solemn as the simplicity of the little pioneer band permitted. Being prepared by confession, they received the Savior in Eucharistic Communion. The Te Deum was sounded to the accompaniment of such little artillery as they possessed, amid acclamations of joy resounding through all that solitude, so that it was changed to a paradise; the while they invoked the King of Heaven, and called to their assistance the tutelary angels of that province."

In 1616 another of that devoted band, Father Le Caron, clad in the brown habit of St. Francis, penetrated to a distance of more than three hundred leagues above Quebec, and offered up the adorable mysteries in the heart of new solitudes. That journey of the undaunted friar opens up a whole cycle of missionary endeavor. The debt which the country thenceforth owes to that noble army of apostles and martyrs, Franciscans and Jesuits, is thus expressed, by a writer upon New France:

"Since Champlain the missionaries were the most useful and the most active in colonization. We owed to them our most important discoveries, the most fortunate expeditions, the most advantageous treaties of peace." *

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* Moreau. *Critique on Garneau's History of Canada.*

"Peaceful, benign, and beneficent," says Parkman, "were the arms of her conquest. France sought to subjugate, not by the sabre, but by the cross; she aspired not to crush, to destroy the nations which she invaded, but to convert." *

"The Catholic priest," writes another American, "went before the soldier and the trader, from lake to lake, from river to river, the Jesuits pressed on, untiringly, and with a power which no other Christians have ever displayed, won the savages to their faith." †

When Champlain crossed the ocean after the English occupation, he brought with him the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who became thenceforth the untiring messengers of the Gospel to the various tribes. They were entrusted with the five missions in the Huron country, on the shores of Lake Simcoe, memorable forevermore as the scene of the martyrdom of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant, "whose fate," says a non Catholic historian,‡ "is equally creditable to Canada, to Christianity, to manhood." The intensity of the fervor of these martyrs, the generosity of their self-devotion, their prolonged and excruciating suffering, have seldom been surpassed. Lalemant, delicate of frame, sensitive, and shrinking, endured for seventeen hours every torment that the fiendish ingenuity of savage ferocity could devise. Brébeuf, of splendid physique, a very Hercules in strength and courage, known to the Indians as Echon, who had vowed to endure without a murmur the extremity of tortures for the conversion of the red men, died after five hours from the very ferocity with which his executioners strove to try his mettle, and to extract from him a single complaint.

Martyrdom was, in fact, the coveted prize which those missionaries to Canada had in view when crossing the wide waste "of dissociable ocean." And their sacrifices bore abundant fruit.

Champlain had been dead seven years when, in pursuance of the work he had so much at heart, the angelic Father Jogues began his fearful apostolate to the Iroquois. His is one of the dramatic and inspiring stories of history. For months he abode in the cantonments of the Mohawk Valley, a victim to almost incessant and brutal ill-treatment by his captors.

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* *Pioneers of New France.* Introduction, viii.

† Washington Irving, Knickerbocker, 1838.

‡ Sir James le Moine, *Maple Leaves*, p. 23.

After the martyrdom of his companion, René Goupil, he remained in complete isolation, his only relief being to steal into the forest and pray or meditate before a crucifix, which he had carved on the bark of a tree. He finally escaped through the good offices of the Dutch, and, convinced that for the time his ministry was useless, he returned to France, broken in health, with mutilated hands—his fingers having been bitten off—saluted everywhere as "the martyr of Jesus Christ." The Sovereign Pontiff, hearing that he was canonically deprived of saying Mass, sent him the necessary dispensation, declaring that it was not fitting that one who had shed his blood for Christ, should be debarred from offering Christ's Sacred Blood upon the altar. Father Jogues, shortly afterwards, returned to the Iroquois, in the two-fold capacity of missionary and negotiator. He was successful in establishing a treaty of peace for the whites, but his own prophetic words, "I go and I do not return," were speedily verified, and he was killed by the hatchets of the barbarians.

While the consecrated apostles of Christ were thus watering with their blood the soil of Canada, other forces were likewise at work for the extension of Christ's kingdom. On the 4th of May, 1639, Marie de l'Incarnation, and two other Ursuline religious, set out from Dieppe, together with three Hospitallers of St. Augustine.* They were on their way to take charge of the hospital at Quebec, founded by the Duchesse d'Aiguillon. On the same vessel sailed three Jesuits, Chaumonot, Poncet, and Vimont.

The Ursulines and the Hospitallers of St. Augustine have had a long and intimate connection with the chief events, historical and religious, of the infant colony, the one caring for the sick and wounded, and the other providing for the education of Indian neophytes and the children of the white settlers. Each has continued its providential mission to the present day, growing and expanding with the life of the city. With each has been associated many women of exalted holiness, of intrepid heroism, of self-devotion the most absolute, who have reflected enduring glory upon the name of Quebec. Suffice it to mention Marie de l'Incarnation, "the Teresa of the new world," her co-foundress, the royally generous and saintly Duchesse de la Peltrie, who in the cloistral seclusion of the Ursulines played so important a part in the pioneer existence of the city, or such heroines of sanctity as the celebrated Mother St. Augustine, who, at a somewhat later period, cast luster upon the annals of the Hotel Dieu.

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* The same community that has lately been expelled from their Hotel Dieu by the French government, now furnishing to the world a travesty upon liberty.

To these foundations was presently added that of Sillery, a few miles outside the gates, named from its founder, a Knight of Jerusalem and afterwards a priest. He established a colony, under the direction of the Jesuits, for the Christianized Hurons, who were afterwards removed to Lorette. While other colonies were busy developing their material resources and money-making appliances, Quebec was raising up institutes of learning, of religion, and of charity.

In 1658, a vicariate apostolic was established, under the celebrated François Montmorency de Laval, who some seven years later became the first bishop of Quebec. The illustrious Laval is described as "a second St. Thomas," in his qualities of mind and heart—the abounding charity, the entire detachment and poverty of spirit, as well as in the vigor and energy which those difficult times required. Amongst his many services to the city of his adoption was the foundation, in 1663, of the Seminary of Quebec, which not only supplied numberless distinguished members to the Canadian priesthood, but contributed many names to science and letters. It became the hearthstone at which, nearly two centuries after, was enkindled the torch of learning, enabling Quebec to give the first intellectual impetus to Canada.

During the period under consideration, the government of the ancient capital was a theocracy, and one of her most gifted sons * remarks, that there has been but an imperfect understanding, even upon the part of some of her own historians, of "this historic fact, so important, even from a political point of view, affording such abundant scope for the interest and diversity of the narrative, for descriptions, original and picturesque, and for the most dramatic incidents."

This much is evident, that supernatural motives animated men and women at every page of those annals. Explorers, colonists, priest and laymen, noble and peasant, were inspired by that enthusiasm for the cause of God, which led them to count as nothing their own personal toils and sufferings. As time went on, there was necessarily a diminution of this primal fer-

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* Abbé Casgrain.

vor, which never entirely disappeared, however, as long as the lillies of France waved upon the summit of Cape Diamond.

It is a chivalrous, a romantic, a fascinating story, that of early Quebec, containing abundant materials for a new Iliad, with adventurous happenings by land and sea, with daily instances of unusual heroism and noble endurance, the prowess of knights, the courage of delicate women, the daring exploits of soldier and trapper, and "of that long train of French gentlemen and peasants, always ready to exchange the sword for the plough," who laid aside, at times, the comforts and the habits of civilized life for the Indian bivouac, and made the solitudes ring with their songs and their laughter.

In 1665 the civil polity of Canada was constructed, chiefly by Talon, the Canadian Colbert, who placed the legislative, executive, and the judicial affairs upon a new basis. He established trade with various foreign ports, so that many years previous to the British conquest the merchants of Quebec had their ships upon the ocean. He regulated the fur and the lumber trade, no less than the fisheries. He sent experts to examine the mineral resources of the country, with the result that iron was discovered in more than one locality, and copper in another. He promoted emigration which, since the days of Champlain, had flowed intermittently towards the first colony. A great impetus was given in this direction, by the arrival of the Carignan regiment, the officers of which received grants of land on condition that they should settle in the country. The seigneuries, which reproduced in Canada the feudal system existing in France, had, in those unsettled times at least, this advantage, that they served as centers of protection to the scattered population.

The viceroys who stand out with marked individuality were, in the main men of high character and of profound religious faith. Montmagny, D'Qilleboust, Denonville, De Tracy, were among the more conspicuous. Frontenac, the doughty warrior, the successful fighter against the Iroquois as well as against his civilized foes, was inspired by that litigious and quarrelsome spirit that seems to be a peculiar trait of the Norman character. A hot, choleric, and unreasonable man, with an overweening sense of power engendered by his isolated position, and influenced somewhat by the love of gain, he overstepped the bounds of civil power and strove to encroach upon the ecclesiastical.

In the disputes which occurred between him and others, with Laval and the Jesuits, the position of the Governors was wholly indefensible, for it concerned that chief bone of contention, the sale of liquor to the savages. Nevertheless the Government's claim was defended by many urgent remonstrances to the home government, as it has also been defended since by some historians. That disastrous traffic, as Father Lalemant declares, often undid in one month the labors and sufferings of ten or twenty years, and Marie de l'Incarnation gives an appalling picture of its effects. Little wonder, then, that it was prohibited under the severest ecclesiastical penalties.

Though the fair canvas of early Quebec is disfigured, especially towards the close of the old *régime*, by the jealousies, the quarrels, and the petty bickerings, inseparable from the limitations of its position, it is, nevertheless, a past of which Canada has every reason to be proud. And for Catholics it has the additional interest of being, for a considerable period, "the only apostle of the true faith on the North American continent."

The city is, in itself, a very compendium of history. Here in the Lower Town, is the Church of Our Lady of Victory, built to celebrate the deliverance of the town from the fleet of Sir Hovenden Walker. Upon the ramparts yonder Frontenac launched his bold defiance against Admiral Phipps. There Bigot, the bad Intendant, set up his castle, gorgeous for those days, and kept his unholy revels. And here the Golden Dog, rudely carved over a door, recalled a grim vendetta. The cathedral brings to mind many a historic scene, wherein potentates, civil and military, Indian chiefs, courtiers fresh from Versailles, and explorers newly arrived from discovering the site of a future city, or inland sea, or mighty river, assisted at the celebration of the church festivals. The quaint seminary is overshadowed now by magnificent Laval, the Provincial University. The Jesuit residence of other days is now a barracks. The spot is shown where the gallant American, Montgomery, fell when he made his daring and nearly scccessful attempt to take the fortress town. Montgomery is honored for his valor as well as for his moderation and humanity towards his foes.

The citadel now occupies the rocky cliff, where once stood the fort and the chateau St. Louis, and stretching outwards towards the valley of the St. Charles and the Cote Ste. Genivieve, are the famous Plains of Abraham, where the battle was fought that had the most important bearing on both the metropolitan and national history. Wolfe, the British general, was called upon to take a city hitherto thought impregnable, and to measure swords with a veteran commander who had but lately won a series of brilliant victories at Oswego, Fort William Henry, and Carillon.

By a fatal error a small goat path, leading to the plateau, had been left unguarded; its secret was made known to the British by a prisoner. Wolfe, who had been baffled at every turn by the skill and ingenuity of Montcalm, took immediate advantage of the discovery, and thus was enabled to mass his troops above upon the Plains of Abraham.

Montcalm, on the other hand, was at the head of a force, numerically and in point of efficiency, inferior to that of his opponent. He had expressed in private letters and in public despatches, his fears for the outcome of the campaign. Seeing the enemy thus unexpectedly before him, he gave immediate battle, without waiting for reinforcements, either from the garrison of the city or from the camp at Beauport. The contest was a desperate one, fought with the utmost valor upon both sides. Wolfe was mortally wounded in the moment of victory, while leading a bayonet charge into the very heart of the enemy's lines. He was carried to a spot still known as "Wolfe's Cove," where he expired, rejoicing that the enemy were in flight. Montcalm, riding his black horse, with sword arm upraised to rally his disorganized troops, was wounded three times, the last mortally, and was led from the field, a dying man. He made what arrangements he could for his army, received the last Sacraments with edifying fervor, and passed away expressing his satisfaction that he should not live to witness the defeat of his cause.

In that battle victor and vanquished appear to have won equal honor, and the memory of the rival commanders is cherished with a like affection. On the wall of the Anglican Cathedral is an epitaph to Wolfe, while a mural tablet in the Ursuline chapel reads:

"*Honneur à Montcalm,*
Le Destin en lui dérobant la victoire,
L'a recompensé par une mort glorieuse."

In a public square overlooking the river is a monument, upon one side of which is a tribute to General Wolfe and on the other a eulogy of the Marquis de Montcalm.

On the heights of Ste. Foye the Chevalier de Levis struck the last blow for France, and defeated the British General Murray under dramatic circumstances. By a forced night march, through a morass and a thickly wooded country, during a tremendous storm, the French came in sight of the enemy. The position was hotly contested, but Murray was compelled to retreat upon the city, burning his ammunition and other stores in the church of Ste. Foye. Once more conqueror and conquered are honored by a common monument overlooking the tranquil tributary stream and the valley of the St. Charles.

It has been proposed by the Governor-General of Canada that these two historic battle-grounds, which have lent a paramount interest to the ancient capital, should, on the occasion of the tricentennial celebrations at Quebec, be converted into national parks, in order to ensure their preservation; and that on those "epoch-making" spots of ground, hallowed by the heroic blood shed there, shall also arise a colossal statue of the Angel of Peace.

The idea is a most fitting one, and we trust it will be put into execution. That figure of Peace, rising calm and majestic on the rocky heights of the Gibraltar of America, would be emblematic of the best ideals of this young empire of the West. Where the blood of heroes flowed, and the strenuous toil of numberless men transformed barbarism to civilization, the angelic presence would teach the lesson that of all others is the synonym of national prosperity.

This project of Earl Grey has received the warm and cordial endorsement of his Excellency, the Papal Delegate, and of the Canadian clergy in general. It has been approved by representative men of every shade of politics; grants have been given by the two parliaments, federal and provincial, and public subscriptions, headed by King Edward, have been inaugurated in all the various cities.

Over the great celebration now about to be held will preside the shades of the illustrious dead, the spirits of Samuel de Champlain and of those other grand old pioneers, who have left, as a heritage to the nation they founded, the example of an heroic, a noble, and, above all, a Christian manhood.

THE WOLF OF SERAGHTOGA.

BY W. C. GAYNOR.

I.

IT was early winter, and Peol's lodge was the essence of comfort. The old French box-stove—cooker and heater in one—warmed up every nook and corner of the well-built camp. Outside the snow swirled and beat with intermittent, ghost-like touches on the window, but inside all was calm and cozy. We were far from the ordinary haunts of men, and the great woods encompassed us with their compelling secrecy. The echoes of the storm sounded dull in the distance, and died out in a fluttering slobber.

"This is the season for the *loup-garou*," Peol remarked with obvious intent to interest me; "in the olden times the man-wolf went abroad on his hunting when the frost first crusted the marshes."

I had heard of the *loup-garou*, or were-wolf, of the early French days, and I knew that the superstition was not yet dead among the Etchemin. More than once I had tempted Peol to discuss this weird subject as we lay in summer camp on Baskahegan, but he put me off with the assurance that such stories had best be kept for the winter fireside. In summer the spirits were awake, and might take offence; in winter they were sealed up in ice and snow, and could not hear. My old chief, it was quite evident, had not yet renounced his paganism.

From the careless unconcern with which he now introduced the subject, I at once gladly inferred that the time had come for him to tell the tale without risk from the spirits of the wild. This, then, is the story—shorn of his peculiar verbiage—which he related to me when the night darkled through the storm, and the cracks and crannies of the old box-stove made the shadows dance on the walls of our camp. While the tale itself is based on a superstition which our better knowledge makes incredible, the comparative nearness to his own day enabled Peol to give a more vivid and detailed account of the strange experiences of the Etchemin with the mysterious personage of the story than was possible with the earlier traditions of his tribe.

"Where *he* came from originally," Peol began with customary abruptness, "I cannot say. My old people did not know themselves, except that *he* was French and a nobleman, as they called it, and that our warriors picked him up when they were returning from a foray against the English. They had been out in one of the many raids of the border war, when bloodshed was rife on the frontiers and the French were our allies and employers.

"A party of our warriors had separated from the main body after a successful attack and had gone on a side-expedition of their own. Suddenly, as they lay at night near the English fort at the mineral springs of Seraghtoga, *he* appeared to them. Somebody had thrown a brand at a prowling wolf, and *he* stepped into the firelight. His long black robe and French speech disarmed suspicion. *He* would not talk much, but *he* knew the trails, and *he* led them where scalps were to be had; and so they judged him to have been a prisoner among the English. But *he* took no part in the fight; and when our men returned with prisoners *he* pleaded for mercy towards the women. *He* spoke in English to them, but haltingly as if *he* did not know his way readily, and our warriors still knew *he* was French. The men among the prisoners repulsed him with English oaths, and the women shuddered and recoiled when *he* drew near.

"One young woman-prisoner there was, however, who did not fear him like the others, but appeared to know him and to trust him. Perhaps this was because of the baby girl she carried in her arms, or perhaps *he* had been a prisoner in her house. She was a delicate woman, and our tribesmen foresaw she would not stand the long journey to the Saint Croix. As they retreated quickly through the rough tangle of the wilderness to their canoes, the toilsome journey was too much for her. Some were for killing her at once, herself and her child, but for the first time *he* showed his commanding temper, and snarlingly told them that she was his prisoner, that they must not injure her. Then, at his command, they made her comfortable in a small hut which they built for her; and *he* and my grandfather tarried with her to nurse and bury her. It was through this ancestor of mine that I came to know so much about the matter.

"You must not think," Peol hastened to digress, "that an Indian warrior of those days would tarry an hour beside a dying prisoner, even though she was a woman of rank. My grandfather's duty—for he was leader of the party—was to act as escort to the stranger and bring him safely in; our French allies would have been angry if we had deserted him."

Having made this plain, Peol continued: "When the white lady found that she was dying, she called *him* to her, while Nadaga, my forbear, looked on; and with her feeble hands she lifted her babe and gave her to *him* with broken talk and many tears. And the long, narrow face of the stranger was convulsed with some new emotion, and his dark eyes softened and lost their hunted look; and *he* shook himself as if awakening from a dream, standing before the dying woman like a warrior who had recovered from defeat. Taking the babe from her *he* kissed it, and then set it back in her arms. What *he* promised her, Nadaga could not tell, for the language was strange to him; but *he* wrote down in his praying-book what she told him between breaths, and when she gave him her ring *he* kissed it and put it in his book. Then she crossed her arms above her baby and was dead; and Nadaga, who was a young warrior, thought the ways of the white people weak and foolish.

"They buried her as best they could, and the stranger prayed over her grave and marked it with a stone. Then *he* carried the motherless baby in his arms as a woman would, and sometimes on his back, wrapped in his gown. When they rejoined their party one of the women-prisoners gladly took charge of the child, knowing full well that her own safety was assured thereby; but *he* was ever constant in his watchfulness and care.

"For the rest of the journey *he* was in some respects a changed man; *he* was no longer so somber and dismal of countenance and Nadaga found him more sociable and companionable. At intervals, however, darkness seemed to cloud his spirit, and *he* snapped and snarled in his anger. But the sight of the little child, Dorothy—for that was the name her mother left her—always dissipated his blackest moods. *He* ordered like some one who was accustomed to be obeyed, and our warriors came to fear him. They claimed to hear him speak with the spirits of the air; but that was when *he* read from his praying-book. Others believed him to be an oki or manitou, sent to injure them, whom it was best to placate with presents. The mystery was around him, and it grew with the days.

"Once when they were outlying in the neighborhood of an English post, and silence was strictly enjoined, the cry of one of the prisoners in the night nearly betrayed them. He awoke to find the snout of a wolf at his throat. Then when the stranger was missed, and Nadaga was at his wits' ends to know what had become of *him*, an alarm among the English soldiery was heard, and *he* returned distressed and breathing heavily. In consequence they were obliged to take hastily to their canoes and skirt the shore where the shadows were deepest. For two days thereafter *he* insisted on carrying the baby in his arms. But still, every now and then, in the silence of the night, the howl of a wolf would be heard, and our men believed it to be the howl of the same wolf which they had heard at Seraghtoga.

II.

"How long *he* lived amongst us in our home encampment, with the child and her nurse, before the word spread among our chiefs to protect and care for him, as *he* was very dear to the heart of the great French Father, I cannot say. Presents began to flow in from Quebec for him, household furnishings and comforts of kinds never known before to our people; fishing vessels ran up the river twice a year and landed flour and provisions for him; and French artisans were sent who built him a suitable house. Our people then knew that *he* was a nobleman in his own country, and that the Governor of Quebec was responsible for him.

"To the *aoutmoins*, or sorcerers, of our tribe he was an especial enemy. When the sorcerer entered his little triangular hut, to work his magic and commune with his oki or spirit on some subject of importance to the warriors, just at the moment when the hut would begin to shake, *he* would pounce down on the ceremony like a hawk upon a kitchen fowl, and snatch the covering from over the excited sorcerer, laying bare the whole interior of the hut. Then, because *he* himself was so worked up, he would go into a sort of fit, would gnash his teeth and snarl and work his limbs, until the very sorcerers would run away in terror, crying out: '*Him* big devil.'" And Peol laughed while he relit his pipe.

"All this while, however," Peol resumed, "the howl of the wolf was heard encircling the encampment in the winter evenings, women were chased by some outlandish animal, and on the outskirts of the village a child or two was strangled. Watches were set; but of the brute itself not a glimpse could be had. One of the sorcerers, it is true, was attacked in the woods at night and left for dead, but his story was confused and unintelligible. He was attacked by a great manitou, he said, of whom it was not befitting to speak; and the confidence of the people in that aoutmoin's powers was henceforth undiminished. When the watchmen followed closely on the heels of an alarm, they were sure to come upon the stranger; sometimes *he* was writhing on the snow in a fit; at others *he* walked through their lines as if *he* did not see them. They would have killed him, despite their French allies, but somehow they feared him when *he* drew near; for no man amongst them could withstand the look of his face in anger. Thus *he* lived amongst them an object of resentment and terror; and only Nadaga and his wife dare frequent his house.

"Gradually, however, as the years drew on the cry of the wolf died out from the hearing of the people; and *he* walked more openly among them, and distributed trinkets to the children. Dorothy, the orphan girl, was growing now to need playmates—so Nadaga, who knew everything, said—and she was coaxing him to let her play with the little Indian girls. When her nurse, the stout woman who would not desert her, led her to Nadaga's lodge, all the people wondered at the fairness of her face and the beauty of her dress; and Nadaga's wife took her among the children. Dorothy then gave them a feast, and they ate things they had never tasted before. In a little while the strangeness wore off, and they took her into their hearts, and she learned to speak their tongue. But she was not allowed to play too much among them; she had lessons to learn out of books, and *he* tried to teach her the mother-tongue to which she was born; she always said it was easier to learn Etchemin.

"It was puzzling to everybody that she had no fear of him. Often when she tired of study and the reading of books, she drew him by the hand through the village, and made him sit and wait while she talked with her friends. Our Etchemin children, at such times, held back through fear of his face, but Dorothy invited them around him and sat on his knee to show her love for him. His face wore a puzzled look, half snarl, half smile, as if *he* were just half his natural self, and that half needed the other to make him kind and loving. So Nadaga used to say—and Nadaga once saw him his real self.

"But at times even her love was unequal to the task of dispelling his melancholy. As she grew older, she could foresee those spells of brooding, and she redoubled her efforts to avert them. In the end she would find herself defeated, for *he* would shut himself up in his own rooms and forbid her to disturb him. Nadaga—who was very knowing—made long detours on the forest trails at such times, and each time brought the stranger in spent and wounded. Then, in the quiet of the night, when Dorothy was asleep, Nadaga and the stout nurse would convey the wounded man to his own rooms. Thus in their kindness they kept the terrible secret from the little girl. But when in her anxiety about him she caressed and nursed him and soothed him, now in French, now in Etchemin, until his face relaxed and groaning in spirit *he* turned away in pure shame from her, Nadaga's grip would tighten on his tomahawk, for he loved her as his own daughter.

"The death wail always followed *him* on his return from these fitful journeys. Now it came from the sparse French settlements on our river; again from the Ouigoodi and the Malecites; another time from some outpost village of the Micmacs. The howl of the wolf had been heard amongst them, and children had met with queer deaths, and men had felt the wet breath of a lone gray wolf on their faces in their broken slumbers. For the sake of the young girl we kept our secret and loyally made believe that this man-slayer had long since left us. But his trail always ran in our direction, and they knew that he denned somewhere in our territory; and, like us, they called him 'the Wolf of Seraghtoga.' But in the midst of their outcry that we were harboring an evil manitou, *la picotte* or small-pox visited them, and they had an evil spirit of their own.

"*He* had been again absent, and Nadaga had found him two days out, wounded and his clothes in ribbons, for the angry Malecites had followed him like so many hornets, until *he* was forced to hide in the body of a tree. *He* was delirious for days, and snapped even at Dorothy's hand when she tried to soothe him. The stout nurse shook her head and whispered to Nadaga that *he* had done his last hunting. We waited for the usual outcry from our allies, but in its stead came the fearful tidings that *la picotte* was ravaging and destroying them. And the outlook was bad for the Etchemins.

"Our sorcerers and medicine-men at once set to work to drum and stamp and make medicine, in order to chase away the spirit of the pest; and they felt all the freer in their incantations because *he* was on his back in bed. To make matters worse, when things were at this tension, one of our women saw in the night the dreaded female manitou, in shape like a flame of fire, flying through the woods with her cloak of human hair from the heads of her victims, streaming behind her. This vision gave new urgency to their fears, and the sorcerers cried out that only a human victim could appease the flaming demon of the plague. All this while *he* was lying nigh unto death, with Dorothy nursing him.

"Now it happened that a party of our warriors, who had been over at Louisbourg helping the French, had returned bringing with them a single prisoner, an English sailor. Here was a victim ready to hand, and the sorcerers determined to burn him as a sacrifice to avert the pest. They began at once to beat their drums and sing their medicine-songs. All day and all night this din lasted, and Dorothy was distressed, because the noise was like a battle-call to her patient. When evening came the sailor was led forth and tied to a stake, while the sorcerers and young men danced round him with torches of blazing pine knots in their hands, and offered him to the manitou of the flaming robe. When the uproar was at its highest, and they were about to apply fire to the victim, a sudden silence fell upon them; *he* stood within the circle of torches, and the look on his face was like the glare of a wildcat's eyes. *He* was thin and spent with sickness, and in the ruddy blaze of the pine knots *he* appeared like a spirit from the other world; but his gaze never faltered as it swept slowly and savagely around the startled circle of sorcerers.

"'Fools!' *he* said, 'and children of fools! What avails a man's life, if you yourselves bring in the plague? Hunt ye to the east'—and his voice was shrill and clear like the voice of the north wind—'hunt ye to the west, but cross not the river, and the spirit of the pest will not harm you.'

"Then, turning to the sailor, *he* asked him whence he came.

"'From Admiral Warren's flagship—'

"'Say that name again!' *he* interrupted, and the wondering sorcerers thought a fit was coming upon him. 'Peter Warren?' *he* asked, slowly so that the sailor could understand him.

"'Yes; Admiral Peter Warren,' the other answered; and he would have saluted, but his hands were tied; 'him that took Louisbourg. Ask that Indian over there with the battered face,' he added, grimly nodding in the direction of our chief sorcerer. 'He will tell you how they got me.'

"But *he* was not attending to the sailor's words. The glare had gone out of his eyes, and *he* stumbled as *he* turned to face the torches; but his face had the look of steadfast purpose.

"'In the name of the great Onontio'—and his voice was but a whisper—'I claim this man.' And then in louder tones, so that all might hear: 'Nadaga will make due recompense.'

"*He* loosened the prisoner's bonds, but his strength was failing him and *he* leaned on the white man's shoulder. And thus, between Nadaga and the man whose life *he* saved, *he* moved slowly through the village to his home. The sorcerers muttered threats against him, but none of them durst stop his path. Nadaga hastened to distribute presents of raisins and dried fish. Nor did the plague touch a single Etchemin of the Saint Croix.

III.

"A day or two passed, and it was mooted round that *he* was going to send messengers into the English territory under a flag of truce. *He* would send the sailor back to his ship with a message to the Governor of Louisbourg. And then as if *he* called and it came, a great French warship hove in sight, her guns looking out through her sides, and anchored in our river. The captain came ashore with two boatloads of soldiers, and our chiefs met him. His mission was with the stranger, and thither they led him, and the soldiers closed up behind them when they entered the house. Dorothy was there with the sick man in a large room, and the French officer knelt on one knee before him and kissed his hand. A glow of red blood suffused his face as *he* returned the officer's salute. Then it become known that the great ship had been sent to carry him home to France.

"But *he* would not consent to go—not until the frigate had first taken him to Louisbourg. *He* had a mission there, and his own honor and the honor of France was staked on his fulfilling it. *He* spoke quietly, as if it were a settled matter, and all the while *he* held the girl's hand, and could not be moved from his purpose. The French captain demurred, and begged him not to do such a rash thing. As it was, his ship had barely escaped the cruisers of the enemy; how could he risk losing her by entering the hostile port of Louisbourg? What would the king say? It might cost him his commission.

"At this, Nadaga used to tell, the old look, which sickness had almost obliterated, came back to the drawn face, and the officer drew back in distress. What *he* said through his teeth Nadaga could never tell, but it was a command which the French captain could not disobey; for, as it turned out, *he* was an admiral by right of birth in the French navy. Thenceforth the French captain took his orders from him.

"Out of the abundance of stores which were intended for Louisbourg the warship landed a great quantity, besides arms of all kinds, which *he* ordered to be distributed among the people. Every family received its share, and Nadaga, who was occupied with this distribution, saw that the sorcerers and others who still cherished grudges against him received a double portion. Dorothy danced with the joy of giving; and our women and girls made a feast in her honor, and admitted her into our tribe as a real daughter of the Etchemin. Four totems they tattooed on her breast, each in its own color; but the totem of the Porcupine was first.

"When all was ready *he* embarked with the girl and her nurse; and Nadaga and a number of our chiefs went with him. The gunports of the ship were closed, and hoods were set over the guns; a great white flag, the Royal Standard of France, was unfurled—an honor which never had been given to that ship before—and officers and men went down on their knees as it rose heavily in the air above them. Then much that they could not hitherto understand was made known to the chiefs, and for the first time they knew that *he* was of the royal house of France.

"Of that trip in the warship Nadaga never tired of telling:

The great sails on the tall masts, which were trees once on the Ouigoodi; the wide decks on which men could lie at ease; the houses and lodges where the officers and sailors dwelt; but, above all, the rows of polished arms and guns—all these rivetted his interest. In the midst of these wonders *he* sat, chief and captain—*he* whom Nadaga had so often carried on his back, torn and bleeding, through the wilderness. Dorothy had him now pillowed up in a chair on the deck, and the chiefs sat around him at their ease. While *he* slept she was free to listen to the ancient tales and traditions which our chiefs thought she should know, for was she not now an Etchemin girl?

"At other times, however, *he* was occupied with his own affairs, for *he* knew that death had laid its hand upon him, and *he* was anxious to provide for the maid. The chaplain of the ship did his writing, and read the document to him in the presence of the chiefs and officers. By it *he* made Dorothy, the English girl, heir to his estates and castles in France, without condition; and then *he* signed the paper in the presence of all. After him the French captain and chaplain signed it, and our chiefs made their totems at the bottom also as witnesses. And *he* made them promise on the cross that if ever the word came to them that this daughter of their tribe needed help they would succor her at the utmost peril.

"'She saved me from greater sins,' *he* assured them; and they one and all understood.

"In broad daylight, with the royal standard still flying aft and an English flag at the fore-peak, the frigate ran past the broken island batteries and dropped anchor in the harbor of Louisbourg. It was a bold thing to do in time of war, with the gunners on shore standing by their guns, but *he* would have it so. Then the captain, all ablaze with gold, and our chiefs in their feathers and war-paint, went ashore, taking the English sailor with them. When they landed they marched under escort to the council chamber, where they met the English Governor. He received them a little stiffly, with inquiry in his face. Around him were his officers and captains, and by his side stood the gaunt figure of the Merchant of Piscatiqua. These two men had taken the town from the French, the one from the sea, the other by land. They now ruled it together as Governors.

"The English sailor saluted his Admiral with punctilious ceremony, and told his story amid deep silence; the French captain then presented a letter which bore the seal of France. All eyes watched the English Admiral intently while he read it; Nadaga saw the grimness leave his face, and his hands clutch quickly, and a look of some one whom Nadaga knew pass over him. And then Nadaga realized the truth.

"'Which is Nadaga, the chief?' the Admiral asked in a husky voice. Nadaga stepping forward, as he was instructed, opened his right hand and held it out. There in his palm lay a ring; but only the Admiral and he knew that it had once been on the wedding finger of the prisoner who died on the Mohawk. The Admiral picked it up and examined it for a moment, his eyes filling with unshed tears; then, stepping down, he placed his hands on Nadaga's shoulders; and these two warriors, my ancestor in his war-paint and the great Admiral in his golden epaulets, looked into each other's eyes. What they each saw pleased them both, but Nadaga saw tears.

"With a murmured word of apology, Admiral Warren handed the letter to his colleague; the latter on reading it at once gave orders to the land batteries to salute the royal flag of France with many guns. The French captain returned to his ship with our chiefs to prepare for the coming of the English Admiral. He kept Nadaga with him on shore, however, wishing, no doubt, to show him greater honor.

"When the Admiral went on board the French ship it was with much ceremony and a retinue of officers, but Nadaga walked by his side. The French guns boomed a salute, and the great white standard dipped in his honor.

"On the after deck, propped in a chair, *he* sat, and his face wore a peaceful and expectant look. Behind him stood the chiefs in a semi-circle, and Dorothy waited by his chair with wonderment in her eyes. The English Admiral bent over him and kissed his hand, and then spoke to him in slow and formal words; but Nadaga saw that the great sailor's gaze rested oftenest on the young girl; and when a whisper of intelligence moved our chiefs to speech among themselves, he knew that they had made the discovery which had come to him in the council-chamber. The dying man took her hand and placed it in her father's; and for the first time she knew that she was the daughter of an English Admiral. Then her father took her in his arms and kissed her, and there were tears on his face. Our chiefs looked on in wonder, but the Frenchmen wept openly, and the English captains gazed out to sea as if they saw a strange sail.

"It was only a question of hours with the sick man now, and Dorothy would not leave him. *He* still had strength left to tell her the story of her lineage; *he* would have told her more, but Nadaga, stroking the old man's hair, said *he* had told her all.

"*He* died with her hand in his, with Nadaga and the chiefs standing silently by his bed, and the chaplain praying over him; while the French officers chanted his passing requiem. And the great flag of his race dropped lower and fluttered heavily in sorrow.

"His face was peaceful and calm in death, with no hint upon it of the fierce passions which once ruffled it. And our chiefs began to think that, perhaps after all, they had done him injustice in their minds. The English Admiral gave him a solemn funeral; bells were tolled, guns were fired, and flags drooped while his body was borne by French and English officers to a grave in the old French cemetery. The royal standard of France covered him, and English soldiers with guns reversed lined the way. Dorothy, as chief mourner, followed the bier, and behind her came her father and Nadaga, and then our chiefs and the French officers; while the merchant-governor of Louisbourg and his soldiers followed in deep silence.

"Thus was *he* laid away in peace, who in his tempestuous life knew but little peace, but was beset by a demon until the love of a young girl weaned him from his wolfish ways, and made him a man again with a man's true heart. And thus the Wolf of Seraghtoga passed from the Saint Croix, and with him the nightly terror of mothers and the fears of little children."

Peol had done. The shadows still flickered on the wall, and the heavy silence of the forest was without, for the storm had died in the distance; and we, living men, felt the peace which nature ever brings, whether in death as it came gently to *him* or in the slumber which now awaited us.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE PAPAL PROTECTION.

BY H. P. RUSSELL.

TIME was when the rulers of the earth in Christian lands realized that behind the veil of the visible universe there dwells an invisible, self-dependent, almighty Being, its Creator, Sustainer, and Sovereign ruler. They acknowledged that it is by Him, and not of themselves, that "kings reign, and lawgivers decree just things," that "He takes away kingdoms and establishes them" when, where, and as He wills, and that as rational and dependent agents they were accountable to Him for their conduct.

Hence their reference in the discharge of the affairs of State, and even in the most ordinary of worldly matters, to the sanctions of religion, their respect for its censures, their application for its blessings; their recognition of the truth that if they were "God's ministers for good," as representing His authority in things temporal, much more had He appointed His ministers in things spiritual, under an ecclesiastical authority, to represent His sovereignty in the domain of religion. And though, as frequently happened, each in turn might from time to time encroach upon the province of the other—the civil authority upon the spiritual, the ecclesiastical upon the temporal—still it was recognized in theory always, and for the most part in practice, that each was divinely ordained to rule in its own sphere. Nor did this necessitate a divided allegiance, since, whether as subjects of the State, or as subject to the Church, all were subject to the divine authority. The rulers themselves were subjects also—ecclesiastical rulers to the civil authority in things temporal; civil rulers to the ecclesiastical authority in things spiritual. The Pope's sovereignty, as representing Christ's headship of the visible Church, was everywhere acknowledged. It was at the same time recognized that, to govern the world-wide kingdom of the Catholic Church, he needed in addition to his spiritual sovereignty the independence of a temporal monarch. He was a king, not a subject, in his temporal dominions.

But since the rise of Protestantism, the essence of which is the refusal of the individual to render an account to a superior in things spiritual, the rulers of the earth, besides revolting against the divine authority as administered by the Catholic Church, have, as by a necessary consequence, set it at nought in the administration of things temporal also. As though this were not enough, they have determined on subjecting the divine to human authority by the endeavor to take captive each portion of the Church in turn, to isolate her in one country after another from the rest of Christendom and from that extra-national center of authority from which she is governed and held in the visible unity of that kingdom on earth of Him whose authority is everywhere and always and for all men, independently of nationality, one and the same.

Hence the substitution of Nationalism for Catholicism in religion—the endeavor to set up National churches in place of the Catholic wherever the civil power has seen an opportunity. Hence the erastianism that invariably has accompanied success in the attempt, with the inevitable result that religion in every such case has been dragged down to the nation's level and shaped in its temporal rather than in its spiritual interests.

Results such as these have long been evident enough in the Greek and Russian churches. From the point of view that immediately concerns the subject of this article, like results have prevailed in England, to so great an extent that the very idea of a visible Church Catholic, divinely endowed with an authority everywhere independent of the civil power in the domain of religion, has almost, if not entirely, been lost sight of by the nation's press, not excepting the High-Church press. The Englishman's sense of fair play, when discussing the affairs of the Catholic Church, as, for instance, in relation to the Church in France, fails him as by some constitutional defect resulting from the erastianism in which his nation's church has been sunk ever since the reformation.

That the English secular press should be thus blind to the true nature of the constitution of the Catholic Church is not so greatly to be wondered at when we reflect upon its frankly Protestant character. But that the High-Church press, which professes belief in a visible Church Catholic as of divine institution—that the High-Church press, which so loudly has declaimed against State interference in matters affecting ecclesiastical government and administration, should now presume to censure the French Episcopate for refusing, at the bidding of an atheistic government, to renounce Catholic jurisdiction in that one form in which alone it is to be found, whether in France or elsewhere, would be matter of surprise indeed if we did not know that High-Churchmen, while desiring such jurisdiction, desire it not in the form in which it exists, but in a form in which it does not in fact exist. For "if all that can be found of it is what can be discerned at Constantinople or Canterbury, I say it has disappeared," observes Cardinal Newman. Only under the Pope is a Catholic ecclesiastical jurisdiction really to be found. This surely is indisputable. Before High-Churchmen presume, therefore, to advise the French bishops to renounce the authority of the Pope, they should make real their theory and provide the alternative.

For the Church in France to refuse allegiance to the Pope; to proclaim its national independence; to yield, in short, to the threats of penalties and plunder of ecclesiastical property that have been made by the Government; would mean for France a national schism with consequences such as characterize the Greek and Russian churches. Nowhere in Christendom—including under the term the Roman, Oriental, and Anglican communions—is any real approach to an alternative to be found between Catholic jurisdiction under the Pope on the one hand, and erastian bondage under the State on the other. The former unites Catholics of all nations in one visible kingdom. Under the *régime* of nationalism in religion no two churches, however friendly their relations, can be found possessed of a common administrative authority. Such is the simple fact, apparent to every one, save, as it would seem, to the High-Churchman; and no one who is able to appreciate, even while he may not approve, the principle by which the French bishops have been guided, will blame them for refusing to sever themselves from Catholic jurisdiction in that one form in which it is to be found upon earth.

"There is no power but from God, and those that are are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God." If in matters temporal we are bound to obey the civil power under the form of government by which its authority is manifested to us, much more will we expect to find a visible authority by which the Almighty reveals His will and manifests His government in relation to the higher interests of our eternal life begun here on earth. And as in the former relation we do not dream of suspending the duty of obedience until we have found a form of government to our liking, so in the latter it surely can be nothing short of rebellion to refuse obedience to the jurisdiction of the Catholic Church in that one only form in which it is to be found, on the plea that it ought to exist in some other form. Private judgment, when opposed to the legitimate exercise of authority, is equally insufferable in the one case as in the other. If rebellion brings trouble upon those who resist the civil power in the exercise of its lawful prerogative, so also has it resulted in the defeat and divisions, and in the anomalies and loss of ecclesiastical protection under which the Oriental and Anglican communions have labored ever since their several separations from Catholic jurisdiction.

"Divide et impera" is the principle upon which the arch-enemy of souls has ever directed his attacks upon Christ's visible kingdom on earth. As of old in the East, subsequently in England, and recently in France, his chief effort has been to isolate the Church in each country from the rest of Christendom. He would bring each portion of Christ's visible kingdom under bondage to Cæsar, to be allowed self-government, if allowed it at all, only in so far as loss to religion is thereby subserved. He would change the constitution of the Church and destroy her note of Catholicity as manifested in her unity in universality of jurisdiction, organization, and government, by confining her everywhere within national bounds. As by Cæsarism he even compassed the death of our Lord, so by the same means does he seek to destroy His kingdom.

And, to this end, not merely has he striven by the device of nationalism to separate first one portion, then another of her fold from her Catholic jurisdiction, but in every such endeavor his attack has been principally directed against the person and prerogative of him in whom, as being Christ's Vicar and representative, that jurisdiction culminates. We read in the Apocalypse that his "name in Hebrew is Abaddon, and in Greek Apollyon, in Latin Exterminans," that is, the destroyer. He would destroy the visible kingdom of Christ so that he himself may reign in Christ's stead by means of the kingdoms of the world; he would dethrone the "King of kings" so that in His stead he may become "the Prince of the kings of the earth." Therefore it is that he strives not only to subject the Church in each country to the civil power, but to subject Christ's Vicar to a temporal sovereign.

It would avail but little, if at all, to hold an argument with those who, while professing Christianity, do not believe that Christ has established His kingdom on earth by means of a visible Church, one and the same the world over, not merely in faith, morals, institutions, worship, but likewise and before all in that which appertains to its very essence as a kingdom, namely its jurisdiction—a jurisdiction, because Catholic, necessarily independent of national frontiers, and, because belonging to a kingdom which though in, is not of this world, independent of the civil power in the domain of religion. With those who, in the words of the *Saturday Review*, "consciously or unconsciously hold that it is the primary duty of the Church to make its peace with the world," it scarcely would avail to argue. "This erastian and unchristian spirit is the bane of religion alike in England and France, for in both countries it makes Cæsar supreme over the Faith. Its form and methods, of course, vary according to national characteristics. English erastianism allows the State to legislate on matters pertaining to the Sacraments, and endows lay tribunals with the power of the keys. French erastianism, at once more logical and more brutal, leaves dogmatic details alone, but makes the will of an atheistic Cæsar supreme in the internal administration of the Church." They who would deny to the Catholic Church a jurisdiction of her own have no conception of the Gospel as being "a substantive message from above, guarded and preserved in a visible polity" by means of a divinely constituted authority which everywhere alike infallibly delivers and preserves it. Such persons, on the contrary, conceive of the Gospel of Christ as being a "mere philosophy thrown upon the world at large," a "mere quality of mind and thought," a record of words and events relating to the life and teaching of Christ, about which they are at liberty to form their own opinions.

In short, to essay an argument about the constitution and government of the Catholic Church with the erastian, or with one so devoid of the Christian spirit as to approve the action of men such as Combes, Clemenceau, and Briand, would be futile. But one fain would hope that amongst those who profess belief in a visible Church Catholic as of divine institution, who at present are influenced by the High-Church press, and in consequence are prejudiced against the action of the Pope and the French episcopate—one fain would hope that amongst such persons there are some who are open to the conviction that the visible Church as at present constituted, not alone in France, but in every country under the sun, together with her jurisdiction as administered at this hour in France is, and cannot be other than the manifestation of the reign, and of the will and intention of Him Who, when He established His visible kingdom on earth, saw the future from the beginning, and has ever since ordered its development and maintained its government. And one is the more encouraged to hope this by reason of the object-lesson provided by the noble conduct of the Church in France in her determination to maintain unimpaired this principle of ecclesiastical government. The united and heroic struggle of the Catholics of France for the preservation in their country of that ecclesiastical jurisdiction which unites them with Catholics all over the world in one ecclesiastical polity, should surely prevail to convince some of our Anglican friends that, if they wish to be numbered with the Catholics of France and of the world in one and the same visible Church, they should submit themselves to that one only jurisdiction which unites Christians in one visible kingdom.

With the Anglican, then, who lays claim to the title of Catholic, with such a one it may be of profit to argue as follows:

Divine revelation, whether as relating to matters of faith, or to the duty of obedience, is everywhere for all men, and always, one and the same; God our Savior will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth, and embrace it, independently of nationality and the sanction of the civil power.

It follows, therefore, that the visible Church by which He teaches and governs us is in every country one and the same, not merely in faith and morals, institutions and usages, but more especially in that upon which these depend for their integrity and permanence, namely, jurisdiction and government.

His Church is not a mere family that may be divided and subdivided, after the manner of human families, into independent branches. Her visible unity subsists in more than a common agreement about doctrine and discipline, friendly relations and intercommunion; it has reference to the fact that she is an organized body, a polity or kingdom, and is therefore no mere union of policy such as may subsist between any number of sovereign states, but is a unity of polity—the unity of a kingdom everywhere administered, as every kingdom necessarily must be, from one sovereign center.

"The God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed . . . and it shall break in pieces and shall consume all those kingdoms (of the earth which went before it), and itself shall stand forever." Such was the prophecy, and in accordance with it was the announcement to Mary concerning the reign of her Divine Son, "of His kingdom there shall be no end"; and added to these was the promise of our Lord Himself that the gates of hell should not prevail against His Church, what time He nominated St. Peter His Vicar and said to him with reference to her government: "I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom."

But if, as our Lord has Himself declared, "a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand," whereas His kingdom is to "stand forever," it surely is obvious that the gates of hell can no more prevail against the *jurisdiction* of the Catholic Church, by which her kingdom is held in visible unity, than against her dogmas and worship. Nations and populations may renounce allegiance to the authority by which she is governed, or may be separated from her administration, as was the case in the East, and later in England, but, so far from dividing, they do but fall, as out of Catholic intercommunion, so also out of Catholic jurisdiction. For "where," asks Cardinal Newman, "are the instances in proof that a church can cast off Catholic intercommunion without falling under the power of the State? . . . Then only can you resist the world, when you belong to a communion which exists under many governments, not one." The Divine Head of the Church has "lodged the security of His truth in the very fact of its Catholicity. The Church triumphs over the world's jurisdiction everywhere, because, though she is everywhere, for that very reason she is in the fullness of her jurisdiction nowhere." Behind the local episcopate, and beyond the national frontier, there is a power that protects the Church in every country from the disintegrating forces of nationalism, and preserves her everywhere in Catholic unity. But if the local episcopate declares itself independent of the authority which thus holds the Church in its country in visible union with the Church throughout the world, it can but prevail to reduce the Church in that country to the condition of a national communion severed from Catholic jurisdiction and destitute of the power to unite with other communions which in like manner are separated one from another as well as from Catholic Christendom.

The visible Church is, then, the kingdom of Christ, in and not of this world, with everywhere a jurisdiction of her own, one and indivisible, and independent, in its own sphere, of secular governments. The center from which she is governed is extra-national and sovereign. Every kingdom necessarily possesses a sovereign ruler or head over the whole of its territory. In like manner does the visible Church possess a visible head whose jurisdiction extends in equal measure into every portion of her world-wide domain. And since she is of divine establishment, therefore is her jurisdiction also of divine appointment; her Divine Founder has Himself appointed her visible head to reign as His Vicar and representative over each portion of His visible kingdom. The Pope is no mere *primus inter pares* among rulers, by reason of ecclesiastical arrangement and the consent of her bishops; he is not a mere subject to be placed by them in a more or less exalted position; he is their sovereign lord by the divine appointment. Even as the Church herself, together with her jurisdiction, is of divine foundation, so likewise, and of necessity as being inseparable from her jurisdiction, is the Papacy of divine, not human, institution.

It surely is inconceivable that our Lord can have established His visible kingdom on earth without Himself providing for its government. Equally inconceivable it is that His kingdom can be still upon earth if, as the Anglican theory implies, it has been deprived of its jurisdiction, two-thirds of its numbers spread through the world being dominated—according to that theory—by a false form of government, and the remainder enslaved by the civil power and confined within national boundaries. Impossible too it is to conceive of a kingdom, especially of a world-wide kingdom, as being possessed of no sovereign power, no center of unity. "A political body cannot exist without government, and the larger is the body the more concentrated must the government be. If the whole of Christendom is to form one kingdom, one head is essential. . . . As the Church grew into form, so did the power of the Pope develop; and wherever the Pope has been renounced, decay and division have been the consequence. We know of no way of preserving the *Sacramentum Unitatis*, but a center of unity."* Apart from the Pope nothing wider than nationalism in relation to ecclesiastical administration is in fact to be found; under him alone does Catholic jurisdiction in fact as well as in theory exist.

Such is the simple state of the case, however Anglicans may theorize and cast about for some other form of Catholic jurisdiction that in their view should take the place of that which for so many centuries has been in sole possession. The civil power understands the matter well, better, apparently, than High-Churchmen do. When, therefore, it seeks—as it sought in England three and a half centuries ago, and recently has sought in France—to bring the Church into bondage under the State, its first endeavor always is to separate the Catholics under its temporal jurisdiction from the ecclesiastical jurisdiction by which they are held in visible unity of religion with the Catholics of other nations. The ecclesiastical center of authority from which its Catholic subjects are governed being extra-national—as, of course, it must be if such subjects are members of a world-wide Church—is declared to be "foreign," and the Pope, who governs from that center, is accordingly dubbed a "foreigner."

The French bishops certainly are not ambitious to emulate the examples of those whose renunciation of the Pope's authority has resulted in the divisions which necessitate the present-day efforts of some Anglicans after "reunion" with Orientals and "Old Catholics," as also with the world-wide communion of Rome whose jurisdiction they nevertheless meanwhile condemn! They have not, they never for a moment have entertained, any intention to change the constitution of the Church in France as an integral portion of Christ's visible kingdom on earth, and to make of her a National Church, independent of the rest of Christendom, dependent on the State. Not for all the world, not to save the ecclesiastical possessions of which they have so sacrilegiously been robbed, not to save themselves and their clergy from starvation, will they consent to dissociate themselves from the Pope in his determination to save the Church in their country from the endeavor of an atheistic government to separate her from that extra-national center of authority by which she is held in Catholic unity and

* *Development of Christian Doctrine.* IV., iii., 8.

preserved from the fate that invariably has accompanied separation from Catholic jurisdiction.

For the Papacy is indisputably the one power that has proved strong enough to resist the world and to hold Catholic Christendom in unity of religion and ecclesiastical organization. Under the Pope alone is to be found that world-wide ecclesiastical body politic which we identify with Christ's visible kingdom in and not of this world. Of this Church alone can it be said that "she fights the battle of unity against nationality, and she wins. Look through her history, and you cannot deny but she is the one great principle of unity and concord which the world has seen."

It surely, therefore, should not be difficult for those who profess belief in a visible Church Catholic, as of divine institution, to understand the principle of the Papal protection, whether in France at this moment, or in the many instances recorded in history of the resistance of the Popes to the encroachments of the civil power upon the domain of religion in other countries also. "Again and again would the civil power, humanly speaking, have taken captive and corrupted each portion of Christendom in turn, but for its union with the rest, and the noble championship of the Supreme Pontiff. Our ears ring with the oft-told tale, how the temporal sovereign persecuted, or attempted, or gained, the local episcopate, and how the many or the few faithful fell back on Rome. . . . In all these instances, it is a struggle between the Holy See and some local, perhaps distant Government, the liberty and orthodoxy of its faithful people being the matter in dispute; and while the temporal power is on the spot, and eager, and cogent, and persuasive, and dangerous, the strength of the assailed party lies in its fidelity to the rest of Christendom and to the Holy See." Pope Pius X. has but fought in France the battle that his predecessors have fought in one country and another against a world ever jealous of the manifestation of Christ's reign upon the earth. His protection of the constitution of the Church in any country is based upon the principle that as Christ's Vicar and representative in the visible headship of the Church on earth, he is responsible to his Lord for the protection everywhere of the jurisdiction by which this Church is made manifest in all the world as the Kingdom of Christ, one and indivisible, universal, and independent of the kingdoms of the world.

THE FRENCH RED CROSS NURSES.

BY A. M. F. COLE.

SOMEWHERE between Paris and Lourdes, standing beside the White Train, Madame —— and I compared some motives and methods of nursing the sick.

"When we have sickness in our families," said Madame, "we employ the Sisters. They are experienced and kind, and always a comfort in the house. But your hospital nurses are everywhere. Several of my friends have employed them."

"Yes?" I inquired.

Madame colored and smiled protestingly: "Well," she said, "those who are tender-hearted and serious are treasures indeed. Those who are hardened and frivolous can make much suffering and much mischief in a house. And one is never sure which sort will come."

"There's the *crux* of the question," I answered. "Efficiency can be bought. Devotion and honor cannot. How can voluntary service be disciplined, tested, sifted? How can honor and unselfishness be certified?" I continued, telling her of our army nursing service, of how its members are recruited from the ranks of ordinary hospital nurses, and are paid by the Government.

In answer Madame told me of the army nurses of France—*les Dames de la Croix-Rouge.*

After the Convention of Geneva, a fund was raised for a *Société Française de Secours aux Blessés Militaires.* In France hospital nursing is done by nuns, or by women who are paid to come by the day or the night. These women are generally not trained; often they are married. The *surveillantes* who superintend the work of these *infirmières*, may or may not have passed an examination and taken a certificate; they may live in the hospital, or in their own homes. Under these conditions it is obvious that the hospitals of France cannot be training schools for army nurses. Some of the religious communities, notably the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, in their splendidly conducted hospital of St. Joseph, might train and send out capable and efficient army nurses. But the object of the fund was to establish a united and national institution, not to further the work of separate religious communities. In England, where thousands of nurses are graduated annually from recognized training schools, material for the army nurse is always at hand. Imagine a country without such material, and without the means for training it, and you will realize the difficulty that confronted France.

For a long time nothing definite was organized. The undertaking required exceptional qualities of ability and devotion. At length two persons, a man and a woman, founded the society of the *Dames Infirmières pour le temps de guerre.* Those women are now the recognized army nurses of the Society of the French Red Cross. In number and in efficiency, they are already equal to any emergency, and the founder and foundress are still at work as the heads of their organization.

The nurses are women who give their services, and pay for their training. The fee required is small, but many of the pupils subscribe also to the Red Cross funds. They must submit to severe training and discipline, and to searching examinations. This training and discipline are provided in "Dispensary-Schools"—where out-patients are attended, operations performed (a few operation cases are kept as in-patients), and instructions are given by lectures and other methods of teaching. Each course of instruction lasts four months. During one such course every pupil must attend, regularly and punctually, each week, two lectures given by the *directrice;* one lesson in bandaging and the use of surgical instruments; and twice in the out-patient department, where she will practice what she has already learnt theoretically. The first examination takes place after this course, and the pupil who passes, both in theory and in practice, gains the *diplôme simple.* By the permission of the superintendent she will then attend a second course of four months, during which she perfects her own knowledge and also instructs new pupils.

All who hold the *diplôme simple* must attend hospitals or dispensaries for a certain time during each year. They are always under the control of the society in all that concerns their efficiency for the work they have undertaken; and in time of war, or in the event of any catastrophe, they will be called on to nurse the wounded.

To gain the *diplôme supérieure*, pupils who have already passed the first examination must attend special courses of instructions, at hospitals or dispensaries, during four months of two years. At the dispensaries they are employed in the nursing of in-patients; the preparation and after-care of operation cases; and the handling of difficult and important dressings. After two years of such training they must pass a severe and thorough examination; not only on their knowledge and skill, but on their personal fitness to undertake the charge of a field hospital. Those who gain the *diplôme supérieure* must attend dispensaries or hospitals each year of their membership, under the direction of the society.

A central committee governs the whole society. Delegates from that committee are appointed to inspect the dispensary-schools, and to see that the highest standards of exactness and efficiency are maintained. The central committee superintends the examinations, conducted by three examiners, one professor of medicine, one of surgery, and one of hygiene. It also decides where a dispensary-school may be established, and how many pupils may be properly taught in each.

The staff of each dispensary is: (1) A superintendent who has absolute authority, subject to the central committee; (2) Assistant nurses—certificated pupils who have attended two courses of four months' instruction, and are always on duty at the dispensary, and at the service of the superintendent. If the number of these permanent assistants is not sufficient for the work, temporary assistants are chosen from amongst the certificated women; (3) Monitors, who are subject to the assistants, and mainly engaged in teaching new pupils. Apparently the whole organization is modelled on the army. The central committee is the War Office. Doctors and surgeons are generals. The superintendent is colonel. Assistants are officers. Monitors are non-commissioned officers. Pupils are private soldiers.

Notes are taken of regular and punctual attendance; of diligence, seriousness, exact observance of the rules, and the number of dressings done by each pupil at each attendance. These notes are laid before the examiners, and have great weight for or against the granting of a certificate. Silence is rigorously enforced during instructions and work; but after every instruction the members of the staff are at the service of the pupils, to answer questions and give explanations. The nurses are forbidden to talk to outsiders of operations, dressings, or anything that concerns their patients. The superintendent has the right to assemble monitors and pupils when she thinks fit, and to decide on which days each shall attend the different exercises.

Such, in outline, is the method of teaching and training the French Red Cross nurses.

The system of instruction seems complete, practical, and fitting. The nurses, besides the advantage of gentle birth, must have for motive, patriotism, philanthropy, or religion. They gain nothing; and mere desire for novelty would seldom survive such toil and discipline. In some respects this training seemed better fitted than a long hospital service for military nursing. Experience and wide knowledge are gained by three years of study and work in a general hospital; and that is the proper education for a nurse, who will go out to general practice. But war nurses are required to grapple with many unexpected emergencies. Much drilling and the habit of routine tend to weaken initiative and spontaneity. We have seen that, occasionally, volunteers who have learnt to shoot, ride, and obey orders, can do better work than men who have been drilled into absolute dependence on routine and command. In the foreseen plan of campaign the latter are the main factors of success; in the unforeseen, they may, at times, lack self-reliance and audacity. Many times during my journey I considered this question, but came to no conclusion. Back of my questioning was a suspicion of something amateur—a notion of enthusiastic women, skillful and devoted, but lacking the order and coöperation of the hospital-drilled nurses.

Two years later I stood in the chapel of *Notre Dame de Consolation* in Paris. No mere monument to the dead is that pathetic chapel built on the site of the Charity Bazaar. Within is every inducement to pray for those who perished in the fire. Great tablets record the names of the victims. I stood in recollection before an inscription that recorded the death of a mother and her two daughters. What association did that name recall?

"How did they bear it—the friends?" I asked the Sister who accompanied me.

"As good Catholics—and our old French families—do bear sorrow," the nun answered with a brave smile. "That gentleman who lost his wife and two daughters devotes his life to the work of the Red Cross. He and Madame —— have founded a splendid military nursing work."

"Ah!" I said, "now I remember." And I told how I had heard of that work, and its two founders, on the way to Lourdes. The Sister immediately offered to get permission to take me to the main dispensary-school.

"There," she said, "you will see exactly what is done. And you will see Madame ——, the foundress. She is the superintendent of that dispensary.

The permission came promptly, in the form of a most cordial invitation to come when we would.

So we set out, three in number, and a very representative little party. Mother C——, a superioress fresh from Ireland; Sister E——, a Parisian; and myself, an Englishwoman. It happened that we were all well informed on the theory and practice of nursing in our several countries, and critical of every detail of nursing work.

As we neared the dispensary, Sister E—— exclaimed: "There it is!" and indicated a one-storied building, enclosed by a wall, and surmounted by a stone cross. Simplicity and fitness gave it an air of distinction. It reminded me of a newly established little Convent of Poor Clares that I visited not long ago at Carlow. The conductor stopped the omnibus, got down first, helped each one of us to alight, and with a benevolent smile wished us good-bye. We walked a few steps down the poor street till we reached a door in the wall. Over it was a red cross, and this inscription:

"*Dispensaire-Ècole des Dames Infirmières pour le temps de guerre.*"

We passed through the gate, crossed a little court, entered the dispensary by the main entrance, and found ourselves in the patients' waiting-room. Rows of iron chairs were ranged across one end of the room. At the opposite end several women sat at a table, rolling bandages and cleaning surgical instruments. They wore white aprons, neatly made, and perfectly fitting as the print gowns of hospital nurses. The sleeves were rolled up to the elbow, and marked with the red cross. The bib of the large uniform aprons, and the center of the white linen caps, folded in front and hanging like a short veil behind, were also marked with the red cross. They worked quickly and kept silence. High on the wall at one end of the room was the crucifix, and over it a scroll bearing this inscription:

"Come unto Me, all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

We followed an attendant through the door at one end of the room, into a little office, furnished with writing-desk, chairs, and cupboards. Severely bare, and scrupulously orderly as a business man's sanctum, there was yet a nicety of detail that proclaimed the woman-tenant.

How shall I describe the superintendent? In every word and act she was simplicity, fitness, correctness. She met us with a true smile of welcome, and we knew that her exquisite courtesy came not alone from good breeding, but from her heart as well. Quiet of manner, and direct of speech, as a nun, she had also the absolute *savoir faire* of a woman of the world. She was fittingly garbed in black; her voice was pleasant and distinct; her French was as simple and distinguished as her manner and appearance.

We had come in the morning, and all the interesting work was in the afternoon. Could we come back and see it? Besides the attendance on out-patients, there would be the doctor's "consultation"—which was also a lesson to the women—and a minor operation.

We looked eagerly at Mother C——. She answered promptly that we could and would come back.

For a while we sat and talked together: Madame —— giving us all possible information; we asking questions and making comments. Then we went to see what we should not see in the afternoon. The sterilizing apparatus and the operating theater were absolutely up to date in every detail. Two tiny wards, each with two beds, for "hospitalized" operation cases, were model sick-rooms. Strikingly clean, without lodging in corner or crack for microbes, they were also daintily pretty; with white, washable curtains, white wood screens, and fine, spotless bed linen.

At a little before two we were back again. A crowd of patients were waiting. Madame —— came, just to welcome us; then she gave us into the charge of an assistant nurse, who led us through a door at one end of the room into the *salle des pansements.*

On both sides of the long room iron chairs were ranged against the wall. Before each chair stood an iron leg-rest, and under each leg-rest a small zinc bath. Opposite the door was a sink, and taps, from which came sterilized water, turned on by a pedal. On a table close by, stood three basins containing different solutions. On a long table in the middle of the room were all manner of dressings in different jars and solutions. Everything there was ready and in perfect order.

On one side sat a row of men, on the other, a row of women. Patients whose wounds were dressed passed out, and as each passed, a woman, stationed at the door, called another man or woman to come in. As every patient had his number on a card, and went in according to that number, there was no confusion or hurry. Cases unsuitable for dressing in public were attended behind the screen.

Washing their hands and arms, for the regulation five minutes, at the taps; dipping their hands, successively, into the three basins; kneeling or standing beside the patients; moving quickly and quietly to and from the table of dressings, the zinc receptacle, the basket of bandages, was a number of women pupils. Overseeing them, teaching them, and taking care that all their work was done rightly, was an equal number of monitors, distinguished by a badge on the arm. Giving out dressings, overlooking everything, called on for any special need, were the assistants. All wore trim, spotless white uniforms, marked with the red cross. Most of the pupils were young—many not much over the necessary twenty-one years. Serious, attentive, silent, except when charity or necessity required a few brief words, those women were, indeed, most "sweet and serviceable." Courtesy to each other and to their patients; grace of manner and movement; soft, clear voices; a certain, quite involuntary, *grande-dame* air that could not be hidden under uniform or service; all this was perceptible through the intent diligence, the swift working, the brisk cheerfulness, in that busy *salle des pansements.*

From a professional point of view there seemed to be no flaw. Sterilization, surgical cleanliness, scrupulous care in every detail, were always evident. The pupils were conscientious workers, eager learners, asking and obeying their monitors at each fresh step. We stood for some time watching several pupils dressing wounds. What they knew, they did very thoroughly. When they came to the end of what they knew they looked at their monitor, and she watched, telling or showing the right way. Sometimes some complication, or development of wound or sore, was referred to an assistant nurse. No patient was left to a pupil alone. Yet each pupil was responsible for her patient, in the sense of doing all she knew thoroughly, and attempting nothing experimentally. The monitors showed the same thoroughness, and a great discretion in overlooking and teaching. They watched vigilantly, and their teaching was clear, helpful, and ready. The patients had a contented, trustful manner, and when pain was inflicted they evidently tried to be quiet and brave, in gratitude to the gentle skill of the women. Thoroughness, kindness, efficiency, perfect co-operation—these were our main impressions of that striking scene.

When the order was given to attend the *consultation,* some of the staff remained in the *salle des pansements* to continue with the dressings. The patients are, no doubt, aware that these dispensaries, where they receive free treatment, are also schools for army nurses; and patriotism adds to their appreciation, as it inspires a desire for efficiency in pupils and teachers.

High on the wall, at one end of the room, is proclaimed the motive that actuates these women. There hangs the crucifix, and over it, on a scroll, these words:

"Whatsoever ye do unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye do it unto Me."

These women came very near to the ideal—each one typified the three powers of the army nurse, gentleness, ability, efficiency, as devoted as the nuns, and, like them, doing all their work "as unto Him." To our diverse and expert criticism the manner of their training seemed perfectly adapted to its end. From an epitome of the examinations we saw that all ordinary treatment, application, and attention likely to be required by any patient, must be practically learnt by every pupil. And every *surveillante* would be trained in the care of "hospitalized" patients. Yet a feeling of perfect content drove away my little regret when I heard that a hospital was in course of construction, where pupils would be trained for a certain time in the routine work of a hospital; in day and night care of the sick and the dying. With that little finishing touch, I think these French women of the Society of the Red Cross will achieve the ideal of military nursing.

"What consolation," Sister E—— exclaimed, "to know that our wounded soldiers were so nursed; so comforted even in dying."

And Mother C——, who is a devoted lover of the poor, added: "What a blessing to the poor these dispensaries are now."

"The women of the Red Cross are the very flower of the nursing profession," I said with enthusiasm. "What a splendid work to have thought out and brought to such perfection."

Madame —— knelt on the floor, searching at the bottom of a cupboard for some papers. She looked round at us, with her good smile, and answered simply:

"We are all instruments in the hands of the good God. He uses us for His work."

A CORNER OF THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.

BY E. C. VANSITTART.

SWITZERLAND is over-run by tourists and its prices have risen. Those who wish to escape the crowds and noise of the "world's playground," and desire quiet and "pastures new" during their summer holidays, should turn their thoughts to the Austrian Tyrol, where many beautiful spots, absolutely unknown to the ordinary traveler, offer all these advantages.

One of these is Lavarone, situated in that part of the Tyrol known as the *Trentino.* There are various routes to Lavarone. From England one may travel to Innsbruck, then by the main line to Verona, halting at Trent, the junction of the beautiful Valsugana railway which, through narrow valleys and by the shore of the Lake of Caldonazzo, lands one at the country station of the same name. Thence the traveler must either walk or drive. We chose the latter course, and began our two and one-half hours' ascent by skirting the village of Caldonazzo, which is a mile from the railway station, and lies in a richly cultivated valley, where maize, vines, rice, tomatoes, trailing yellow pumpkins, and sarrazin grow beside mulberry and fig trees, with chestnut-groves and green meadows. After passing through the village, the carriage road crosses the stony white bed of the river Centa, nearly two hundred feet wide, and in summer absolutely dry; shortly after the road begins to ascend, and continues to do so to the very end, growing steeper as it mounts. Cultivation ceases, and the scene grows wilder; on the left rise towering, precipitous rocks; on the right, hundreds of feet below, the bare stony course of the Centa offers a fine contrast to the village of the same name, which nestles in green chestnut-woods on the opposite side of the valley. As we mount higher, the scene increases in savage grandeur, reminding us of some of Gustave Doré's weird paintings: the bare, rocky heights stand out in serrated peaks against the sky; enormous boulders lie as though flung into space by giant hands; over our heads hang beetling crags threatening to fall at any moment and crush us; indeed, it requires a steady head to look down into the abyss yawning one thousand feet below. In two places there are tunnels through which the road passes, and wondrous views are revealed to us as we emerge again into the brilliant sunshine. At an acute angle, where the Valle Corretta, a narrow ravine, joins the valley of the Centa, stands the *Osteria della Stanga*, where toll is levied; from October 24 to February 14 the sun never reaches this spot, and a scene of greater desolation cannot well be imagined. From here onwards the road mounts by a series of abrupt and steep zig-zags; fir now begins to clothe the barren slopes; till within half an hour of the *Parrochia* the first fraction of Lavarone, the plateau is reached, and the road thence winds on a level between woods and green fields, the jagged peaks of the range of the Brenta capped with eternal snow bounding the horizon to the west, while the nearer mass of Centa and Filadonna dominates the foreground.

The name of Lavarone embraces twenty-two scattered hamlets, known as *contrade*, often composed of only half a dozen houses, and distant a mile or more from one another. The inhabitants of all of them together number only two thousand souls. Each *contrada* has its own name, such as: Chiesa, Gionghi, Lago, Cappella, etc. The most important is Chiesa, or, as it is familiarly termed, *la Parrochia*. Most of the inhabitants take their surnames from the *contrada* they belong to, or vice versa. Originally of Latin origin, they were later joined by Germans, who came here in order to utilize for the smelting of metals the dense forests which clothed the country-side. Now, while under Austrian rule, the people are Italian, both in speech and appearance, though, for the most part, their language is an unintelligible *patois*. Lavarone stands four thousand feet above sea-level, on a wide triangular plateau, bounded by the three valleys of Centa, Astico, and Pendemonte. Behind, to the north, rise bare, rocky hills; in front are stretches of undulating country, interspersed with woods of fir, pine, and beech; and beyond these ranges of mountains. Owing to the rocky soil, and the dearth of inhabitants, there is scarcely any cultivation beyond an occasional scanty patch of potatoes or cabbages. The scarce produce of the country gives a living for only two months; hence, for the remaining ten months of the year, most of the men migrate to various parts of Europe, and even to America, where they find employment as either masons or navvies. The men are excellent masons, and the houses in the otherwise squalid, dirty hamlets are all well built of stone, with carved stone lintels to doors and windows, and outside staircases, giving an appearance of a prosperity not in harmony with their surroundings. The field work is done entirely by women; wood-cutting supplies labor to such of the men as do not leave the country, the great logs being used chiefly for ship-building at Trieste. This, with cattle and dairy produce, form the chief source of revenue. The inhabitants of Lavarone look poor, and so unaccustomed are they to seeing strangers, that their manner is unfriendly and repellant.

One peculiarity we noticed was that cord or rope does not exist in the whole region; in its place, plaited leather thongs of varying thickness are used.

The walks are endless; one may wander for miles and miles, without let or hindrance, across the green uplands or through the woods. There are neither hedges nor fences, and the low stone walls, which form a strange feature of the district, offer no serious obstacle. In the woods grow the deep crimson, sweet-scented cyclamen, patches of heather, clumps of great low-growing silvery thistles, masses of barberry weighted, when we saw them, with a rich harvest of scarlet berries. Round the stumps of felled trees have sprung up exquisite little gardens of moss and lichen, green or silvery white, with coral-tipped bilberry sprays. Singularly beautiful are these woods, and strangely silent, with an absolute absence of animal life; neither squirrels nor rabbits exist, and but few birds.

Rarely does one meet another human being, unless it be a little cow-herd, in charge of the cows feeding on the slopes; perhaps in a clearing one may come upon a group of women with red or yellow handkerchiefs bound round their heads, their bare feet shod with wooden clogs kept in place by a broad leather band across the instep. They are guiding a cart full of fir branches drawn by patient oxen or cows. When one steps out of the woods, into the open to the south, he suddenly realizes almost with a start, on what a great height Lavarone rests, for the grassy slopes drop suddenly and sheer, down hundreds of feet, ending in other terraces, which again drop out of sight far below, while across the chasm, on the opposite side, rise equally abruptly the fir-clad heights, with deep shadows cast between the ridges, their jagged outlines standing out sharply against the sky.

On early autumn mornings, when the fields are pink with colchichums, the valleys are oft-times filled with a great rolling sea of mist, producing exquisite effects in the forest, where the trees stand out like phantoms; and the sun, rising, calls up fairy effects of coloring, the mist becomes glorified whiteness, luminous bands stretch across the mountains, under seemingly inky clouds, finally clearing away into veils of vanishing haze.

Throughout the plateau there is a great want of water; no streams and few springs exist; in dry summer weather the result is most serious. In some of the hamlets, one year, the women had to go far to get a drop of water, and might be seen toiling wearily along under the weight of their Venetian copper pails suspended from either end of a long, wooden bar resting on one shoulder. The pools in the woods, where the cattle are wont to drink, and for the filling of which channels are cut in the turf, dry up, and the cows have to be driven long distances to water, generally to the lake that lies in a wooded hollow below the *Parrochia*. This lake of Lavarone abounds in fish, which swarm among the trees which cumber its bottom. So thickly is the bottom of the lake covered by the roots and trunks of fir, and so thickly are they intertwined, that fishing with nets is impossible. There is no marsh land round Lavarone; only once in our rambles did we come upon a lovely stretch of waving, golden-colored sedge in a green hollow.

As is the case throughout the Tyrol, the people here are very devout. They have kept a simple, childlike faith. At the sound of the daily 11 o'clock church bell, the solitary woodcutters in the depths of the forest lay down their tools, uncover their heads, and crossing themselves devoutly, repeat the angelus. One Sunday afternoon, at the end of Vespers, we watched the Viaticum carried up from Cappella to a sick woman at Magré, accompanied by the whole congregation, the men with bared heads, preceded the priest who carried the Host, with an acolyte beside him, and a scarlet-robed beadle holding a white, gold-fringed umbrella high over his head. The women brought up the rear. On another evening, after dark, a sound of chanting drew us to the window, to see a procession of women wending their way to a neighboring shrine, barefoot, carrying lighted candles, walking two by two, and repeating a litany as they went.

But we witnessed the prettiest sight of all on August 15, the feast of our Lady, when, at intervals, from dawn to evening, *mortalettes* were fired, while flags were flying, and bells were ringing all over the country-side. In the afternoon the great procession of the year took place; starting from the church at Cappella, it wound along the highroad, and returned to the church by a loop-line. Several hundred persons took part in this most picturesque procession: first came the boys, then the youths, finally the adult males, bareheaded, carrying crosses and banners, followed by beadles in scarlet robes, and choir boys in red and white; then a long file of little girls, dressed in white with pink scarfs, carrying pink flags bearing sacred symbols, and older girls with flowers. Next came the Sacred Host borne by a priest; behind him a statue of the Virgin, crowned with roses, was borne on the shoulders of six men wearing a quaint, old-world blue costume, with strange blue caps; following them was a long file of young girls, also clothed in white, but with long blue veils hanging from their heads, and lilies in their hands. In the rear walked the women dressed in black, with black lace veils on their heads, and lighted tapers in their hands. All sang as they marched in the brilliant sunshine; all were absorbed in devotion; and no one raised his eyes from the ground. The bells rang out; the mortars boomed; and the whole made a wonderful picture in the beautiful setting of woods and mountains.

New Books.

NEW TESTAMENT CANON. The most obvious feature of Dr. Gregory's new book,* to those accustomed to the usual treatment of its theme, is the human element ever pleasantly intruding itself. For, in a work of this sort we look for an orderly array of facts and solid reasoning on the basis of facts. This is the essential; as a rule we get nothing more; and are wont to picture the author of a prosy book on the canon, text, and manuscript of the Bible as a scholar whose human nature had all but dried up. But Dr. Gregory, a most erudite, textual critic, editor of Tischendorf's great work on the New Testament text and manuscripts, is a man as well as a scholar; and, as he jogs along, he has his little joke and pleasant remark; and his scientific work is rather the better for it. He has an eye for the essential points of his subject and the gift of clear arrangement and rapid narration; so he succeeds in giving us a rather readable book on a tedious but very important branch of sacred science.

Still, unless a man be constituted like Father Hecker, who betook himself to the Scotch metaphysicians for light reading, the mere pleasure of it will hardly lead him to peruse a rather bulky volume which deals with the history of the canon from Apostolic times down to the Council of Trent; with the materials of ancient books, the method of book-making, the means of spreading books abroad in the early ages; with an account of the principal uncial manuscripts of the Greek New Testament and of the more important minuscule or small letter manuscripts; with Syriac, Coptic, Ethiopic, Latin, and other translations of the Greek Testament, and some of their chief manuscripts; with the testimony concerning the condition of the text which is rendered by ancient church books and the writings of the Fathers; with the history of the printed Bible and of the untiring efforts of great scholars since Cardinal Ximenes to recover the very letter of the inspired Word; with the variations that the text has undergone and the interpolations it has harbored. All these topics Dr. Gregory handles with a sure and easy erudition, in a manner very interesting to those whom the subject itself interests. He does not ordinarily enter into the details of his theme, however, and writes rather for the educated and serious public than for professional scholars, giving us, in fact, a type of work somewhat less technical than the other volumes of the series to which it belongs, the International Theological Library.

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* *Canon and Text of the New Testament.* By Caspar René Gregory. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Most of the statements of fact which the book contains are as undisputed as the demonstrations of Euclid, and may be found in the best treatises, Catholic and Protestant, which deal with the subject; but facts usually take the hue of the mind through which they pass, and are often marshaled to drive us to the conclusions which the author intends us to reach. And so we have much to find fault with in the history of the canon which Dr. Gregory gives us; the facts he puts forth appear very different to a Catholic with his faith in the authority of the Church to regulate the Canon. To a logical Protestant, indeed, the canon has lost its meaning, since every critic exercises his own judgment as to the apostolicity and authority of the various New Testament writings. We are pleased to see, however, that this able scholar is far from being radical in his views; and though he knows how to spare his friends (*e.g.*, Tischendorf) and expatiate, in a rather narrow spirit, on supposed defects in the Church's teaching and in churchmen, the main trend of his work is to uphold Christian tradition and the value of the sacred text.

RENAISSANCE MOVEMENT. In the selection of M. Baudrillart's study on the great movement of the Renaissance and the Reformation,* the editors of the "International Catholic Library" once more give proof of excellent judgment. M. Baudrillart's reputation as a trained historian may be estimated from the fact that he has twice obtained from the French Academy the highest honor in its gift for historical scholarship. This volume consists of a series of lectures delivered under the auspices of the *Institut Catholique* of Paris. The Renaissance and the Reformation are treated as two phases of the same movement which, in modified form, continues to-day—a movement away from authority and towards individualism. The work is avowedly apologetic in aim; but, however much one may challenge some of M. Baudrillart's interpretations, no opponent can quarrel with his impartiality in his presentation of facts. "I have never," he can say with truth, "had a liking for evasion, nor for what it is agreed to call pious deceptions. The Catholic Church needs only the truth, and is strong enough to bear the whole truth." In the first lecture is traced the rise of the Renaissance, and its anti-Christian influence in Italy. The sweep of the movement is followed into France, England, and Germany, in which latter countries it merges into the fiercer current of the Reformation. The question is raised: Why and to what extent did the Papacy favor the Renaissance? In analyzing this problem, M. Baudrillart distinguishes two periods; the first, when the danger was latent; the second, when it had become patent. Then, he shows, the Popes acted. But this reaction failed, and they were again led away. Yet the Papacy did not forget its doctrinal authority.

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* *The Catholic Church, the Renaissance, and Protestantism.* By Alfred Baudrillart. Authorized Translation by Mrs. Philip Gibbs. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The various Protestant theories on the causes of the Reformation are brushed aside. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, germs of revolution, whose origin the writer indicates, were quickening in German soil. One man, Luther, an incarnation of the national character, embodied all the Revolutionary elements, and gave volcanic expression to them. In him, as in the German people, there existed a mysticism which tends to run to individualism in religion. This tendency was provoked to action by the character of the men who represented organized spiritual authority. Luther, it is true, was proud and sensual; but these were his weakness, not his strength. The unbridling of passions, though it sometimes helped, was not the cause of the popularity of Protestantism in Germany. All the original forces of the Reformation failed to establish it, and it owes its final success to the support it received from kings and nobles for their own personal ends; this is, roughly, M. Baudrillart's judgment on the course of the movement in Germany, England, Sweden, and Denmark.

The most original chapter in the book is the one which deals with France. As the author says, when Northern Europe was lost, when even Spain and Italy were uncertain, the destinies of the Church depended on France. "Had that great and noble kingdom placed its intellectual genius, its political power, its military forces at the disposal of the Reformation, it had undoubtedly been the end of Catholicism in Europe." To any one reflecting on the present situation these words suggest a far-reaching train of thought. Protestantism, as M. Baudrillart shows, fought a stubborn battle for France; its forces were thoroughly organized and ably led by men who were ready to trample on the duties of patriotism when it suited their purpose. On the other hand, previous to the Reformation, France had constantly shown itself impatient under the claims of Rome; during the religious struggle many of the great personages on the Catholic side were mere time-servers; even the majority of the bishops recognized Henry IV., while he was yet a Protestant. France remained Catholic because such was the will of the nation. "Whereas the masses of the people everywhere else in Europe let themselves be conquered, and, through indifference, stratagem, or force, accepted the Reformation from the rapacious and brutal hands of their rulers, the mass of the French people allowed themselves to be neither seduced nor coerced. They defended their faith against all its enemies by every means in their power and even imposed it upon their king; this is one of the most glorious pages in a history that is full of generous traits."

Two subsequent lectures are devoted to following up the intellectual, doctrinal, and political consequences of Protestantism and to a refutation of the frequently urged claim that Protestantism has been more favorable than Catholicism to the political and social progress that has been made in modern times.

SOVEREIGNTY OF THE POPES.
By Duchesne.

Of less general interest than the work just noticed is Mgr. Duchesne's study of the first development of the temporal power of the Papacy, in the eighth century.* The slow, amorphous beginnings of the temporal power, gradually taking form amid conflicts political and military, among exarchs, Lombard kings, turbulent Roman magnates, is a complex tissue. Mgr. Duchesne follows every movement of time's shuttle, from the period of King Liutprand till the little duchy of Rome had become the recognized patrimony of the Holy See. He follows its growth onward, from the institution of the empire, through the dreary times of the house of Theophylact and the subsequent age, till the Papacy finally shook itself clear of German domination in the papal elections, and, to the relative diminution of the original principality's importance, the Popes, from the time of Hildebrand, began to exercise a real control over the entire western world. The treatment is necessarily brief; but attention is always directed to the importance of pivotal events; and there are frequent instances of the writer's power to lay open in a few swift sentences the heart of some event, the real character of which is not on the surface, and around which historians flounder a good deal. An instance of this is the writer's appreciation of the relation established between the Popes and the German monarchs by the coronation of Charlemagne. The object of that action he defines as follows:

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* The International Catholic Library. *The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes.* By Mgr. Duchesne, D.D. Translated by Arnold Harris Mathew. New York: Benziger Brothers.

> There was at first no definite arrangement, no written agreement. The empire was restored without any decided plans having been made. But the false donation of Constantine, which occurred at least twenty-five years earlier, expresses clearly the conception of the new imperial *régime* which the Romans (and, in particular, the Roman clergy) adopted more and more definitely as time went on. What they desired was a benevolent and gracious protective sovereign who would leave Rome to the Pope and take up his own abode as far away as possible. The faithful successor of Constantine might set up his throne at Aix-la-Chapelle, or anywhere else, provided it was at a safe distance from Rome, and that he did not interfere with the heir of St. Sylvester. At the same time he would be expected to come to the help of the Romans in the event of any special difficulty. The donation of Constantine had already offered in 800 (for the few who accepted it at that time) an excellent judicial foundation for the Pope's intervention.

The author adopts the opinion that the donation " was manufactured at Rome, probably at the Lateran, about the year 744.

THE EDUCATIONAL CRISIS IN FRANCE.

The next blow intended by French radicalism against the Church is a law to give the government and its universities a monopoly of higher education. The passing of a law to this effect will, at a stroke, suppress every Catholic college and all the Catholic institutes in France. The battle fought with partial success by Montalembert and Dupanloup is to be fought over again with, it is to be feared, the odds against justice greatly increased. Against the iniquity of this false Liberalism M. Gabriel Sortais argues with vigorous logic in his work on the crisis.* He shows that the policy is a violation of elementary justice, and is in flat contradiction to the principles of democracy and the vaunted liberalism of its promoters. M. Sortais is aggressive, and, though he never oversteps the bounds of courtesy, turns upon his opponents a battery of fine irony to which they lay themselves open by the glaring opposition between the grand sentiments which they speak, and the cynical, truculent indifference to fair play which they display in their measures. M. Sortais does not seem to expect that expostulation or argument will have much effect towards stopping the wheels of the radical Juggernaut, which in France is crushing the rights of conscience. But he expresses the conviction—and every friend of liberty must hope that his trust will be fulfilled—that the Catholics of France will not tamely acquiesce in the ruin of their religion.

> Catholics, let it be clearly understood, will not submit without resistance to this intolerable slavery. Till now they have merited the reproach of allowing themselves to be shorn like peaceful sheep; but let others beware of provoking them to exasperation. The re-establishment of educational monoply will be the signal for a religious war. The Catholic army is more numerous and better equipped than under the government of July. To-day no more than at that time are Christians willing to submit their children to "a conscription of souls." Under the growing pressure of public feeling the episcopate in a body will put itself at the head of the movement of rejection, and our adversaries will again, as under the rule of Louis Philippe, denounce the "insurrection of the bishops."

The fine energy of these words is somewhat deadened by the subsequent remark that the war will be carried on only by legal procedure. Yet even this assurance is encouraging. The world is beginning to regard with wonder rather than with admiration the boundless patience with which French Catholics, lay and clerical, are submitting to all these successive attacks on their religion and their civil rights.

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* *La Crise du Libéralisme et la Liberté d'Enseignement.* Par G. Sortais. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

CHRISTIAN CLASSICS. The distress of the Church in France, however sadly it must cripple her in the restriction of the magnificent service she has always given to the Church universal, in the missionary field as well as by her political and financial support, does not diminish the energy and activity of French scholars who continue to maintain the national pre-eminence in the intellectual world. Through their efforts, the treasures of the great leaders of Christian thought are becoming more widely known. The texts are prepared with scientific accuracy, and the significance and position of the works and their authors in the history of Catholicism are amply and learnedly elucidated. To the list of texts which have already appeared under the editorship of MM. Hemmer and Paul Lejay, which have been noticed already in these pages, we have now to add an edition of the funeral orations of St. Gregory of Nazianzen * on his brother Cesarius and on Basil of Cesarea; also the text of Tertullian's *De Præscriptione Hæreticorum.*† The texts are accompanied by a French version and copious critical notes. That interesting page of French mediæval history, the *Life of Guibert de Nogent,*‡ which in its own way is as unique a human and historical document as the *Chronicles of Brakelond,* is published, with an introduction which is an instructive commentary on the times of Guibert, by M. Georges Bourgin, who holds a high position among the archivists of France. He whets the expectations of the reader by remarking that Guibert may be considered in some sort as the ancestor of the memorialists.

In the "Pensée Chrétienne" series *St. Francis de Sales* § is written by F. Strowski, professor at the University of Bordeaux, whose other work on the historic *rôle* of St. Francis in France during the seventeenth century received the highest commendation. The present volume is a study of the writings of St. Francis, for the purpose of bringing out the characteristics of the saint's ideas and method.

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* *Grégoire de Nazianze. Discours Funèbres, etc.* Par Fernand Boulenger. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

† Tertullian, *De Præscriptione Hæreticorum, etc.* Par Pierre de Labriolle. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

‡ *Guibert de Nogent, Histoire de sa Vie.* Par G. Bourgin. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

§ *St. François de Sales.* Par F. Strowski. Paris: Librairie Bloud et Cie.

M. Cavallera's work on *St. Athanasius** treats, from a similar point of view, the writings of St. Athanasius on the dogmas of the Trinity and the Incarnation. He discusses, too, the exegesis, the pastoral theology, and ascetical doctrine of St. Athanasius; and seeks to emphasize whatever information concerning doctrinal development may be drawn from this study.

THE CATHOLIC WHO'S WHO. The witty editor of this useful reference book,† whose hand may be detected in some clever and tactful characterizations throughout its pages, has termed it the "'Roll Call' of Catholics throughout the British Empire, with here and there a welcome guest chosen from among their best friends in other lands." Every Catholic of note, on account of either birth, office, or achievement, is included in this list of over four hundred pages; and if he or she has done or said or suffered anything that can be considered a claim to distinction, it is recorded in the biographical notice attached to the name—a mention in dispatches, the winning of the diamond sculls, critical knowledge in old-point lace—receive honorable mention, just as well as high ecclesiastical or political position, or descent from the Fitzalans and the Howards. If anything worth quoting has been said by or about anybody, it is sure to be mentioned. A few Americans, mostly ecclesiastical dignitaries, are included; some artists and literary celebrities too, as Agnes Repplier, Ada Rehan, and Maurice Francis Egan. The following notice is typical of the tact which enables the editor, without offence either to truth or the susceptibilities engaged, to pass across slippery ground:

Of Dr. Barry, after a recital of his literary works, is said: "To be various yet expert in all that he undertakes is Dr. Barry's achievement—a rare one in the history of literature; this faculty, and the light robe in which he is able to cloak profound learning, constitute him the most brilliant *Quarterly* reviewer and *Dublin* reviewer of his generation."

Mr. C. J. Bonaparte, "the first Catholic layman in the United States," is said to be, "unlike some members of his illustrious family, a Republican first and last."

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* *St. Athanasius.* Par F. Cavallera. Paris: Librairie Bloud et Cie.

† *The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book.* Edited by Sir F. Burnand. New York: Benziger Brothers.

In the notice of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward it is said of her three novels that: "they will remain as milestones on the road over which the present generation makes, almost unawares, its great transition."

"Father Bernard Vaughan, though a Jesuit, has always been very much Father Bernard Vaughan, and, indeed, rejoices in the preservation of his *ego*. He says: I have been through what the Americans call the Jesuit Gospel mill, and though the process is supposed to crush out all the notes of individuality in the wretch so foolish as to submit himself to its grinding wheels, I flatter myself that I managed to get through with every bit as much of my own character left as I care to call my own. I have met Jesuits of many nationalities, but never yet came across the type set forth in works of fiction; nor do I think that, human nature being what it is, that type anywhere exists in fact."

Samples enough have been offered to indicate that this full and complete volume is quite unique among directories.

SOCIALISM.

Is socialism essentially bound up with any philosophy of life, and, consequently, with any definite attitude towards religious truth? Or, is it an economic theory, which may be adjusted to any religious faith, and especially to the Gospel of Christ? The latter view, in triumph over the theories of the original German doctrinaire systems of Marx, Bebel, Engels, and their English followers, is spreading with the growth of the economic movement in the English-speaking world. Some time ago Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, said: "A socialist may be a theist or an atheist, a spiritualist or a materialist. . . . A large number of socialists, it is true, are atheists and materialists, but the earnest desire to discern some means whereby they may be relieved from their poverty and misery and the resulting vice and crime, is in intimate harmony with the gentle and loving spirit of Him who passed no sorrow by." In his study of socialism * Father Ming quotes this passage in order to set forth more clearly his own thesis, which is in direct contradiction to the view of Bishop Spalding.

The purpose of his interesting book is to demonstrate that the socialistic movement is incurably materialistic, evolutionary, and atheistic. The work is divided into two parts. In the first, the author, avoiding entirely any discussion of the economic problem, proceeds to set forth the idea of socialism as it is found in the anti-Christian doctrines of the German leaders. He describes it as a revolutionary and international movement, powerfully organized for the purpose of arraying the proletariat, the wide world over, to wage a universal war against the rights of property and the entire present social and civil system. He next treats the scientific aspect of socialism, in order to show that the principles and doctrines of the most learned leaders must be considered, if we would form a correct estimate of the bearing of socialism on religion.

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* *The Characteristics and the Religion of Modern Socialism.* By the Rev. John J. Ming, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

With this starting point established, Father Ming addresses himself to the main issue. The entire doctrine of Marx and Engels, he shows, is permeated with the evolutionary ideas of Hegel and the materialism of Feuerbach. Later writers have mitigated this materialism by the introduction of some neo-Kantian and idealistic principles; but all socialist literature is impregnated with a thoroughly materialistic conception of history. As to the main point, Father Ming represents socialism as resolutely and avowedly hostile to all religion, and especially to the dogmas of Christianity. If it were to triumph, the passing of religion would necessarily follow. A page in which he describes the socialistic expectation is a replica of the ideas which Father Benson recently gave us in the *Lord of the World.*

> In the co-operative commonwealth, were it once to be established, even the remnants of Christianity must of necessity disappear. The rule of the possessing classes, capitalistic production, exploitation of the workers which alone are ultimately the condition and cause of its existence, will then have ceased to exist. Hence the Christian, like any other religion, must die of atropy. Atheism will in the future society reach its climax.

One pauses here, for a moment, to ask by what course of inference the cessation of the exploitation of the toilers in the interest of the capitalistic classes would prove the subversion of Christianity. But let us continue the picture:

> Materialistic monism will be the prevailing scientific system. It will be accepted by all who lay any claim to ad-

> vanced mental culture, taught in all the institutions of learning and education, and even in primary schools, it will exercise supreme influence and dominate all departments of human life. Who will then profess belief in Christian dogmas, universally decried as absurd and superstitious? And how could the new society allow the profession of a belief directly contradictory to all the fundamental tenets on which it is built and on which its very existence is dependent? Consequently, also, the Church will be exterminated. There will be no believers left. And if even after the revolution some were yet to retain the old faith, she could not possibly survive the new environment. She would have to retire into comparative privacy, as in the time of Nero and Diocletian. Her ministers would have to work like any other members of the community in the fields or factories. She could build no temples or houses of worship, because owning neither ground nor building material, nor hands, nor means for their construction.

There would be no Christian teaching, no seminaries, no books, no religious literature. The Church would soon be a corpse.

Father Ming has drawn up a powerful arraignment, amply sustained with testimony, against atheistic socialism; and it will serve the purpose of warning Catholics against it. This form of combating the movement, as far as it is an economic one, may, however, really contribute to help it on its course. As Father Ming records, many American socialists insist most emphatically that they are concerned with purely economic questions; that socialism, as such, no more involves materialism or agnosticism, than does membership in the Republican or the Democratic party. The bad odor of German socialism of the Marx and Bebel type has hitherto proved the greatest obstacle to the progress of the movement in America. To all the efforts made by its opponents to make irreligion an essential principle of socialism, the American leaders reply by redoubled endeavors to convince the toiling masses and their friends that the fortunes or doctrines of socialism are not wedded to the irreligious principles of Marx and his followers. And these men are sincere enough to convince Bishop Spalding, and many other thinkers and doers who have no sympathy with materialism. Whether these views or the deductions of Father Ming are right time will tell. Meanwhile, it is acknowledged by all that the iniquities of the present industrial conditions, where, on one side, enormous fortunes squandered in senseless display and profligacy, and on the other, millions working under circumstances that deprive them of the possibility of bringing up a family in a decent manner, are the hot-house of socialism. Religion and the Church can fight socialism in no way so effectual as by fighting against the gigantic wrongs and immoral conditions produced by present abuses. And Catholic ethics provides the principle, which, when applied all round, and in all its bearings, contains the solution; man has, by the natural law, the right to the fruits of his labor.

MANUAL OF MORAL THEOLOGY.

For the first time in the history of theology, the English-speaking people are presented with a complete moral theology in their own language. Rev. Thomas Slater, S.J., of St. Beuno's College, has undertaken the novel and difficult task, and has succeeded admirably.* The work is not a translation, but is original throughout. The English is strong and fluent and idiomatic; the treatment is as full as need be in a text-book; the printing and editing are faultlessly done. Consequently, no English-speaking priest can wisely neglect to secure this book.

But we wish that the work may attract the attention of the laity. Any Catholic, or non-Catholic, who cares to be well-informed on the moral law of God and of the Church, will find Father Slater's treatment of these subjects concise, clear-cut, untechnical, and undoubtedly interesting. For the benefit of such readers as these, who are perhaps until now uninitiated, we may say that this, the first volume of moral theology, discusses in order these subjects: Human Acts; Conscience; Law; Sin; Faith, Hope, and Charity; The Commandments of God and of the Church; Contracts; and The Duties Attached to Particular States and Conditions of Life. The subjects are treated—again we speak for the information of those who are unacquainted with the scope of moral theology—not as in an enlarged catechism, but as scientifically and as accurately as a treatise in law or in medicine, and yet in a manner intelligible to the man of ordinary education.

* *A Manual of Moral Theology, for English-Speaking Countries.* By Rev. Thomas Slater, S.J. With notes on American Legislation. By Rev. Michael Martin, S.J. Vol. I. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Non-Catholics, in whose ears "The Moral Theology of Rome" is a bad sound, who have known only the attacks of the Jansenists and the misunderstandings of modern Protestant controversialists, ought, in fairness, to read this volume, after paying special attention to the author's preface, which explains what moral theology is, and what it is not.

The additional notes on American legislation in as far as it touches the subject-matter of moral theology, by Rev. Michael Martin, will be a boon to American priests.

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Even in a country where mighty growths and immense enterprises are the rule rather than the exception, the development of the Catholic parochial school system, if estimated merely from the viewpoint of magnitude, deserves study and challenges admiration. But the wonder about this organization is not so much its extent as the flexibility and coherence which it exhibits, although it embraces, as its historian * points out, three separate and widely separated elements of authority—the bishop, the parish priest, and the nun. Dr. Burns has gathered, at the expense of much laborious search, a considerable quantity of data regarding the origins and early developments of the parochial school system; and the material acquired has been arranged into a very attractive and instructive historical study. This volume, which he intends to follow up with another, covering the later period up to the present time, takes up the story as it opens in New Mexico, Texas, Florida, and California under the auspices of the Spanish missionaries. The material available for this early period is rather meager, and, except for the demands of scientific completeness, might be neglected altogether. The real origins of the institution appear in Maryland and the Eastern Colonies, where the Jesuits, true to their principles, made the instruction of the young a paramount object of missionary zeal. At the time of the Revolution—Dr. Burns sums up the results of the previous history—the Catholic schools existing in the English colonies at the time of the Revolution were, to some extent, thrown into the form of a system. They were all under the control of the Jesuit Order. In the case of

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* *The Catholic School System in the United States. Its Principles, Origin, and Establishment.* By Rev. J. A. Burns, C.S.C., Ph.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

religious instruction, if not of all the subjects taught, their work was based upon an ideal common to all institutions in charge of that great teaching body. They were looked upon as but the base of an educational edifice which was to be made to include in time, facilities for the complete education of Catholic youth under Catholic auspices.

With the expansion of national life, and the almost total disappearance of religious persecution after the Revolution, and the coming of a large number of French *emigrés,* lay and clerical, men and women, the mustard seed soon takes the shape of a vigorous young tree, the growth of which Dr. Burns finds recorded with more amplitude in the history and correspondence of the various teaching orders of sisters, and in the activities of the hierarchy, in the archdiocese of Baltimore, the dioceses of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Bardstown, Vincennes, and several others. He closes the present volume with the great controversy in which Bishop Hughes was engaged—an episode which marks the opening of the new era in which the parochial school has to contend with the state-supported public school.

This useful history is enhanced by an introduction, in which Dr. Burns sums up the philosophy of Catholic education as it is exemplified in the genesis and development of our parochial educational system. The school, he points out, is a part of the religious organization:

> The relation between Church and school has been, in fact, so close that it is impossible to disassociate the history of the one from that of the other. The parish school has been, from the very beginning, an agency of the Church. It is really a part of the Church's wider organization, and both in principles and in practical working it belongs to the Church's system.

Briefly, but very clearly, Dr. Burns expounds the principles which underlie the Catholic claim that religious instruction cannot, without ruinous consequences, be eliminated from the elementary school; and he aptly illustrates how religious and secular knowledge are to be imparted simultaneously to the child.

While he pays unstinted tribute to the success and comparative perfection of the present system—a success which is marvelous when the difficulties that were encountered are remembered—Dr. Burns has a more practical purpose than to play the part of a mere eulogist. He writes:

> It is evident in fact that on the religious side, the parish school of to-day is very far from having reached the term of its complete development. It is still in a partly embryonic condition. The adjustment of means to end and principles has to become much closer and to proceed much farther before anything approaching a satisfactory condition as regards religious training can be said to be attained. In point of religious teaching, the development of our schools is, on the whole, far behind their development in respect to secular studies.

This Dr. Burns calls a strange fact. The cure for it he does not point out, though he trusts that the lack of development in this particular is only temporary. He says:

> The need of greater unification, or at least simplification, of the school curriculum is now widely recognized, and the fuller realization of this need, together with the growing movement for more effective religious instruction in the school, will doubtless lead our educators and teachers, in time, to give to the teaching of religion the place of supreme importance it deserves.

Dr. Burns will, we trust, have something practical to suggest regarding this matter in his next volume, which will be eagerly awaited.

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Though juridical records, generally speaking, do not fall within the sphere of the book-reviewer, yet a recent decision of the Supreme Court is of such Catholic interest that we need make no apology for placing it under the notice of our readers. Some time ago the Bishop of Porto Rico brought suit against the municipality of Ponce for the possession of two Catholic churches which the municipality claimed as its own property. The Supreme Court of Porto Rico decided in favor of the Bishop, whereupon the municipality appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States.* The point of interest in the case is that the appellant contended that "the Roman Catholic Church of Porto Rico has not the legal capacity to sue, for the reason that it is not a judicial person, nor a legal entity, and is without legal incorporation. If it is a corporation or association, we submit to the Court that it is necessary for the Roman Catholic Church to specifically allege its incorporation, where incorporated, and by virtue of what authority or law it was incorporated, and if a foreign corporation, show that it has filed its articles of incorporation or association in the proper office of the Government, in accordance with the laws of Porto Rico."

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* *Supreme Court of the United States No. 143. October Term, 1907. The Municipality of Ponce, Appellant, vs. The Roman Catholic Church in Porto Rico.* Appeal from the Supreme Court of Porto Rico (June 1, 1908).

Premising that the code in force in Porto Rico at the time of the Treaty of Paris was adopted by the American Government, and thenceforward was no longer merely foreign land, the Decision proceeds to review the corporate status of the Church under Spanish law and under international law. The Court agreed that "the Roman Catholic Church has been recognized as possessing a legal personality and capacity to take and acquire property since the time of the Emperor Constantine." A quotation from Milman's *History of Latin Christianity* is brought forward to show that the Christian Church began to enjoy this privilege during the time of the Empire; and that the barbarian codes, as they came into being, recognized the right of the Church to acquire property, as well as the inalienability of such property when acquired. The historic continuity of this juristic conception is next shown to have been maintained by the Partidas, the fundamental code of ancient Spain, "where the Church has been established since the days of the Visigoths." In like manner the rights of the Church are traced through the bulls of Julius II. and Alexander XI. granting the tithes of the Indies to the Spanish crown; afterwards through the disturbances of 1820, and down to the Concordat of 1859.

At the date of the American military occupation, the Catholic Church, continues the Decision, was the only Church in the island: "Neither the State nor the municipalities, directly or indirectly, disputed or questioned the legitimate ownership and possession by the Church of the property occupied by her, including temples, parochial houses, seminaries, and ecclesiastical buildings of every description."

This was the status at the moment of annexation, and by reason of the treaty, as well as under the rules of international law, prevailing among civilized nations, declares the Court, this property is inviolable.

The Decision proceeds to affirm that the corporate existence of the Roman Catholic Church, as well as the position occupied by the Papacy, have always been recognized by the Government of the United States: "The Holy See still occupies a recognized position in international law of which the courts must take judicial notice." In support of this statement the Court quotes from Moore's *Digest of International Law*, Vol. I., as follows: "The Pope, though deprived of the territorial dominion which he formerly enjoyed, holds as sovereign pontiff and head of the Roman Catholic Church an exceptional position. Though, in default of territory, he is not a temporal sovereign, he is, in many respects, treated as such. He has the right of active and passive legation, and his envoys of the first class, his apostolic nuncios, are specially privileged."

The proposition, therefore, so runs the Decision, that the Church had no corporate or jural personality seems to be completely answered by an examination of the law and history of the Roman Empire, of Spain, and of Porto Rico, down to the time of the cession, and by the recognition accorded to it as an ecclesiastical body by the treaty of Paris and by the law of nations. The court refers to a recent "interesting and satisfactory opinion" delivered by the Supreme Court of the Philippines: "The suggestion made there as here, that the Church was not a legal person entitled to maintain its property rights in the courts, the Supreme Court answered by saying that it did not require serious consideration when 'made with reference to an institution which antedates by almost a thousand years any other personality in Europe.'" In the concluding summary the Court says that the juristic personality of the Church has been accorded recognition by all systems of European law from the fourth century of the Christian era. The judgment of the Court, which was delivered by Chief Justice Fuller, affirms the decree of the Court of Porto Rico.

In the light of this calm, reasonable *résumé* of the teachings of history, international law, and justice, what a sorry figure the French Government cuts as it stupidly pretends to ignore the age-long universal fact of the corporate existence of the Catholic Church!

HISTORY OF ECONOMICS.
By Rev. J. A. Dewe, A. M.

The sub-title of this useful handbook,* designates its character and merit more correctly, we believe, than does its title. It is scarcely adequate as a history of economics; there is too much vagueness in the facts collected; their significance and correlation are not brought out with the fullness required by even an introductory scientific study of economics. On the other hand, as a companion to his ordinary histories, the work will serve to direct the young student's attention to this element, which receives scarcely any recognition from the majority of general histories.

ROSMINI.

The lapse of half a century, which has brought with it astonishing changes in the Rome where the interests of heaven and the interests of earth, secular and ecclesiastical politics meet and interlace in bewildering complexity, makes possible the task of writing a veracious and sincere life of the founder of the Institute of Charity. Yet even now, when the echoes of old far-off unhappy days and battles long ago have almost died away, the task is one that called for no common measure of tact, prudence, and evangelical courage. All these qualities, as well as high literary talent, are evinced in the Life of Rosmini, written by one of his devoted sons.† Father Pagani tells the story of the man whom posterity will rank among the half-dozen greatest minds of the Church in the nineteenth century, in a highly fascinating manner. The man Rosmini, with his wonderful gifts of grace and mind, is admirably portrayed; and the events of his life, both those of a public and those of a more personal or domestic character are related in that happy measure which is the mean between dry baldness and prolixity of detail. Though the spiritual side of Rosmini's character is described as occasion offers in the course of the narrative, this feature of the work is chiefly reserved for a closing chapter. Thus the interminable interruptions to the flow of the story which are so frequent in biographies of this sort, have no place here.

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* *History of Economics; or, Economics as a Factor in the Making of History.* By Rev. J. A. Dewe, A.M. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Life of Antonio Rosmini-Serbati.* Translated from the Italian of the Rev. G. B. Pagani, Provincial of the Institute of Charity in Italy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The persecutions which, in the name of orthodoxy, persons with powerful interests behind them waged with unrelenting piety against Rosmini, Father Pagani relates without mincing matters, though he keeps to his promise of treating the authors of the persecution "with all possible consideration." The breadth of his charity, however, is taxed to the utmost to embrace within its borders Cardinal Antonelli. He enters into considerable detail concerning the events of the Pope's flight to Gaeta, and the motives which dictated it. Antonelli's calculation was that if the Pope should abandon the Roman States, anarchy would succeed, and, in a short time, the Holy Father would be brought back to Rome by a foreign army. On the contrary, Rosmini counselled the Pope to remain somewhere within the Papal States to continue the government of affairs. His opponents took wonderful measures to destroy his influence with Pius IX., and to prevent him having access to the Pontiff. Though Rosmini had, much against his will, been ordered to prepare for the Cardinalate, and his Order had already incurred great expense in preparation for his elevation, he was now told that the promised dignity would not be conferred on him—a disgrace which he accepted with his customary humility and cheerful confidence in the will of God. "It was," says his biographer, "a fortunate disgrace for one who had resigned himself to the purple only through obedience; fortunate also for us, for to it we owe several of his noblest philosophical works. But it was a real misfortune for the Sacred College; which it deprived of a man who would have been one of its ornaments; an irreparable loss was it to Pius IX., thus to part with the man, perhaps the only one of his times, whose sound judgment might have saved the Pontifical throne from the ruin into which Antonelli's policy hurled it."

After reading his account of the manner in which Rosmini was treated, one can hardly reprehend the good Rosminian very severely for the following reflection: "What must have been Antonelli's thoughts when he saw the overthrow of the Pontifical throne in spite of his vain efforts to restore it, and recalled the prophetic utterance of the wise Roveretan (Rosmini), whom he had repaid with persecution? What must have been the reflection of the good Pope, when, among the pilgrims bringing their offerings to the Prisoner of the Vatican, Rosmini's sons appeared, bearing the silver church plate prepared for their father when it was thought he would be elevated to the Cardinalate? And what were the feelings of Pio Nono when, later on, he saw Antonelli carried to the grave, mourned by none, his memory disgraced, and his estate disputed in the courts of justice?" Truly, history is a great teacher. This closing reflection is one which may very naturally arise in the mind of the reader when he will come to the end of this exceedingly interesting and edifying book.

Few Catholics, lay, clerical, or religious, can make a retreat without the guidance of some retreat-manual. Consequently the use of some such volume as this,* from the pen of Father Buckler, the well-known writer on ascetical topics, will be very welcome. Those who are acquainted with Father Buckler's works need not be told that he is always interesting. In this one, it seems to us, he has produced a volume that will become a favorite even with those who have thought that only Bishop Hedley could write a really helpful guide for retreats.

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* *A Spiritual Retreat.* By Father H. Reginald Buckler, O.P. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (25 April): A correspondent writes on ecclesiastical conditions in Russia. He notes particularly the prevalence of superstition in faith and practice.——Literary Notes comments on the impartiality of our modern historical writers.——Mr. Harold Begbie closes the controversy occasioned by his article in the *Children's Encyclopedia.*

(2 May): A commendatory review is given to the English translation of Vacandard's *L'Inquisition.*——The Roman Correspondent tells of a cowardly attack made by certain Italian ruffians upon three students of the Scotch College in Rome.——Newman's probability of revelation and ecclesiastical nomenclature continue to interest many correspondents.

(9 May): Schell is referred to as a "Leader of Modernism"—a movement which the book-reviewer describes as "the abuse of the methods of contemporaneous research, but not the use of those methods which may improve without 'improving away' the old scholasticism."——Commenting on the popularity of recent Catholic works in fiction, a contributor to this number urges that our literary men and women should stir themselves to greater activity, for their writings are said to have a deeper effect on the public mind than all the dignified pastorals of bishops and papal allocutions.

(16 May): Pays great tribute to the Government for its decision regarding the Irish University. The efforts of Mr. Haldane and Mr. Birrell are especially commended. ——The situation of the Church in France is said to be most encouraging.——Literary Notes contains an appeal for greater sympathy toward the Gaelic movement.—— It is reported from Rome that Dom Murri has complied with the injunctions laid upon him by the Holy See, and is about to be permitted again to celebrate Mass.——Fr. Thurston replies to a criticism of Fr. Tescher's concerning the historicity of the Rosary. The so-called "Will" of Anthony Sers (which refers to a confraternity of the Rosary founded by St. Dominic him-

self at Palencia) is shown to have been a mere fabrication.

(27 May): Contains an apology for Church conditions in Portugal.——Fr. Tescher replies to Fr. Thurston by re-affirming the historicity of the Sers "Will."——Kenelm Vaughan defends the attitude of the Church toward the Vernacular Bible.

The Month (May): The popular idea that between the Catholic Church and science there exists a deadly enmity is disproved in an article entitled "Some Debts which Science Owes to Catholics." Many notable names in the scientific world are mentioned—Catholics honored for their scientific labors as well as for devotion to their religion.——The writer of the article—"Wanted: a Readable Bible"—asks the pertinent question: Has not the time come for us English-speaking Catholics to revise our translation of the Bible and to reform our manner of printing it? He looks forward with hope to the labors of Abbot Gasquet and his colleagues, and sees no reason why, with the increase of critical materials at hand, we should not have a Vulgate text reproducing as closely as possible the original of St. Jerome.——"Some Scientific Inexactitudes" draws attention to numerous misquotations which are rife in the scientific world. It makes special mention of the loose way of talking which attributes to Bacon the invention of the system known as inductive reasoning, a method of reasoning which has been practised ever since the beginning of the world by every human being.——C. C. Martindale in "School Missions" sets out at some length the work of various Protestant missions, and quotes St. Augustine's words: What *they* can do, why cannot I?" as an incentive to Catholics to be up and doing in the social field.——Among other articles are: "The Educational Situation Reviewed," in which the policy of the Government is heavily scored.——Also "The Name of the Rosary," in which the writer, Father Thurston, S.J., does not seem to have much to say in favor of the Dominican authorship of this devotion.

Expository Times (June): Prof. Kennedy continues his study on Isaias' "Servant of the Lord." He argues that Jewish theology of the first century was not accustomed to interpret Messianically the servant passages.——Loisy's recent works are sharply criticized by Dr. Moffatt.——"Saintly Miracles, a Study in Comparative Hagiology," is an attempt to minimize the supernatural element in the lives of the saints.

The Irish Educational Review (May): The Bishop of Limerick, discussing the University Bill, says that it is disappointing and offensive to the religious sense of Catholics. There is no protection for the religion of the student; professors are to be appointed without religious tests, so that a man of no religion may be appointed to teach any subject, *e.g.*, philosophy or history. The Irish bishops should be ex-officio members of the governing body of a university set up for Irish Catholics.——Professor Stockley strives to dispel the fears of those who are not in sympathy with the Gaelic movement, on the ground that it will be the means of weakening commercial and political relations with England. He cites the fact that the Mother Country has friendly feelings towards the Welsh and French Canadians who do not even speak English.——That the private secondary school is more efficient and more acceptable to the people than those regulated by the State, is shown in an article entitled "Lessons From Other Lands," by contrasting the results and feelings in countries where both systems are in vogue. It is urged that Ireland retain her present secondary education system.

The Irish Monthly (June): Many pages of this number are devoted to an appreciation of the poetical work of Mary Stanislaus McCarthy, O.S.D.——The views of the late Dr. Molloy on the Irish University Question, as expressed in a paper published in 1906, are here reprinted.——In a paper entitled "An Amiable Grumble," the Editor insists on the propriety of giving due acknowledgment to authors when quotations of any importance are made.

Le Correspondant (23 April): In an article entitled "If War Were Declared To-morrow," the writer, while not wishing to be pessimistic, points out the general lack of preparation which he claims rests altogether with Parliament.——"Social Conditions in Holland," gives us varied pictures of different localities; on the whole, the people are law-abiding and industrious.——The first installment of the life of Bourdelot brings us into the presence of many of the notable characters of the seventeenth century, especially those connected with the house of Condé. ——"The Failure of Divorce" presents some startling statistics. The department of the Seine leads in the number of divorces. As the writer says, marriage easily entered into is easily annulled.——The expulsion of the sisters from the hospitals is discussed by Ambrois Rendu, former President of Public Assistance. For many reasons he regrets the step.——"Edison, Inventor," shows us the wizard at work, not resting by night or day, until he has brought that upon which he is engaged to a satisfactory conclusion.

(10 May): The Catholic Church of France during the first separation from the State is dealt with from its several points of view. The writer claims that the separation was a consequence, not a principle of the Revolution, and that those who brought the Revolution about were not, except in rare instances, atheists.——Edouard Blanc, writing on the Russian crisis, maintains that the existing unfavorable conditions are in no way to be attributed to the Czar, and that, as a matter of fact, the Russian sovereigns, since Alexander II., have always marched at the head of progress.——In "America of To-morrow," Abbé Klein finds himself in Chicago, a city of vivid contrasts, where he sees virtue and vice, riches and poverty, rub shoulders. He is much impressed with the "*Université du Pétrole*" where he has the honor of being a special preacher.

(25 May): "Two Years in a Farnese Palace" deals with the situation between France and Italy in 1886, when the former assumed the protectorate of Tunis and the latter united with Austria and Germany in what was known as the Triple Alliance.——In English India the grave problems at stake are pointed out. England has not conquered India, the writer maintains, and he quotes Lord Curzon to prove that her hold on that great mass of humanity is altogether due to her system of civil government, of which he claims that the whole world cannot produce so marvelous an example.——Writing on

"Catholic Teaching and the School Books," M. de la Guilloniére shows that the school books of France are being edited in a spirit of rationalism. He warns Catholics not to sit down supinely if they would save the youth of France.——And a question of serious import to France is dealt with in the article on population. According to statistics the deaths in 1907 exceeded the births by 20,000. The writer claims that the question is moral, economic, and political. Over 1,300,000 families, the reports state, have no children.——The continuation of the life of Bourdelot deals with his work as physician, teacher, man of letters. In the former capacity the writer mentions that he was one of the first to recognize the value of quinine in medical practice.

Études (5 May): Xavier Moisant describes Modernism in terms of chemistry; before the recent Encyclical Modernism was vaporous, almost invisible; in the Encyclical it comes before us as a precipitate. This document of the Vatican authorities is said to have cleared completely the Catholic atmosphere. The attempt to define Modernism baffles the writer; he defines Pelagianism, Rationalism, and other *isms*, but words fail him when he comes to Modernism.——The approaching canonization of Ven. Eudes lends interest to an article on him from the pen of Jean Bainvel. Special reference is made to this holy man's devotion toward the Blessed Virgin.

(20 May): Auguste Hamon contributes an article on the beatification of Venerable Mother Barat.——Writing on Modernism, Xavier Moisant maintains that philosophically it is a form of nominalism, while theologically it is Protestant.——Is Amraphel, king of Sennaar, who was put to rout by Abraham, in reality King Hammurabi? Albert Condamin examines the arguments for and against the identification of the two.——Adhemar d'Alès contributes a pen picture of Albert de Lapparent, the scientist, whose recent death is the source of much sorrow to the Church in France.

La Democratie Chrétienne (8 May): An article by G. Vanneufville treats of the work of the *Semaines Sociales de France.* The writer deals briefly with the origin of these gatherings, and sets forth the essentially Christian character of this movement for social betterment, its uncompromising Catholicity, and its opposition to liberalism. He treats of its attitude towards the problems of the present hour and the solutions it proposes for them, and concludes with a few remarks on the prospects which the "Christian Democracy" has before it.——Among "Works and Social Documents" is contained an account of reforms inaugurated by the diocesan committee of St. Sulpice for improving the lodgings of the workingmen, the aged, the poor, etc. It is the desire of the committee to agitate and to work for the removal of many abuses which now exist.

La Revue Apologétique (16 April): "The Divinity of Jesus Christ and the Synoptics," by G. Lahouse, S.J., a consideration of the love and the faith demanded by Christ. Only God alone could require such confidence and self-sacrifice as are demanded in the Gospels.——"How the Philosophy of Seneca and of St. Paul Regarded Slavery," by L. Antheunis.——"Some Results of Unbelief," by Pierre Suau.

La Science Catholique (April): In an article, "The Compensation of Evil by Good," M. l'Abbé L. Grimal discusses the reparation of evil made by the Redemption. The theory, he contends, that sin against God is an offense, in some manner, infinite, and that no creature can make infinite expiation, and as a necessity an infinite person is required for the proper atonement, results in pessimism. Also, if this doctrine were held, all the prayers and sacrifices of the saints, and all our own good deeds, could not compensate for any mortal offense.——M. l'Abbé Camille Daux, in "St. Augustine and Devotion to Mary in Africa," points out the faithfulness of the Africans to the Blessed Virgin. He also shows how this devotion may be traced to the efforts of St. Augustine.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (May): P. Deehem contributes an historical review of the question of the relation of the physical theory to the metaphysical. He notes the opinions on this topic, of the ancient Greeks, the Semitic scientists, of the Scholastics, and of the astronomers of the Renaissance period.——Pagan temples and Christian cathedrals are compared by Angé de Lassus. Architecture, he maintains, is the expression of the religious consciousness of a people. In the Gothic piles of mediæval Christianity we have lasting monuments to high Christian ideals and religious enthusiasm.

La Civiltà Cattolica (2 May): "The Program of the Theosophic Society"—an examination of the claims of Theosophy shows that they are not valid. The claim to freedom from sectarianism is worthless, for some of the founders of Theosophy embraced Freemasonry and sought to revive the doctrines of the Illuminated Theosophists of London. These latter were propagandists of Swedenborg's religion. Theosophy, likewise, claims to have no dogmas, yet Mrs. Besant, President of the Society, often speaks of greater and minor mysteries, and the mysteries are certainly dogmas. A third claim of Theosophy—tolerance for all religions—is unwarranted, for among its leaders there is a strong dislike for every theological religion.——Other articles are: "Adam Smith and Sentimental Ethics"; a chapter in the "Study of the Moral Problem."——"The Testimony of Saint Irenæus Concerning the Roman Church and the Authority of the Roman Pontiff."

La Scuola Cattolica (April): Prof. Gemelli discusses "The Hygienic Problem in Churches."——Signor Orsenigo, writing of "Buddhism and Christianity," sketches the rise of Neo-Buddhism or Theosophy, and explains the essential characteristics of Buddhism, its different species, its diffusion, and its doctrines.——Signor Ricci has a second article upon Jehovah and Christ.

Rivista Internazionale (April): "The Farm Contract in Germany"—a question of much social importance now in Italy, is that concerning farms and farm contracts. Mathias Mayer writes of how the question is being treated in Germany.——Other articles of interest are "Maritime Protection and the Merchant Marine," by A. Boggiano.——And "The Problem of Italian Emigration," by P. Pisani.

Current Events.

France.

A short time ago some anxiety was felt in France on account of the agitation which was being carried on against the army by M. Hervé and M. Jaurès and those who followed and supported them. So outrageous was the character of this agitation, that legal proceedings had to be taken against the anti-Militarists, and in consequence an end seems to have been put to their propaganda, at least in the form in which it was being conducted. The attack on property which is being made by the party called "Unified Socialists," of which M. Jaurès is the leader, still goes on. This party advocates the public ownership of land and the means of production and distribution. Its strength was put to the test a few weeks ago in the elections which took place for municipal offices, and it suffered so severe a defeat that Collective Socialism has become, so those declare who are competent to judge, a danger too remote to be seriously reckoned with. M. Jaurès is one of the most eloquent of orators, but the French have learned to prefer good judgment to fine words. In fact, they are no longer giving even a hearing to the Socialist leader.

A succession of murders and of outrages, together with the publication in the newspapers of disgusting and degrading accounts of these crimes, is calling the attention of the thoughtful to the way in which the law has been administered, and forcing to the front the inquiry whether more severe methods are not necessary. So-called humanitarianism has long been in vogue, and the extreme punishment is never inflicted. It has become bad form to advocate it. Doctors are accused of falsifying their evidence for the purpose of securing the release of prisoners.

The visit of the President to England has been, of course, the most prominent matter for discussion and comment during the past month. It is considered as yet one more proof of the hold which the *entente cordiale* has taken upon the people of both countries. Nothing could have been better than the reception which the President received in England, nor anything more satisfactory than the effect which this reception produced in France. The question has been raised by some of the papers whether the time has not come for the making of a formal treaty of alliance between Great Britain and France. The smallness of the British Army, and consequently its uselessness in the event of a war with Germany, has made some of the French writers hesitate, while in England the idea of a formal alliance finds little favor. The general opinion seems to be that the *entente* is so strong that it stands in no need of formally written stipulations, that what is written in the heart does not require documentary confirmation.

Morocco still remains an unsolved problem, and the only question which causes anxiety is the power of Abdul Aziz. The power of the hitherto reigning Sultan seems to have departed and to have been supplanted by that of his brother Mulai Hafid. To Abdul Aziz France has given consistent support, while Germany, it can scarcely be doubted, has given encouragement to the one who seems likely to prove victorious. The temptation to pass the allotted bounds is strong for both parties. Will it be resisted? France has given renewed assurances that she will not advance; that, on the contrary, she will retire when her work is done. Some of the German papers are trying to excite distrust of the sincerity of these declarations.

Germany.

Both our own country and Germany are in want of a financial genius; America for the discovery of a satisfactory currency system, Germany to find means of meeting current expenses. Mention has already been made of the large loans which the Empire and the Kingdom of Prussia have found it necessary to issue. The fact that a loan raised by the London County Council was covered forty times over, while the German and Prussian loans barely escaped failure, make clear how difficult the financial situation is. The new Secretary of the Imperial Treasury has since made the announcement to the Budget Committee that the loan requirements of the Empire during the next five years would amount to no less than two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and this for normal purposes alone, putting out of consideration unforeseen contingencies. Reduction of expenditure was the only remedy, but the Navy League is calling for more war-ships, and the commercial marine for an increase of subsidies, while the Centre and the National Liberals demand the gradual amortization of the Imperial Debt. The recently introduced taxes have proved a failure. The Federal States refuse the desirable modifications of the present system, and deficits have become a regular feature of the Budget. It is no wonder that the late Secretary of the Treasury resigned and that his successor is at his wits' end.

The question of Morocco has of late come somewhat prominently to the front. The Press has been full of insinuations that France is not loyal to the policy which she avowedly pursues, that she purposes an annexation of the country, or at least a protectorate. It would seem that, to use Lord Salisbury's expression, the French government has, in supporting Abdul Aziz, been putting its money on the wrong horse. The rival Sultan, Mulai Hafid, by the latest accounts, has secured his hold upon almost the whole of the country, and Abdul Aziz is practically without power. It is one of the ironies of politics that the French Republic should have been the supporter of the legitimate monarch, and have refused to have anything at all to do with the envoys of his rebellious brother; while, as there is good reason to believe, the representative of the legitimist principle has been giving, if not support, at least countenance to the rebel. At all events Mulai Hafid's emissaries have received in Berlin a *quasi*-official recognition. They have discovered that between themselves and the Germans there is a blood relationship, through the Vandals who conquered the north of Africa, and this claim seems to have been admitted by a society called the German Morocco Committee, over which Count Joachim Pfeil presides. At all events this Society proposed to call a public meeting in Berlin at which the emissaries might convey to the German public the friendly sentiments of the Moroccan people. To give a still wider opportunity for the German people to get into touch with these "kinsmen," meetings were to be held in several German towns. There is no doubt that there are in Germany a number of people, how many is not known, who are trying to renew the conflict with France, and are taking this means of so doing. It is hard to tell what likelihood there is of success, but as the German Press is, to a large extent, "inspired," the fact that it is offering so many provocations is to be noted.

The arrest of Prince Philip Eulenburg has reopened the discussion of the alleged evil-doings in the highest circles. It will be remembered that it was largely due to the evidence given by the Prince that Herr Harden was convicted of libel. Herr Harden appealed, and on the trial of the appeal the evidence against the Prince was so strong as to necessitate his arrest on the charge of perjury. Bail was offered to the amount of more than a hundred thousand dollars, but was refused.

One state included in the German Empire, and one only has, up to the present, remained under absolute rule; not, indeed, with satisfaction and in content, but because all the efforts which for some time have been made to secure a constitution, have met with obstinate resistance on the part of the Grand Duke. At last, however, the step forward is about to be taken and Mecklenburg-Schwerin is to receive what it has so long sought. As is almost always the case, the conditions under which the constitution has been granted mar the graciousness of the gift, and render it less acceptable; but it will be a step to better things.

The Kaiser has manifested his appreciation of the Chancellor and of his labors during the recent session of the Reichstag by a telegram sent to the Prince in which he expresses his satisfaction with its work. His Majesty makes himself, therefore, responsible for the expropriation of the lands of his Polish subjects, an expropriation which has met with the almost unanimous condemnation of the rest of the civilized world.

The visit of the President of the French Republic to England, the subsequent visit of King Edward to the Tsar, as well as the approaching visit of the President to the Tsar, have, of course, been much commented upon by the German Press, and have given the German statesmen a great deal to consider. Opinions, of course, differ as to the true significance of those events and the probable result. That there is any set purpose to isolate Germany or to confine the Empire within a circle of opposed alliances seems very doubtful. The desire for peace is supreme and dominant in the mind both of the President and the King and in that of their peoples. If it is reciprocated by the majority of the German people, there is nothing to fear. That this may be the case there is some reason for thinking. The influence of the clergy may not be supreme in Germany, but it has not altogether vanished. The visit of the German pastors to London indicates upon which side this influence will be used; the reception with which they met there shows how strong is the feeling for peace in England. Had it not been so, Catholic and Protestant would not have joined hands to welcome the visitors—the Archbishop of Westminster and the Archbishop of Canterbury would not have appeared on the same platform.

Austria-Hungary.

The murder of Count Potocki, the Governor of Galicia, which took place more than two months ago, is remarkable as the first instance of the use of this method of political warfare in the dominions of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Grave troubles he has had of every sort. The legislative halls of Austria and of Hungary have been the scene of tumults in which the law-makers have smashed their desks, and in fact the furniture in general, and have for years deliberately obstructed the work they were summoned to do. Perhaps open discussion and the power of manifesting the discontent which they felt, have acted as a safety valve and thus prevented the dastardly crimes which have been common elsewhere. It has been left to a Ruthene student to be the first to stain the political annals of the Empire. The Ruthenes, of whom there are in Galicia some three millions, consider themselves oppressed by the Poles. The Poles are the dominant race, and while they have treated the Ruthenes better than their compatriots in Russia are treated, of late they have been somewhat unfair, at least so the Ruthenes think, in the recent allotment of seats for the Reichsrath. Count Potocki was looked upon as the author of this partiality and as guilty of certain other oppressive acts. These motives led to the commission of the cowardly crime, and so great is the demoralization of public opinion among the Ruthenes that the student's mother boasts that she prompted the deed; not a few voices are raised to explain it, and very little detestation of the crime is expressed. The assassin himself glories in the deed as a means of rehabilitating his family by a patriotic deed on account of the disgrace into which it had fallen through the misdeeds of his brother. The Poles of course have been roused to indignation and to a determination to maintain rather than to change their methods.

The Hungarians have been distressed by the evil doings of a member of the Coalition Cabinet now in power—its Minister of Justice. He has been forced to resign, because he is charged with having got wealthy by corrupt means of a particularly ignominious kind. To vindicate himself he brought an action for libel against his accusers. That he did this was due more to the force of public opinion than to his own spontaneous desire. The trial is said to have been conducted in a very strange manner, and it resulted in a still stranger verdict.

The Emperor's Diamond Jubilee has been the occasion of several celebrations in his honor. On account of his advanced age, and also of his somewhat impaired health, it was understood to be the wish of his Majesty that nothing should be done calling for exertion on his part. This did not quite fall in with the desires of the German Emperor. He wished to testify his own esteem and that of his fellow-potentates by a public demonstration. The Emperor of Austria could not, of course, refuse such an honor, and accordingly, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, the Kings of Saxony and of Wurtemburg, the Grand Dukes of Baden, of Saxe-Weimar, of Oldenburg, and of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Duke of Anhalt, the Princes of Lippe and of Schaumburg-Lippe, together with the Burgomaster of Hamburg, who also represented Lübeck and Bremen, with the Emperor at their head, presented themselves before the Hapsburg monarch at Schönbrunn. The Kaiser's speech was somewhat grandiloquent, and we hope he meant all he said. It would be interesting to learn what the Emperor of Austria really thought as he stood before the grandson of the Prussian King who had expelled him from Germany and heard such expressions of admiration. He said, however, that he should ever look upon it as one of the dearest memories of his life, and added that the visit was a solemn manifestation of the monarchical principle to which Germany owed her power and greatness, in which principle lay, too, all the strength of Austria-Hungary. It was from the love of his peoples, his Majesty went on to say, that he had ever drawn new confidence for the discharge of the heavy duties incumbent upon him.

If the expression of an opinion may be allowed, it seems more probable that such strength as the Dual Monarch possesses is derived from the affection in which his person is held, rather than from attachment to the principles of monarchy, and to his willingness, as was shown by the active support that he gave to the universal suffrage Law which has recently been made, to entrust a large share in the government of the country to the people. He has shown himself generous and trustful, and his people seem likely to respond to his generosity and trust.

The affection felt for the Emperor was manifested in a very touching manner by a festival of school children which was held in honor of the Jubilee. In this some 82,000 school children took part. A pantomime was enacted in which were symbolized the Emperor's goodness of heart and strict fulfilment of duty, and the national anthem was sung in unison by the 82,000. The Emperor did not sit on a throne aloft and remote, but went in and out among the children; to the Burgomaster of Vienna, who accompanied him, he said: "To me children are what is most beautiful and dearest. I love them more the older I grow." He has repeatedly expressed his wish that the Jubilee year should be chiefly marked by the foundation of charitable institutions, and especially by those destined to promote the welfare of poor children.

The Jubilee celebration included a reception of quite a different character. This was of 600 of the superior officers of the army and navy, who came to express the devotion of the land and sea forces. To them his Majesty declared that the services they represented were the rock whereon reposed the security of his throne and of his peoples. But this was said in view of possible foreign enemies, not with reference to his own subjects. A ruler who relies on force is already virtually overthrown.

The Cabinets of Baron von Beck in Austria and of Dr. Wekerle in Hungary still remain in power, but the existence of the former is precarious. In fact the Premier and the War Minister resigned office on account of the failure to secure the increase of the pay of the officers which had been promised to them. The opposition of the Hungarians rendered a modification necessary. The conflict between the two seems perennial. The resignations were not accepted by the Emperor. Other storms, however, are appearing on the horizon. Czechs and Germans are getting tired of a somewhat prolonged period of quietude, while that remarkable phenomenon so common in absolutely governed States—the tumultuous interference of school-boys in politics—has made its appearance in the conflicts which have taken place between the Catholic and anti-Catholic students of several universities. The objects fought for by those students are vastly different, but the methods pursued seem equally bad.

The Near East.

Another step, although too small a step, has been taken towards the extinction of the Turkish dominion over Christians. Some years ago Crete was in a measure released from the Sultan's control, placed under the administration of a Commissioner, and the protection of four of the great Powers, each of which maintained detachments of troops in the island. The first Commissioner was a Prince of the Royal House of Greece; but his somewhat autocratic ways caused opposition and discontent. He was succeeded by a distinguished member of the Greek Parliament, M. Zaimis. His administration has proved so successful that the conditions which the Powers laid down for the removal of the troops from the island have been fulfilled, and within a year they will all depart. This will leave the island to the Cretans, who are all eager to be annexed to Greece. That this union will ultimately be brought about is looked upon as certain. The thing to be feared is that in their anxiety to bring an end to even the nominal rule of the Sultan, precipitate and ill-advised steps may be taken, which may alienate the support upon which their cause depends.

It may seem incredible, but there is one part within the Sultan's domains which has for some seventy-five years enjoyed a large measure of prosperity. This is the island of Samos, to which autonomy was given in 1832. This prosperity is due not only to this autonomy, but also to the fact that the inhabitants are of one religion and of one race. But everything is precarious that depends upon an autocrat. At the present time disturbances are taking place on the island, which have been the pretext for sending troops, and fear exists lest its self-government may be interfered with. But, like Crete, it is under the protection of the Powers, and it is to be hoped that they will secure the liberties of the Samians.

Macedonia still remains the scene of bloodshed and outrage, but even for this region, so long in desolation, hopes of alleviation may be entertained. The visit of the King of England to the Tsar has been the occasion of an agreement having been made as to the action of the Powers in that region. The British proposals mentioned last month have not, indeed, been adopted in their entirety, but a combination with the proposals of Russia has been made. The outcome is not quite so drastic, but let us hope, if we can, that it will bear fruit. As not only France and Italy, but also Germany and Austria have accepted the proposals, the Sultan is not likely to offer a determined resistance, and if he were so to do, it would not be of much avail.

Russia.

As time passes the hope grows stronger that the era of a species of constitutional government has definitely arrived. The *Duma* is becoming stronger and its strength is being more and more fully recognized. One of the Ministers who had exclaimed "Thank God we have not a Parliament," met with so strong a condemnation from all parties that he had to explain away his words and to give to them an innocuous meaning. The apprehensions that had been for some time entertained that an attempt was again to be made to take away the constitution of Finland seem to be unfounded. M. Stolypin has, in fact, declared that no such intention exists.

Italy.

The district surrounding Parma has been the scene of an agricultural strike in which the landlords have had to contend with their laborers organized by the Socialists. The Socialist leaders are sheltered by the Chamber of Labor; the Chamber of Labor behind the strikers; the strikers behind their wives and daughters; and those, when fighting takes place, push their children in front. The question at issue is not as to wages but as to the right of the laborer to the land. The laborers are well paid for agricultural laborers in Europe and have been driven to strike against their will. To the surprise of many, and contrary to what has generally taken place of late, the government has supported the constituted order, and it seems likely that the laborers will have to undergo great sufferings.

Belgium.

In Belgium Catholics have been in power for twenty-four years without a break; the elections which have recently taken place have resulted in a small loss, their former majority in the Chamber having been reduced from twelve to eight. Both the Senate and the Chamber are renewed periodically, one-half or thereabouts of the members of each house retiring. The most striking feature of the election has been the success of the Socialists, who have won five seats. The new Chamber will consist of eighty-seven Catholics, forty-two Liberals, one Christian Democrat, and thirty-six Socialists. The first question which the new Parliament will have to settle is the annexation of the Congo.

Portugal.

The King of Sweden, who has just succeeded his father, has declined to be solemnly crowned, looking upon such a ceremony as not in accordance with the spirit of the age. The coronation of the Kings of Portugal was abolished a long time ago, and in its place was substituted the ceremony of Acclamation. This takes place in the Chamber of Deputies in the presence of both Houses and all the dignitaries of the realm. It is not altogether destitute of religious sanction, for the King takes the oath to observe the Constitution on a Missal on which is placed a Crucifix. This ceremony the youthful Senhor Dom Manuel II., has gone through and has been acclaimed with the greatest possible enthusiasm as the most high, puissant, and faithful King of Portugal. He has made an excellent impression upon his people by his courageous bearing. After the acclamation he made a speech in which a long list of proposed legislative measures was given; but that which gave the greatest satisfaction was the solemn assurance which he gave that his government was determined to return to constitutionalism again and never to deviate from its paths. It is proposed, however, to make some changes in the Constitution.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

PATRONS of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* may rest assured that they have made a good investment, though some of their brethren in the faith, tainted with the blight of worldliness, may have expressed their misgivings in a salient way. A most cordial endorsement of this American enterprise has been published in the *Irish Theological Quarterly* from the pen of the Rev. Walter McDonald, D.D., a veteran professor at Maynooth. It is in part as follows:

The *Catholic Encyclopedia* is a splendid work; a credit and a joy to all English-speaking Catholics. I congratulate the editors and publishers heartily, and wish them a sale as extensive as they deserve. I recommend . . . priests and laity, who take an intelligent interest in their religion—its doctrines, past history, and present condition, the great men by whom it was made what it is—to procure this work. If they have influence with public libraries, they will serve the Catholic cause by seeing that it is purchased for the use of non-Catholics, as also for those of our brethren who cannot afford to procure it for themselves.

* * *

Do Catholics want a Catholic paper? asks the Newark *Monitor*, and answering itself says: Sometimes we doubt it. And it is not without reason we doubt it. We look around us and we see the welcome accorded the secular press; we cannot help but notice how eagerly Catholic people purchase the daily papers. We glance through these papers, and, alas! we find many of them but a tissue of scandals, sensations, gross exaggerations, false principles. Some of them are so unclean that they are not fit reading for any Christian eyes; some of them are deliberately designed to carry their foul message into the hearts and homes of the people. Most of them are not proper reading to put into the hands of children. And yet our Catholic people eagerly buy them, read them, carry them to their homes, hand them to their little ones, spread their contagion, inoculate their friends and associates with their virus.

But when it comes to subscribing for a Catholic paper, how slow these erstwhile eager hands are to pay the price. It is for the most part dry reading; it has none of the exaggerated flavor of the scandal or the crime; it does not flatter with silly praise, or pander to self-love, or foolishly dismiss all responsibility and open the door to ease, to pleasure, to wilfulness, to sin. It tells of things that are sweet and pure, it teaches the beauty of self-repression; it speaks of holy doctrines with becoming gravity. It dares to tell the truth; it protests against the wild opinions and false principles that men eagerly drink in, because they excuse or palliate human wickedness.

But under present conditions in our country, is it not a simple duty for a Catholic to take into his home a Catholic paper? A Catholic paper is a whiff of the pure air of heaven. It brings with it life and health. What better missionary labor may any Catholic do than to spread Catholic papers? They are the most practical antidote to the poison of the daily press. The danger to Catholic faith and morals is not from sectarian pulpits. That day is past. The biggest pulpit of our time is the press; the danger is from the press. Every Catholic that buys a secular paper erects a pulpit of error in his home; for the papers are not satisfied with giving us the news and corresponding comment; but they insist on giving us our theology and our creed. They take our conscience into their keeping. Time and eternity belong to them. Every issue is a creed. And the creed changes with every edition. Who can doubt the absolute necessity of the Catholic press? What home is secure without a Catholic paper? We must meet pulpit with pulpit. We must meet paper with paper. We must sow truth without ceasing, for the missions of error are countless.

* * *

Four years ago, through the generosity of the Knights of Columbus, a Chair of American History and Institutions was established in the Catholic University of America, and Charles Hallan McCarthy, of Philadelphia, was summoned to fill it.

In the May number of *The Catholic University Bulletin*, Professor McCarthy tells of the progress of this department. It was slow at the outset. At present twenty-seven men, earnest and intelligent, are engaged in serious work, and several of them give promise of great strength in their specialty.

The most notable of these is Matthew J. Walsh, who was a student of Holy Cross College. American History was his major and Sociology and the Principles of Education his minor branches. He won his degree of Ph.D. after a brilliant examination in June, 1907. During the six months following, he made courses not offered by the Catholic University, at Columbia and Johns Hopkins. Dr. Walsh was ordained to the priesthood in January, 1908, and is now instructor in history and economics at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Knights of Columbus expected as a result of their foundation monographs and books on phases of American History of especial interest to Catholics. Dr. Walsh has completed a work on *The Political Status of Catholics in Colonial Maryland*, which will soon appear. Several other students of this department have written excellent magazine articles on like topics.

The department is beginning another division of its work in promoting the equipment in American History of teachers in Catholic schools of every grade. It prefers, of course, to have such teachers in attendance at the lectures, this being the most advantageous method of instruction; but it is prepared to direct the readings of teachers at a distance in four separate studies. The courses in American constitutional history are being attended by a number of men who are establishing themselves as lawyers.

Another valuable service being rendered by this department is in revision or suggestion on popular books submitted by non-Catholic publishers.

The new department began with a meager equipment. This has gradually been increased by the unsolicited gifts of friends of distinguished patriotism and knowledge of American History and institutions. The Knights of Columbus have every reason to be gratified by the progress of the department; and to expect that it will be heard from to constantly increasing advantage as the years go by.

* * *

Genuine learning is much appreciated at Rome by Pope Pius X. and his advisers. The Abbé Gasquet has won many deserved tributes of praise for critical scholarship in the field of history, and has been placed in charge of the new edition of the Latin Vulgate. The letter written by the Holy Father to Mgr. É. Le Camus on the occasion of his work upon *The Apostles* admirably appreciates the method followed. The following passage from the Papal letter is very significant:

You deserve a special praise for your constant care, in explaining Holy Writ, to adhere to that method, which, through respect for the truth and the honor of the Catholic doctrine, should absolutely be adhered to under the guidance of the Church. For as we must condemn the temerity of those who, having more regard for novelty than for the teaching authority of the Church, do not hesitate to adopt a method of criticism altogether too free, so we should not approve the attitude of those who in no way dare to depart from the usual exegesis of Scripture even when, faith not being at stake, the real advancement of learning requires such departure. You follow a wise middle course, and by your example show that there is nothing to be feared for the Sacred Books from the true progress of the art of criticism—nay, that a beneficial light may be derived from it, provided its use be coupled with a wise and prudent discernment.—*Letter of Pius X., dated January 11, 1906.*

The impression made by the letter may be gathered from the following extract from *L'Univers:*

The importance of the Pontifical document can escape no one. It outlines clearly the correct mean to be taken between the dangerous extravagances of hypercritical exegesis and the regrettable stubbornness of an exegesis anchored in old positions which it is no longer possible to defend. The highest authority in the Church does not hesitate to propose Mgr. Le Camus as one of the models to be followed in the wisely progressive movement of Catholic exegesis, a movement which can be a cause of fear only to souls that are timid because not sufficiently aware of the situation. Pius X. expresses the desire to see true exegesis go forward and make use of [all that the most modern Scripture science has to offer for the defence of the Sacred Books, even though it be necessary to sacrifice as no longer tenable a good number of apologetic positions of the past. The document will naturally cause a profound sensation.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill. Illustrated. Pp. ix.-498. Price $1.50.

ROBERT APPLETON COMPANY, New York:

Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. III.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

The Popes and Science. By James J. Walsh, M.D. Pp. 400. Price $2 net. *Pioneer Priests of North America 1642-1710.* By the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J. Pp. xvi.-333. Price $1.60.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:

Priest and Parson; or, Let Us be One. By Rev. James H. Fogarty. Pp. 341.

FATHERS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, New York:

The Eucharistic Heart of Jesus. Readings for the Month of June. Pp. 476.

THE ARCADIA PRESS, New York:

A Little Land and a Living. By Bolton Hall. Pp. 287.

GEORGE THIELL LONG, New York:

That Man From Wall Street. A Story of the Studios. By Ruth Everett. Pp. 360. Price $1.50.

CATHOLIC STANDARD & TIMES, Philadelphia:

A Missionary's Note-Book. By Rev. R. W. Alexander. Illustrated. Pp. 181. Price $1 net.

NAZARETH TRADE SCHOOL, Farmingdale, L. I.:

Poems. By Edward Basil. Pp. 85.

FLOYD-GENTHER PRESS, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Barham Beach. A Poem of Regeneration. By Julia Ditto Young. Pp. 137.

PITTSBURGH CARNEGIE LIBRARY, Pittsburgh:

Classified Catalogue of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh 1902–1906. Part IV. History and Travel—Collected Biography, Individual Biography.

PERSONAL HELP PUBLISHING COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa:

The Real Bryan. Being Extracts from the Speeches and Writings of "A Well-Rounded Man." Compiled by R. L. Metcalfe. Pp. 320.

ABBEY STUDENT PRESS, Atchison, Kansas:

The Bells of Atchison: And Other Poems. By Rev. Andrew Green, O.S.B. Paper. Pp. viii.-125. Price 75 cents.

E. T. CLARKE & CO., Reading, Mass.:

Valuable Organ Information. By William H. Clarke. Paper. Price 50 cents.

T. FISHER UNWIN, London:

Father Alphonsus. By H. A. Hinkson. Pp. viii.-283. Price 6*s*.

M. H. GILL & SON, Dublin:

Harmonics. "De Deo": Being Wreaths of Song from a Course of Divinity. By Rev. T. J. O'Mahony, D.D. Pp. 80. Paper. Price 1*s*.

P. LETHELLIEUX, Paris:

L'Âme d'un Grand Chrétien. Esprit et Foi du Louis Veuillot. Par G. Gerceau. Pp. 344. Price 3 *fr*. 50. *Tribulations d'un Vieux Chanoine.* Par Lion Joly. Pp. 316. Price 3 *frs*. *Derniers Mélanges. Pages d'Histoire Contemporaine, 1873-1877.* By Louis Veuillot. Pp. xii.-623. Price 6 *frs*. *Le Plan de la Franc–Maçonnerie en Italie et en France.* Par Léon Dehon. Pp. 107. Price 1 *fr*.

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris:

Œuvres Sociales des Femmes. Par Paul Acker. Pp. x.-287. Price 3 *fr*. 50.

GUSTAVO GILI, Barcelona:

Santa Teresa de Jesús. By P. Jaime Pons, S.J. Pp. 95. *La Iglesia y El Obrero.* By P. E. Guitart, S.J. Pp. 296. Price *ptas*. 2'50. *Las Confradias y Congregaciones Eclesiasticas.* By R. P. Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. Pp. viii.-211. Price *ptas*. 2. *Los Esponsales y el Matrimonio.* By R. P. Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. Pp. 226. Price *ptas*. 2. *La Crazada de la Buena Prensa.* Pp. 357. Price *ptas* 3'50. *San Juan. Estudio Critico-Exegetico Sobre el Cuarto Evangelio.* By P. L. Murillo, S.J. Pp. 568. Price *ptas*. 10.

EXAMINER PRESS, Bombay:

First Book on Our Lady. By Earnest R. Hull, S.J. Pp. vi.-47. Paper. Price 6*d*.

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ELIZABETHAN CATHOLICS AND THEIR ALLEGIANCE:

SOME SKIRMISHING THOUGHTS.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

I.

IT is fairly certain that an honest body of people were never in a worse pickle than the English Catholics nearing the middle of Elizabeth's reign. Everything was against them. As we know, for nearly a half-century the island kingdom had been driven and lured by her rulers (not going gladly of her own accord, as some other countries did), first into schism, and then into heresy. The Holy See necessarily and naturally took note of the lapse and proceeded to punish it. Pope Paul III. excommunicated and deposed Henry VIII.; St. Pius V. excommunicated and deposed Elizabeth. Surely no one will contest that both these royal personages richly predeserved the dreadful spiritual penalty of excommunication? Deposition, whereby a prince is branded as unworthy to claim longer his princely right to the people's obedience, was a temporal penalty, another matter altogether. Now, both depositions fell flat: no attention was paid to them, from the first, by even the most devoted Catholics! The truth is, that the time for regulation of just this sort, which had been so useful and providential through the Middle Ages, had passed. To use a very homely figure,

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one might say that the childhood of Europe had gone by, and that her father could not see it was so, but kept on out of sheer accustomed fatherhood, issuing orders touching affairs which she was now perfectly competent to manage for herself.

As with individuals, so with states: when feelings are aroused and unsubdued, philosophical conduct is out of the question. The English crown was not only headstrong and angry, but in a wicked, unfilial mood, and the Papacy, though extraordinarily patient, was exacting obedience of a kind never meant to be paid again. Almighty God, who has secured the Church from error in her universal dealings with souls, may leave churchmen to their own devices and errors in any particular dealing with one person, or one nation. The great Elizabeth had sizable shortcomings, and so had her strong, tricky counselors, besides being a great deal harder and narrower than she; but to Catholic Englishmen she was still their Queen, and her counselors were still the Government. She was not reigning as her father's lineal third heir, which she was not, but on the authority of Parliament, which had taken pains to confirm King Henry's will, and to set the remote, though legitimate, heirs aside. The Pope, to whom Christian morality seemed much more important than English law, saw fit to declare her accursed, and to tell her subjects that they were released from their duties towards her. He did so only because he believed she was still a Catholic, and that, therefore, her correction was, so to speak, his proper business. She had declared herself such before she became Queen, though her sincerity was suspected; and her Coronation Oath was the ancient Catholic one, in which she swore to defend the ancient faith. Moreover, she first declared war on the Holy Father: a point to remember. Pope Paul IV. was quite willing to acknowledge her parliamentary right to reign, despite the taint on her birth, now that Katharine of Aragon's sad daughter was dead, had Elizabeth only favored him with an official notification of her accession. She deliberately refrained from this common, age-long courtesy. The Queen was the pioneer of defiance, not the Pope the pioneer of interference. The breach with Rome was finally accomplished by one all-significant *bêtise.*

One Pope deposed Elizabeth with no least intention of introducing anarchy and murder into the English commonwealth; and another Pope made a further move towards finding an acceptable hand to grasp the scepter when it fell: he recommended King Philip the Second of Spain to the support of those in England who were true to the old religion. Now Philip was not so "foreign" as he might be; for had he not been crowned in England? had he not reigned five years as King, not as Prince Consort only when he married Elizabeth's elder half-sister, Queen Mary Tudor? But he was a disagreeable sort of champion to the vast majority of English Catholics; he had no claim of blood relationship to their ancient royal line; and (what really counts more than codes or cannon in such enterprises) he had neither the character nor the personal charm which would win over those who were in doubt which way to turn. Philip, in short, was not a fit.

The Queen's Privy Council was frantic with rage at what seemed to them intolerable meddling, and the most painful differences of opinion arose at once among the Catholics themselves, who were all equally eager to see the faith restored in its unity. One party, much the larger but not the louder, thought that a moral arousing was all that was needed to bring a coerced people back to what they still loved in their hearts; and to further such a moral arousing they were willing to lay down their lives. The other party (though they would not have expressed it quite thus) wished to leave nothing to the workings of Providence; they would manage all the details themselves, and make sure with their own eyes of all the results. Therefore, these desired another ruler in their hopeless Queen's stead, who, though of alien race and rearing, would at least safeguard the liberty of their consciences and the welfare of their religion. To posterity such designs are plainly "wicked." (We may, however, observe in passing that the very same move, with an exactly parallel motive, was made when Dutch William, and the far more astonishing Hanoverian George after him, were set by Protestant accord upon a throne not theirs: and nobody now sees the least wickedness in that!)

The Elizabethan "Papists" who would win, as one of them claimed, "by prayers and tears," and their brethren of the household who believed in pikes, were both well-meaning, unselfish, and even, in differing measure, heroic. A point never, perhaps, sufficiently brought out is that the "spaniolates," as Sir Philip Sidney delightfully and censoriously calls them, were not Englishmen in England, but Englishmen in exile for their religion, or, to use the phrase of the time, "over seas for their conscience." Morton, Sander, Allen, Bristow, Parsons, all of them good men, and two of them great men, were out of their racial focus, owing to long residence abroad. Their point of view became much too abstract, cosmopolitan, poetical, for the particular circumstance of one stormy isle. The better critics were the population on the spot. They differed from their superiors, and their difference carried the day. Communication was exceedingly difficult; a despatch from Rome to London, and back again, took at least three months in transit. Besides, there was then, as there is now, enormous divergence on every issue, between the few of the race who did the hard thinking, and the many who did, not contrary hard thinking, but no thinking at all! who liked things best as they are, rather than as they ought to be; who regulated every compromise by standing quite still, or by ceding three-eighths of an inch; who set the precedent (to the astonishment of the hot and thorough going Latins!) of Protestanism not so very Protestant, and revolutions not so very revolutionary. Willy-nilly, they had Queen Elizabeth; and being English, they kept her. The would-be agitators, far away, had every excuse for their mistaken theorizing; but they made unspeakable trouble for the conservative body at home. They were themselves goaded into action by the original tyranny of the State, and they awoke reprisals from the State which were far worse than anything which went before.

II.

What we call patriotism was not known, in old times, in the sense in which we use it. It had never been in Greece or Rome so large and definite an ideal as it became beside the throne of Anne Boleyn's daughter. Families held together in the beginning, as they had to do, to live: then clans or tribes held together; then men and women of one country, with a broadening sympathy and policy, held together; if the tendency should work itself out, some day all civilized states will hold together, in Tennyson's famous dream of "the federation of the world." The ages of chivalry, when power was in few hands, kept "nationalism" from the birth; the ages of commerce were to beget it and foster it.

History is always showing us how unfit any great idea is to be let loose in a community, unless it takes up the right relationship to the arch-Idea, which is the law of God. Otherwise, even though good in itself, it works nothing but havoc. The Reformation turned Merry England into John Bull. That swollen person started up strongly, with an original inspiration to put art, awe, religion, and all lovely things to flight. An inherited fever of self-importance fell upon Queen Elizabeth, and was fed by the most extraordinary flattery and shameless servility of her subjects, all through her life. A fever of self-importance also fell upon her people. This was in the designs of Providence, and harmed nobody. It was part of the growth of nationalism; and the Catholics, like the rest, shared it. But what marked them off from the rest was this: that they were sane and not drunken enthusiasts about it; that they knew it was not ordained to send everything else in both worlds to the rightabout; and above all, that it should not constrain the Christian Church, which is a cosmopolitan thing, and cannot be taught to pray *Pater meus* instead of *Pater noster*.

The Elizabethan Catholics always claimed that they and they alone knew what real loyalty meant: a loyalty held in place not by the things under it, such as interest, force, custom, or caution, but by the things over it, such as the God-given principles of obedience to authority and love of order. And they were right; it is not too much to say that their presence helped enormously to temper and fix the Englishness of modern England, and make it intelligent and impassioned. They are the only body of people who ever suffered or died by thousands to make the meaning of civic allegiance perfectly plain; and they did not fail in their strange and sad task.

The officials in charge of the executions were fond of asking our martyrs, clerical and lay, to pray for the Queen; then, when they one and all heartily had done so, came the sly dig: "Which Queen?" as if they must necessarily have made a mental reservation in favor of Mary Stuart. To this replies of infinite patience were made. Edmund Campion named "Elizabeth, your Queen and my Queen"; Edmund Genings called her "my dear anointed Princess"; Ralph Sherwin said: "My Lord God make [Elizabeth Queen] His servant in this life, and after this life co-heir with Jesus Christ!" They objected that he meant to make her a Papist. "God forbid otherwise!" he answered. The old chronicle adds that he was "somewhat smiling." A merry gallant saint's heart was in Ralph Sherwin.

One is continually driven to observe that the Catholics had all the humor, and all the sincerity.

Not genuine religious zeal of any kind, but rank and simple "jingoism," the spirit of the maturing nation, drove faithful Englishmen to their death; or rather, let us blame the mistaken idea of the demands of that spirit, aided and abetted by the sour fanatics who took their theological leaven from Geneva. Yet a patriotism which began with such crimes, never suffered a jot because of them, so far as Catholic co-operation was concerned. It was the popular feeling of all classes which in the end barred Mary Queen of Scots, the illustrious prisoner who was "the second person in the realm," and whose accession would have meant the dominant influence of France. And next to the great winds which were serviceable at need, it barred Philip from putting the northern islands under the proud yoke of Spain. Some fifty years after a Spanish invasion was first rumored and feared, came the great Armada, blessed and indulgenced like a Crusade of old. Where were all the cruelly treated Catholics, cleric and lay, lords and commons, supposed to be much more than ready to welcome their deliverer? They were rushing to the defence of sovereign and country, with tongue, influence, purse, and sword! just as they had done of old, just as they were to do again. A certain bold spirit, "the Pope's captain, Sir Ralph Shelley," had blurted out beforehand that he "would rather drink poison with Themistocles than see the ruin of my country." But on the whole there was little talk; it was all deed. One crucial event proved that the corrective Papal Bulls, the careful international diplomacies, and all, were a dead letter, so perfectly had it come to be understood that to live her life thenceforth at all, England, for better or worse, must cleave to Elizabeth.

III.

Almost the cruellest thing about the trials of our martyrs throughout the long reign, was the putting of catch questions connected with that unforgotten Bull which John Felton had nailed up in London in the May of 1570. The examiner would inquire, sometimes while the victim was on the rack, what would be the latter's opinion or course of action if a Papal force should land in England to free the suffering Church? Father Pollen has written, in regard to this, that the foul play lay, not in putting such a question, but in putting it with a murderous intent: in "compelling your controversial adversary as it were to give an answer satisfactory to yourself, and in killing him if he should fail." The only reply the examiner would accept, would be, of course, one completely hostile: such an unconditioned statement as: "I would fight against any Pope to the death." It is to be noted that such replies as Blessed Luke Kirby's on the scaffold, desiring that God might protect the Queen against the Pope, if the Pope acted wrongly, had no effect in saving his life, nor did he intend any concession. "There was no escape," adds Father Pollen, "from offending the prejudices both of the Queen and the Puritan mob. It was no use to say that you would fight against the Pope when he was the unjust aggressor, for the Puritans considered him as Antichrist," one who could be nothing but unjust, and must be, in any case, put down. "And Elizabeth held that neither the Church nor conscience had any rights that could be justly defended against her."

There is a canon not always obeyed, but worthy to be written in letters of gold, which discourages mention of the shortcomings of a work of art before those who are unable to appreciate its beauties. Now the martyrs put us in mind of it. They could not possibly criticise or contemn any real or imaginary deed of the existing Pope before such an audience as the one they were facing, which hated and defied the primacy of Peter. Or, to recur to our first figure, children inconvenienced, or threatened with inconvenience by their father, to whom they are bound by natural affection and reverence, would be vile children if they called their father a beast, let us say, in the company of his greatest enemies: much more so if there were really no inconvenience, but only a suggestion proffered that he might sometime create one. That "bloody question," as it was called, and its answer, resolved themselves into nothing less than a test of family feeling. Were there a chance for any statement to be heard out, and calmly considered, it might have been different. But it is common sense to be sparing of words when no multiplication of them will make you better understood. The hour was too hot a one for explanations. Either you called your father a beast, and inclined his enemies to let you off (complimenting you on your brains), or else you refused to blaspheme him, even though convinced he was not acting wisely on one point, and ran risk of speedy destruction. Words had to be weighed well, because they slid out of their context: that is, their meaning was denied any connection with what they tried to express, but hinged only on what was filling the minds of the hostile hearers of them. The martyrs met this monstrous quibble about taking sides in case of an invasion in the spirit of truth, and with the most manly assertion of personal liberty. Three of their neutral-sounding recorded answers will serve: "I should hope to do what is right." "When it cometh, it will be time enough to act." "As God shall put us in mind, so shall I do." It was on a point of honor, in the highest sense, that they lost their lives.

With what ache of spirit must the Catholics have nursed their incredible, their superhuman loyalty to Queen and country! How often they must have thought, half wistfully, of those early Christians, whose torments were not greater than theirs, and whose arraignment for the very same cause was so much simpler! To worship or not to worship Cæsar—what a definite business it is when put that way! what plain sailing! For the Elizabethan persecution, in warp and woof, was of the immemorial pagan brand. Men, to be "honest," must bow down to the material and concrete authority alone, and have no ideal more supernatural than good citizenship. Christ's Vicar was not wanted, as Christ Himself had not been wanted. There was no developed counter-religion with counter-claims: few will now maintain that there was anything in what began to be called the "received religion," the "true religion," or the "Queen's religion," save excision and negation of Papistry. It was simply the case of State enraged against Church, as in the year 33 A. D.; and nominally beating it. "If thou let this man go," as the Jews said to Pilate, "thou art not Cæsar's friend: for whosoever maketh himself a King, speaketh against Cæsar." One can never sufficiently admire the clear-headedness of all our Catholic forbears in that ruthless and astute century. They stuck to the point, when the point was abominably muddled by those who sought their lives, and never lost sight of the main issues. They stand out in the Three Kingdoms as scholars might, against the background of a half-educated rabble, giving the same exact definition again and again, only to see some new irrelevancy slur it and snow it under. One instance just referred to, with its sequel, will serve as well as twenty. It is an account condensed from the old-fashioned but sober and trusty pages of Challoner, themselves founded on original documents. Blessed Luke Kirby, he tells us, was taken from the hurdle in company with Blessed William Filby.

> Mr. Filby being beheaded, as the manner is, the executioner lifting up his head between his hands and crying "God save the Queen!" Mr. Kirby said "*Amen.*" And he being asked what Queen—(mark the insulting inference repeated!)—he answered, "Queen Elizabeth," to whom he prayed God to send a long and prosperous reign, and to preserve her from her enemies. Mr. Charke the minister bade him say "from the Pope's curse and power." Mr. Kirby replied: "If the Pope levy war against her or curse her unjustly, God preserve her from him also!" Being examined, he said that the excommunication of Pius V. was a matter of fact wherein the Pope might err: "the which I do leave to himself to answer for." . . . "Notwithstanding, I do acknowledge to my Queen as much duty and authority as ever I did to Queen Mary, or as any subject in France, Spain, or Italy doth acknowledge to his King or prince." Here Richard Topcliffe, a master figure in the persecution, broke in with an amazing remark: "Tut! if they all be traitors, will you be traitor too?" To which Mr. Kirby answered: "What! be they all traitors? God forbid! For if they all be traitors, then all our ancestors have been traitors likewise!" Then Martin the Sheriff reminded him "that the Queen would take him to her mercy, so he would confess his duty towards her and forsake that man of Rome." . . . Who answered that to deny the Pope's authority was denying a point of the Faith, which he would not do for saving his life. Then was it tendered him that if he would but confess his fault and ask the Queen forgiveness, she would yet be merciful to him. He answered . . . he could not confess that whereof he was innocent, neither ask forgiveness where no offence was committed against her Majesty.

(This charge was one of the most imaginary of historical bogeys, the "conspiracy" of Rheims and Rome, invented first by Walsingham against Campion.) An eye-witness writes:

> Immediately after the cart was drawn away from Mr. Kirby, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Cottam, priests and graduates, were brought together to look upon him while he was

> hanging . . . and the head being cut off, they held it up, saying: "God save the Queen!" and [Mr. Richardson] being demanded what he said, [answered]: "I say *Amen*: I pray God save her." And farther he said: "I am come hither to die for treason: and I protest before God I am not guilty of any treason more than all Catholic Bishops that ever were in this land since the conversion thereof to our time: were they alive, they might as well be executed for treason as I am now." Putting the rope about his neck, the Sheriff said: "Now, Richardson, if thou wilt confess thy fault and renounce the Pope, . . . thou shalt be carried back again." Mr. Richardson answered: "I thank her Majesty for her mercy; but I must not confess an untruth, nor renounce my Faith." Then [Mr. Cottam] was turned backwards to look upon Mr. Richardson, who was then in quartering: which he did, saying: "Lord Jesus! have mercy upon them!" and "O Lord! give me grace to endure unto the end." . . . And then the head of Mr. Richardson was held up, by the executioner, who said, as the custom is: "God save the Queen!" To which Mr. Cottam said: "I beseech God to save her and bless her: and with all my heart I wish her prosperity, as my liege and sovereign and chief governess." They willed him to say: "and Supreme Head in matters ecclesiastical." To whom he answered: "If I would have put in those words, I had been discharged almost two years since." Then the Sheriff said: "You are a traitor if you deny that." Mr Cottam said: "No, that is a matter of faith. . . . My conscience giveth me a clear testimony that I never offended her." Adding, that he wished her as much good as to his own soul, and for all the gold under the cope of heaven, he would not wish that any one hair of her head should perish to do her harm . . . and desiring God of His mercy, that He would turn His wrath from this people, and call them to repentance. And . . . the cart was driven away.

Such was the witnessing of four friends of God and of one another, on the thirtieth day of May, 1582. It is the best possible illustration of the feeling of every Catholic in the land except a very few poor addle-headed and unimportant extremists. Sweeter behavior than that of these seminary priests done to death in their prime on that spring morning, was never seen on a scaffold: for bravery and steadfastness, for a certain deliberate courtesy in the teeth of horrible circumstance, a courtesy which is perfectly epic, almost too beautiful to be true, they hold the palm against the heroes of the Tyrol and the Vendée, against Lucas and Lisle at Colchester, or the Jacobite lords of the '45. Yet what non Catholic schoolboy has ever heard of them?

Observe how these men, like all their fellows, and as a matter of course, harked back at the bar and on the scaffold to their long spiritual ancestry. Hear Campion, the splendid spokesman, on a November afternoon in Westminster Hall, the moment after the prejudged verdict of Guilty had been given.

> The only thing that we have now to say is, that if our religion do make us traitors, we are worthy to be condemned! but otherwise we are, and have been, as true subjects as ever the Queen had. In condemning us you condemn all your own ancestors, all the ancient priests, Bishops, and Kings, all that was once the glory of England, the island of saints, and the most devoted child of the See of Peter. For what have we taught (however you may qualify it with the odious name of treason), that they did not uniformly teach? To be condemned with these old lights, not of England only, but of the world, by their degenerate descendants, is both gladness and glory to us. God lives. Posterity will live. Their judgment is not so liable to corruption as that of those who are now going to sentence us to death.

The train of thought here is entirely typical of the Elizabethan Catholics, whereas the whole attitude of their persecutors was that of men mad with fury that an Englishman should dare connect himself either with the world at large, or with his country's own abjured yesterday. Small affection for "continuity" do we find in old days, except among the "Romans." ("How do you mean, a 'Roman'?" said the martyr Franciscan, Arthur Bell, in 1643: "I am an Englishman! There is but one Catholic Church: of that I am a member.") Only the hunted Papists then claimed a chartered descent from the Middle Ages, to which no other body so much as dreamed of setting up a rival claim.

IV.

The first statutes against the saying or hearing of Mass are dated 1559, the second of Elizabeth. Everything hinged on that: to quote the most famous phrase in all Mr. Birrell's far-seeing witty pages, "it was the Mass that mattered." Yet one cannot fail to be struck by the fact that all through the reign, in the arrests, arraignments, mock-trials, and executions, and even in the apostacies and reprieves, we hear comparatively little of the Mass, as compared with the Pope. The latter loomed large in the eyes of the materialistic statesmen and the time-serving Puritan clergy who were constraining the people. Hatred, like love, is a born personifier. It was easier to attack by name the concrete figurehead of the Church Militant, than to argue over its one great mystical function. Yet every student knows that the true storm-center was the Mass: that the word, as noun or adjective, stood as the target for all the contumely of all the reformers. Cecil, Bacon, and Walsingham felt that it must be thoroughly gagged and smothered. It was the key of the whole situation. Until belief in the sacrificial idea and devotion to it were killed, or permanently alienated, nothing could be done towards the remodelling of the realm. The shortest cut to the desired object was to drive the realm to forswear the Mass-nurturing Petrine succession to which, for a thousand years, England had been uniquely loyal. The only way effectually to prevent Mass, was to cut off the priesthood at the hierarchic fountain head. Nothing can be clearer than that the doctrine and honor of the Blessed Eucharist and the protective jurisdiction of the Holy See must indeed have been well linked together in the minds of those who first struck at one through the other. No more ordinations of Englishmen according to the ancient rite, meant no more "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." To find so much as a stole or paten in a man's possession was enough whereby to impeach him as a "Mass priest," therefore a traitor. Nevertheless, what would he have dinned into him, night and day, until he happily went "to where beyond these voices there is peace"? Was it—the Mass? Not at all: it was the Pope, "that man of Rome."

Mr. Simpson, Campion's learned and brilliant biographer, a Catholic who had anything but a Papalistic bias, says:

> In the midst of the blind passions of the moment it appeared necessary to force men to renounce the Mass, in order to demonstrate to the Pope how little authority he had over the succession of the English crown; and the establishment of heresy by civil violence seemed the natural answer to the attempt to control the civil succession to the crown by ecclesiastical power.

Mr. Simpson's point of view is that the meddling of the Roman Curia forced the formation of the Penal Laws. This is to day a quite untenable position, whether we regard recently published documentary evidence, or study the Queen's own complex character. From her very coronation day, she showed an antipathy to the Mass which her royal father, in his will, had most solemnly charged upon his heirs to have offered for his soul's repose "forever." Under her personal warrant, and progressively by the statutes, it became "treason" to say Mass, however privately (save only in the ambassadorial chapels in London, where it had to be winked at); "treason" also to assist at it; "treason" to harbor or befriend a priest; "treason" to go abroad to study or be ordained; and "treason" to return to one's fatherland to exercise priestly functions; and for these various "treasons" generations, chiefly of the gentle class, suffered either quick death on the gallows, or slow death in the dungeon! For very shame's sake, as the "Mass-priests," with their lay sympathizers, men and women, came by pairs and by scores before the magistrates, to be fined, imprisoned, racked, and murdered, political offences were trumped up against them. But State Papers are in print nowadays; we have only to glance at them to get at the truth of history. "If you are a priest," said Walsingham himself in 1589, near the end of his harsh life, to the martyr George Nichols of Oxford, "you are of a certainty a traitor." "Your reconciling was by a Romish priest, and therefore treason," said Justice Gandy, a kind man, to Mr. John Rigby, a Lancashire gentleman hanged in 1600. "In your Catholicism all treason is contained!" was shouted at Campion, twenty years earlier. Nothing could be more satisfactory than this continuous plain-speaking. So much of it has at all times stared a reader in the face, that the failure of historians to take account of it in the past becomes one of the curiosities of literature: or of logic!

V.

Certain queries must often have darted into the minds of impartial persons with no *odium theologicum:*

> Where were the "Catholic-minded" Anglicans? Is not freedom from State interference their own ideal? Do they not believe in the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar? Were they not then, as they are now, in practically the same doctrinal boat? Was it not for principles dear to others beside themselves that the English "Romans" were swung in felons' halters, or cast to rot in noisome holes? Then why did not the High-Church party give trouble too, and either protect the allied spirits from harm, or perish with them for the same cause?

Such queries are natural, and not blameworthy. The only fault to find with them is that they have not a leg to stand upon: no premise, in fact. The High-Church party neither helped us nor harmed us, because there was no High-Church party! That is the Catholic tradition, and that is the historical fact.

One may hold as much, and yet be very far from regarding the great modern Oxford Movement as an up-bubbling of something new and underived. High Anglicanism, in a restricted sense, has been all along in touch with the pre-Reformation remnant in England: in sub-conscious emotional touch, as it were, though never in intellectual touch. Has the theory ever been broached that its followers are really "overlooked" Catholics, Catholics in a state of orphanage, Catholics who are moral somnambulists? It is wronging all the laws of spiritual ethnology to lump them, as some among us are still prone to do, with Protestants pure and simple. May they not have had a far more pathetic origin? For how few welcomed of their own accord that great religious upheaval, long ago? How many (as becomes more and more evident as researches go forward) only ceded to terrible pressure, and with chattering teeth? Submitting to the Tudor changes in anything but a hearty way, how inevitably must these have taken in and along with them their disintegrating faith, like hillside soil carried by a stream? And that sentiment or sediment has meant a great deal, every now and then, to the history of the country. It lay wholly submerged in the days of Elizabeth, as in the days of Anne; yet in between, a hidden volcanic action had lifted it high in the days of the first Charles; and after a long, dreary subsidence it rose again, and began to form wonderful islands and archipelagoes, before the accession of Victoria.

As the typical Roman Catholic in England comes from the Elizabethan who held out, paid the fines, lost all, and saw his sons cut off from education, property, profession, and public service; as the typical Evangelical comes from the Elizabethan who eagerly hugged every foreign heresy, and throve on the fat of the land without one scrupulous afterthought; so the typical High-Churchman is a soul-descendant of that Elizabethan, the forgotten third brother, who conformed, heartsick, to the Oath of Supremacy and the Act of Uniformity. The English Church Union is full at this moment of "veray parfit gentil" Catholics, who lack nothing, so to speak, but the everything which their lost occidentation is, before God and man. Mr. Kensit would be rapturously recognized at sight by Archbishop Grindal, the whole Privy Council of 1570–80, and all other paladins of the "received Religion." As for Lord Halifax, he would be, if not precisely recognized, yet looked at very hard indeed by some lean lay Papist squinting from his slit of window in the Marshalsea or the Fleet, or by some aging prelate of the steadfast superseded hierarchy, pacing out his sad life under the trees of the stranger. There is in the Three Kingdoms to-day (excluding Nonconformists), a triple ecclesiastical succession, to those who have eyes to see. There is the mind that never has changed; the mind which changed once, and has stayed changed; and the mind which has never yet quite known what happened to it. It has spent its lifetime hunting, as it were, for the baptismal certificate which shall prove it the stepmother Church's one true offspring. Its faith, centuries ago, was vicariously renounced for it, yet not so much renounced as drugged and put to sleep. From it the true Mother was driven by brute force. When "a robbed people," as Cardinal Manning called his countrymen, stirs now, and cries, and would be comforted, a strange woman, whom statesmen lead to the cradle-side, claims it and calls it hers. Each awakening High Anglican consciousness is the child of the Church Universal founded by Christ and built on Peter till He comes again: not always does it find out that great fact, and by grace break away from the arms of a Church by Law Established!

But enough of metaphor and allegory. A critical study of the Catholic post-Reformation martyrs for a hundred odd years, from Storey and Mayne to Stafford and Plunket, is better than a folio of controversy to make certain confused issues plain. Our dear friends in the other camp might do well to ponder that master argument which the "English martyrs" are. To understand what they stood for, and why they died, is to understand a great deal of spiritual heraldry and genealogy. Our own attitude is a proud "non-juring" one. We may regret, but cannot disclaim, that to us High Anglicanism is at best a holy human instinct, not a divine *magisterium:* a homesickness, in short, but not even the shadow of a church. Devoted men bred in it are to-day pleading for Christian Unity, and for recognition of the full spiritual rights of the Apostolic See; their action is in itself the late beginnings of a perfect answer to many a prayer at Tyburn Tree. "Their reward is with them, and their work is before them."

VI.

That for nearly eighty years, despite their unique record, the best clergy in the Church of England, and in the Episcopal Church of America, have been decried as unfaithful to their religious trust, and have yet to fight out that not unexpected indictment as best they can, reminds us, by a contrary application, of what we have had to undergo ourselves; for not only in one country or age have Catholics been accused of being unfaithful to the State. Posterity, however, has a way of clearing them by unanimous verdict, clearing them completely and triumphantly. The national instance we have been considering is only one of many, though an extraordinarily interesting one. Had there been any practical psychology in the England of the later sixteenth century, the behavior of the Catholics, even in the first general crisis of 1588, must have been foreseen all along. As it turned out, that splendid, orderly, and reasoned display of allegiance was wasted, so far as appreciation of it was concerned: and the hangings and quarterings went merrily on after the Armada, even as they went on, with hardly dwindled ferocity and to the King's disgust, after the Restoration. The Protestant mind under Elizabeth was incapable of a judicial forecast; it studied nothing, gave no leeway, and above all, never listened. To say a thing loud and long, and to say it over and over, was to establish it as proven. This lovely characteristic of accusing, and then of incessantly re-accusing, by way of convicting, may be seen to finest advantage in the trial of the Jesuit Proto-martyr already often mentioned, the Blessed Edmund Campion. A more abominable "trial" was never known: as Hallam, Gairdner, and Canon Dixon have said in somewhat more judicial language. By a wildest swoop of the contemporary imagination, that politics-hating Oxford scholar, that exclusively spiritual soldier of Christ, was charged with "treason," charged with it as an afterthought, when he had already been caught, imprisoned, and racked. Of course not a scrap of verification could stick to such a burlesque charge, pushed forward at every angle, as it was, for several months. Yet at the final moment, when he was on the scaffold, a schoolmaster, a sudden coryphæus, stepped forth to read a proclamation before the too sympathetic crowd, that "these men" (that is, Campion himself, plus that boyish, straightforward person, Blessed Ralph Sherwin, and the angel of innocence and constancy, Blessed Alexander Briant) "do perish not for religion, but for treason." It is all immensely farcical—over three centuries afterwards!—and highly instructive. Yet think of what Campion's recent official disclaimer had been, borne out by his whole conduct and temper from first to last, as well as by every exterior circumstance.

> I acknowledged her Highness not only as my Queen, but as my most lawful governess. . . . I acknowledged her Majesty both *facto et jure*. . . . I confessed an obedience due to the Crown as to my temporal head and primate. This I said then: so I say now. If then I failed in aught, I am now ready to supply it. What would you more? I will willingly pay to her Majesty what is hers, yet I must pay to God what is His.

A man like this was the very man for the Council to keep alive, if necessary, by artificial respiration. With such a sense of balance, of proportion, of interrelationship, he would have proved, even in the most secluded life which he could have chosen, a very cornerstone and pillar of the shaken State: a guarantee in himself of all that Christian citizenship craves as its ideal. Well, there were thousands of men and women like this, and they were swept pell-mell into the royal dust-heap. Their crime was, at bottom, that they understood too well the full philosophy of their loyalty, and dared to hold it not only as a conviction, but as a passion.

It can surprise no serious student of human nature that a feeble percentage of the religious body to which they belonged sank into criminal conspiracies. Of true Catholics who had been told, for years on years, that they were outlawed and vile, some here and there rose to the occasion at last: they became outlawed and vile. Agonizing under the Penal Laws, men turned desperate, and jabbed in the dark at the forces which were breaking their brains and hearts. A feeble percentage they were at any time: but the real wonder is that every Recusant in the land did not follow their unhappy, though inconspicuous example! Babington, Throckmorton, and Guy Fawkes too —who is not sorry for them and for such as they? Who with any sort of comprehension of those bullying, hypocritical, hell-black years of the later English Reformation would not extend to them all the hand-clasp of forgiveness, and (what is surely more to them!) the wink of perfect human understanding?

WEST-COUNTRY IDYLLS.

BY H. E. P.

IV.

THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

THE posts at the entrance gate and the steps up to them are the smartest things about the manor house now. It has stood since the Doomsday survey and so perhaps it is time it was worn out, and there was probably a house there before. Like many of the old houses hereabouts, the native growing rock has been welded into the foundations, and runs high up in one place, nearly to the base of a window. The windows, like the house, have fallen on evil times. The old frames are of cut stone of the delightful Somerset pattern, so common, even in houses of much less pretension than this one. Square and solid, with simple moldings which suggest strength, the stone mullions hold glass perhaps nearly as old as themselves. The glass is tied together with the usual lead lattice, and over one window hangs a pink monthly-rose, which is rarely out of bloom, pass when you will. The old place is made into a pair of cottages now, for nobody wanted to live there, and the successful proprietor of the village shop bought it cheap, and cut it up to hold a couple of his customers. The roof is made of slabs of gray stone, a local stone which ages ago deft hands split into a substitute for slates. The rough surface of the stone makes a foothold for a velvet moss which spreads nearly across the gray roof; and yellow stonecrop, stunted for want of a fuller nourishment, gilds the edges of the slabs where they project above the green. An ash sapling has rooted itself higher up, and leans for support against one of the old chimneys. The top of the chimney is made into a crown—much as you build a well with playing-cards, by setting some of the roofing slabs on edge—and the light peeps through at every corner. Just where the roots of the sapling have forced the roof-slabs apart, a pair of starlings are going in and out; and even from the road I can hear the squealing of the family inside when the great fat grubs are carried in.

Down on the ground, that which was evidently once the lawn, has given place to a trim cabbage plantation, and the cabbages have ousted the flowers until they only hold to a strip on one side. Winter-ivy, as compact as a pincushion, sea-thrift dotted about among the stone edging, and holding up its pink flowers as gaily as if it were really at the seaside, a red and white daisy here and there—these and a big hydrangea, are all that are left of what was once as sunny and scented a garden as ever clustered round a sun-dial. "Flowers won't feed children," one of the tenants tells me, when I remark on their fewness, and the "green-stuff will last we all the winter."

I wander on past the old manor house, and as I leave it behind I wonder why all the light has gone out of it, and why, now that it is bowed down in its old age, it is treated with such contempt by a class of people its thick walls were never meant to harbor.

I cannot believe in the libel. Yet the villagers stick to it and the fact remains that no one would ever take the house, or if they took it, would stay there long. I can fancy the old place groaning to itself now that it has fallen so low in its last days. It remembers a time in the fourth Edward's reign, when its tenant—lord of the manor and a man who evidently felt the weight of all that lordship meant—petitioned the king for the right to erect a gallows at his own front door. He probably set up the fatal post between the two elms opposite; but whom he could have found to hang, or why he should want to hang any one, when there were so few in these parts, it puzzles the old house to think.

And then, too, the house has a neighbor—a neighbor that has lived beside it for years and years, and with whom it has always been the best of friends. They are separated only by a low stone wall, and a great yew tree half hides and half frames this next door friend. Centuries upon centuries has the parish church stood but a stone's throw from the manor house, and the manor has heard and seen all that has passed in and about it during these long ages.

It looked on when the Norman Conqueror's followers laid the foundation stone, and sheltered and fed on that happy day all who took part in that great affair.

It saw the building's birth. It watched it grow up stone by stone; saw the roof put on with similar gray slabs to its own; heard the hallowing, for the sound of the prayers could reach, so short is the distance. Then the bells from the tower rang out, one of which had a prayer to our Lady in letters on its lip, and one a prayer to St. Andrew, the patron of the diocese; and as the old manor heard them ring for the first time, it responded to the sound with a glad vibration. And so age by age, as they lived side by side, the sweet murmur of the Mass stole across the low wall, and at these times the old house seemed to wait almost impatiently for the bell which made it tremble.

And then one June morning there was a crowd in the road, and it spread from the church gate, till the end of it reached the front of the old house. And it heard the bell stop—but that day not a soul in the crowd moved to go through the gate or down the little path towards the church door. There were angry words in that crowd, and as well as the old place could understand, there was a new service to begin that day, and the holy murmur of the Mass was never to come across the low wall any more. The bell that made it vibrate and tremble, when the priest held high above his head the Lord of all things, was never to ring again—it heard the people in the road say so. The old manor house felt very desolate. They had known each other so long—a thousand years and more—and now, and now—

On the end of the manor house which looks out over the churchyard, are three windows. They are all closed—stoned up with square gray stones and mortar. Was it that, when the change came, it was too much for the old place, and it closed its eyes, as it were, rather than see its friend any more, after it had fallen so low?

After all the great days through which the manor house had lived, it was a shame to take away its character in its defenceless old age. It had never done any one any harm and it had been the glory of the village for ages, and yet they did it. It was no strangers who first said the place was haunted, for it was the people of the village, and they thought perhaps that they had some grounds for their opinion.

The last occupant of the manor house had died somewhat too suddenly for the taste of the neighborhood. There is a great deal of gossip to be got out of a death—"how he do look," whether the "carpse" is laid out according to correct rules, whether such and such a one will come for the funeral, how much the coffin is to cost, and what quantity of black stuff they mean to buy, and so forth. But if a person dies suddenly, there is no time for these pleasant speculations, and the neighbors feel they have been done out of their rights. When, added to this, the person who dies is almost a stranger, as was the tenant in question, there is an idea abroad that the whole business is thoroughly shabby. But the haunting of the old house did not rest altogether on the sudden death of the stranger—it had a deeper foundation than that.

After the death I have just mentioned, the owner of the manor house, who lived miles away from here, employed an old woman, whose cottage was just opposite, to take charge of the key and to open the windows daily. It was a Sunday morning and all the folk were at church, or in bed. Mrs. Court, the lady in charge, was superintending the Sunday dinner, and somewhat anticipating what she would have to drink at the meal, for she found a difficulty in holding out without temporary support.

Suddenly she heard sounds coming from the manor house across the way, which filled her with alarm. Further recourse was had to anticipation, and then as many of the neighbors as lived within her immediate circle were quickly summoned by her cries. Mrs. Court, supported by a neighbor on each side, stood in the road. Every time the strange noise began again she screamed faintly, and threw her apron over her head, protesting "that as all the doors was locked, and she held the very kay in her hand, it must be ghost—es as was doing it." The other ladies, one and all agreed—the evidence was overwhelming—haunted the house was, and haunted the poor old house has ever been until this day.

Where the banks reach high above your head, and are furry with harts-tongue ferns from the roadway to the roots of the hedge up aloft, a lane ends abruptly in a gate. My wandering has brought me this far, and I lean upon the gate, partly because I am not sure I want to go any further, partly because it won't open easily, and I am too lazy to climb over it. Away in the field beyond is a man pulling up the posts that were round the hay-maw, as they call a hay-stack in these parts, and man, cart, and posts all come in my direction to go through the gate.

"Marning, Father," is the greeting, which I return in the same tone, and as near as I can get to the original vowel, but it is not easy.

"You be arlways a-taking we arf," he says laughing; and adds: "I've been a-getting the post—es from the maw, they be no good there no longer, as he be garn." There is the curious rising inflection on the last word, so characteristic of the west country, and it suggests that the true native sings rather than talks.

"I've had my head full of the old manor house, Will, as I've been coming down here, and it's strange I should meet you. The other day I asked your Tom to tell me about the ghost, but he wouldn't, and told me to ask you, as you knew the story better."

The man leant back against the shaft of his cart and filled his pipe. I sat on the gate.

"It was a Sunday marning, you see, Father, and me and Tom had been to early Mass. After breakfast I says to Tom: 'Let's go down to Lucombe and see for a rabbit.' Tom's on for it, and we picks up two more chaps, such nothers as we, and arf we goes. 'How be gwoin' to get the rabbits, when we gets there?' says Charlie Dark, 'we ain't got no furts' [ferrets]. 'Let's wire 'um,' says Tom. You see, Father, we was only youngsters and didn't know much about it; and so long as we had a lark, we didn't care much what come, neither. 'We ain't got no wires,' says I; and then Tom, he looks up and says: 'I know for a plenty of wire, but it wants gettin',' and with that he tells us his little game. Well, Father, we goes round to the back of the old manor house—you mind [remember] there's walls all round and you can't be seed from nowhere—and there's a little window, a tinny 'un, close down on the ground, that lights the cellar. We opened him as easy as mabbe, and then we crumps ourselves up small, and gets through into the cellar. We goes upstairs and it was dark, fur bein' Sunday, the old 'oman as kep' the kay hadn't opened the shutters. Tom he struck a match and says: 'There be the rabbet wires, chaps, up there,' pointin' to the bell wires that runned close up by the ceilin'; 'but I told you they'd take some gettin'.'

"It was no good at arl, and we seed we couldn't reach they nohow. Then he says: 'Let's go upstairs and see if they be up there too, mabbe they be more handy.'

"In a little room a top of the house, was just what we wanted, and the wires only wanted pullin' down. Tom he goes to the end of the wire, and he out wi' his knife, and begins cuttin' and pullin'. It takes a goodish time, for he hasn't got the right tool. Presently Tom say to I: 'Go, Bill, and look out of that there stair winder, and see no one's about, mabbe Mrs. Court 'ull come to ondo the shutters, and it won't do for we to be catched at this game.' So I goes down, and I hadn't a been there two minutes, afore I sees Granny Court puttin' her head out of her door and hollerin' as if the chimbley was a-fire. Nex' door neighbor looks out, then they up above, and in five minits there was half-a-dozen of 'um a-standing in the road and a-lookin' up at the winders. Granny Court, she were sort of held up by a couple of 'um, and every onct and then she chucks up her arms and hollers; and when she do, all the rest does, you never heard such a charm [noise] in your life. Soon as I sees them a-lookin' up, I slips back to the chaps to tell 'um what's happenin'. Tom was ondoing the last staple, and wouldn't come away till he had got the lot, but us three gets down as quick as we can. Soon as ever we opens the door at the bottom of the stairs—you mind, Father, there was a door there afore they was made cottages—we hears a bell in the kitchen ringin' like mad. 'It be Tom pullin' the wire,' says Charlie, and sure enough it were. Every time he pulls the wire, arf goes the bell, and arl they women outside sets up a screech together. I wur up dree [three] steps to call him down, when I hears him a-comin'.

"We was down in that cellar, and out of the little winder and over the wall into the churchyard, without waitin' much, I can tell you. Then we slips over into Farmer John's paddock, and comes round into the road, and sort of walks up slow like, to the women in the road, wi' our hands in our pockets (and the wires in Tom's), just as if we didn't know nothin' about anythin'.

"Tom asks 'um what it's all about. Granny Court shows him the door kay and says nothin'—I think her feelin's was too much. Some of the others says as how the ghost—es are ringin' the bells, and they've been seen movin' about inside, and the house locked up arl the time. Tom, he looks up and asks Granny Court if she won't go in and look for the ghost—es, but she says summat about not openin' shutters o' Sundays. Then Tom, he says he's not afraid of any ghost—es as ever walked, and if she'll give he the kay, he'll go and look for they. With that he gets the kay and he and me goes together and opens the door, and in we goes. 'Thou get to the cellar, Bill,' he says, 'and do up the winder, so they shan't know he's been opened, and I'll put it a bit straighter up above.'

"So we does both jobs and then we goes to the kitchen. The old blind-roller was in the carner. 'Bill,' says Tom, 'get ready to run and look scared'; and wi' that, he up and hits arl the bells at onct with that there blind roller, and chucks 'um back again, and we both runs out of the house as if the 'old gentleman' was after we. Tom tells 'um as how we went arl over the place—into every room—and never saw no ghost—es, but just as we passed the kitchen door, which stood wide open, we saw arl the bells ring together and nobody in the house to pull 'um, so it must be ghost—es.

"I tell you we kep' that story gwoin' till we found we was safe, and it never got out, not till after we was grow'd up. The rabbets down to Lucombe had their Sunday to theirselves, after arl, for church was out, and it was nigh dinner time afore them ghost—es was laid. Now you know it arl, Father, and so good-marnin'."

The sun is streaming down on the gray stones of the old manor house as I pass it coming back. Poor old place! And so it was only a boyish prank that took away your character —nothing worse than that. I think to myself, a little sadly perhaps, as I gaze at the mossy walls, that its life at the end, is like lives so often are, when they have outlived their day and usefulness, and no one wants them any longer. The unpitying humiliations of old age are upon it—a few more years, and it will be but a memory, a tale.

ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.[*]

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AS the weeks passed, with their tale of shortening days, the University of Paris settled down to a state of comparative tranquility and peacefulness. The friars had gone. The doctors had followed on their tracks. The decretists were at their daily work of legal jargon, the sententiarii busy in disputation, the biblici wrestling with the tangles of interpretation and comment. But for a few of the more violent partisans in the schools—a knot gathered here and there at a street corner, a handful warming to their grievances over the wine in some tavern—the University had been transformed into an uneventful and even stagnant place of learning, where the student was too busy with his books to give thought to the vital issues that were being fought out elsewhere.

Below the surface, of course, there were the latent fires and volcanic forces, the prejudices and passions of a divided community. But for the moment, in the schools at any rate, there was a truce. The highest authority in the world had been invoked as the arbiter of their dispute; and sinking the bitterness of party and faction, the University pursued with an unwonted calm and strenuousness the even tenor of a studious life.

Not so Arnoul de Valletort. He had plunged himself into the old routine with an ardor that was not altogether due to his love of study. But he found it easier to make promises than to keep them, and far less difficult to drift with the stream of forming habits than to swim against it. The scriptorium of St. Victor's saw him busy with his book and pen while the dawn was yet gray in the leaden sky. He was among the last to lay aside his delicate and rather cramped scroll when the signal was given for the nightly repose. But work in itself was not enough. The very keenness with which he had set himself at his tasks soon nauseated him; and the demons of imagination and of memory were not slothful. While the embers that smoldered beneath the placid surface of University life were held in check by the very uncertainty of the appeals made to Rome, the fires in Arnoul's breast glowed with a fierce vigor that work alone was powerless to subdue, and burst into sudden eruptions that appalled him by their very violence. So he had recourse, as was natural in an age of unquestioning mysticism, to prayer; and day after day saw him prostrate before the altar of St. James, battling, in his dogged and stubborn way, with himself. It was St. James', rather than a church richer in name and in holy relics, for was not the presence of Thomas of Aquin, his counselor and preserver, associated with the sacred place in which his reconciliation was completed? Sometimes, indeed, it was to the great cathedral that he turned his steps, where, in the vast spaces of the noble pile, the cadences of the canons' monotonous chant soothed his troubled spirit into a sort of lethargy that brought him peace.

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But there were times when his whole being seemed to give way under the stress of his temptations. At such times the ponderous tomes of the Lombard were but fuel to the consuming fire. His companions of St. Victor's were an unendurable scourge, Roger was as impossible as he was stupid and unsympathetic, and he himself was a straw—the vain sport of winds that tossed him hither and thither, powerless even to direct his headlong course. Then he hastened, casting aside whatever occupation he was at, to the sanctuary, trusting, in an age of miracles, to a miracle, throwing himself sublimely upon the supreme power of prayer.

By such a course he tended to cut himself off, in a sense, from his fellow-students. He became introspective and singular, living much with his sorrow and his thoughts of Sibilla. But for an incident that scarred his soul to the quick, he would quite possibly have ended in becoming the prey to a kind of spiritual desolation that is not far removed from religious melancholy.

It came about in this wise.

The soul of Maitre Barthelemy was possessed of but one idea —to discover the elixir of life, to hit upon the philosopher's stone, or, at least, to find some means, philosophical or otherwise, of making money. And because of this absorbing preoccupation the astrologist compounded his elements and labored at the bellows with an ardor worthy of a better cause. Since his return to Paris he had worked continuously at his experiments in the ruinous stone hut standing lonely in the fields back of the Château de Vauvert. But success evaded all his efforts, and no trace of the yellow metal that he coveted was to be discovered in the bottom of his crucibles. He cast about, therefore, in his mind for some other plan of filling his empty purse, and hit upon—Arnoul. Not that the English student had any means of his own that Barthelemy could get possession of. He was as poor as the poorest of the clerks who carried holy water from door to door through the city for a livelihood. But since Arnoul had dropped out of the little set that used to foregather at Messire Julien's wine house, a scheme had been maturing in the alchemist's astute brain. Briefly it was this:

Arnoul's brother had come to a violent death at the hand of the Lord of Moreleigh—a man reputed of immense wealth. Maitre Barthelemy had means of finding out things when it suited him. This same Vipont, Lord of Moreleigh, had gone on a pilgrimage of penitence to the Pope. What more easy, what more natural, than that in his repentance he should pay a handsome sum of blood money to the surviving brother? He would doubtless pass through Paris on his way back from Rome; and if his conscience did not prompt him to make amends to Arnoul for his unspeakable crime, why, there were other ways in which he might be forced to do so. Every one knew the character of the mercenary cut-throats who could be found without much trouble in or near Paris. In any case Arnoul himself must be secured without delay, and gradually initiated into the details of the scheme upon which the alchemist's fertile brain was busied.

And what was the bait that was to lure the clerk back to the net so artfully prepared? Nothing less than the girl Jeannette. Once married to her, as Barthelemy intended he should be, the astrologer would have a hold upon him.

Maitre Louis, who had proved an apt pupil of the alchemist, was party to the plan that he had hatched; and, having thrown in his lot with so questionable a mentor, and by this time being himself in abject straits for money, he was quite ready to assist him in any villainous undertaking that promised a fair reward.

It was he who brought the girl Jeannette to the laboratory. The sun was still high in the heavens as they passed the Château de Vauvert, but Jeannette could not repress a shudder as she looked upon its ominous and frowning towers. She thought of the weird and ghostly rumors of the place that had set all Paris a-shivering in superstitious fear. Nor did the cautious and stealthy way in which Barthelemy received them set her mind altogether at rest. Her terror was increased at the sight of the interior of his dwelling, and the strange collection it contained.

The alchemist poured out three glasses of his "liquor of gold," expatiating upon its merits. Before long her eyes were flashing, her cheeks burning, and a delicious sense of careless bravado stole over her. This was better than Julien's sour wine. Master and pupil were talking platitudes; but thoughts flashed through her brain in quick succession—brilliant, phantasmagoric, luminous. She knew that she was there for a purpose. Why had Barthelemy wanted her? Why had Louis brought her there? Her voice broke in upon their even talk.

"Maitre! What do you want with me? You don't bring me out from Paris to give me drink—Holy Saints, what drink, too!—and have me listen to your jawing?" Her words were rough, her voice raised and somewhat coarse; but, to look at her, she was no longer Blanches Mains of the tavern, but a creature divine, a goddess in form and feature and, what is more, a wonderfully beautiful woman. Neither Louis nor Maitre Barthelemy could suppress their admiration.

"No, my dear," answered the latter. "Louis did not bring you here to listen to tales of the last vintage. Take another drop of the divine cordial, my girl. We shall tell you, to be sure. We shall tell you."

His great head was sawing up and down before her, the tufts of hair straggling out of the hood half thrown back upon his shoulders; but there was a look of real affection in his face, such as the casual observer would not often find in the lineaments of Maitre Barthelemy.

The girl raised her glass and quaffed deep of the fiery liquid.

"And now, Jeannette, it is for your interest that you are here," said Barthelemy, noting the flush and heightened breathing of the girl. She was ready to see that part of his scheme which he would have to entrust to her in its rosiest light now.

"We grieve for you," he continued.

"Grieve!" she interrupted, laughing aloud. "And why, pray?"

"Why?" replied Barthelemy, not relishing the careless laugh. "Why? Because the Englishman, your lover, has deserted you."

"It's high time for you to find that out!" She began to laugh louder than before. "Englishman—Englishmen! A rotten fig for all the Englishmen in the University, say I! What do I want with your Englishman? Ho! I have a German now—a great, strapping, handsome fellow with curly yellow hair and blue eyes. He can drink more than any man in Paris. He can fight, too. You should see him fight! Then there's the Spaniard. He's a dandy! Wears the most expensive furs to his sleeves and has pointed red shoes—turned up, too. But then, he spends most of his money on dress," she added as an afterthought; "so he's not much use. Besides, there's a knight—" She began counting her admirers on her fingers. "You don't know all my friends."

"No"; Barthelemy acquiesced gravely. "That is true, very true. You are so beautiful, my dear. But this Englishman—this Arnoul—he is literally dying of his great love for you. Have you no kind word for him?"

"Kind words, indeed!" snapped Blanches Mains, her eyes flashing. "Fine kind words I had from him when he cast me off and turned friar. Fine, brave words from a sneaking, canting fellow—!"

"But he was distrait. He was bewitched by the tricksters at St. James. He did not mean what he said. And, after all, Jeannette, you love him still."

"What if I do?" the girl said sullenly, defiantly.

"This," answered Barthelemy. "I shall brew a potion that will restore him to his right mind, and give him power to throw off this monkish enchantment. You love him. He loves you—or will again as soon as he is in his right mind. Therefore, you shall marry him and—"

"Saints and devils! What would my big German say?"

"It will be all right as far as the German is concerned," Louis put in spitefully. "I know him for a blustering fellow who is in love with every pretty wench in Paris, both sides of the Seine, by turns. One, more or less, will make little difference to him."

"Observe, my dear child"—the alchemist spoke in his oiliest and most persuasive voice, though there was a thrill in it that struck with unusual earnestness—"this is in every sense desirable. This spell that the friars have cast over the Englishman and his fruitless love for you are eating out his heart. You, too, despite your German and your knights, you are yet in love with him; and we, your truest friends, shall count it our highest joy to see your two young hearts united."

The girl sat bolt upright upon the bench, and for an instant the color ebbed from her face as the strong emotions gripped her heart. Then, like a flash, she grew suspicious.

"Why do you tell me this?" she asked in a shaking voice. "What interest have you in Maitre Arnoul or in me? God's saints! If you are deceiving me, I shall tear your eyes from your heads with my own hands!"

"A nice reward for doing you a service," muttered Louis.

"You will not believe me?" purred Barthelemy, though now an unmistakable note of sadness sounded in his voice. "Listen! I shall tell you all. In the first place, the brother of this Englishman is dead."

"Alas! that is the cause of all my trouble," sighed Jeannette in a gentler voice.

"Do not interrupt me, I beseech you! The story is a common one. The telling it to you is difficult indeed. This brother was murdered by one Vipont, a man who owns half the county of Devon, in England. He is now repentant; and, to make atonement, purposes giving all, or the great part of his riches to this same Arnoul. When you marry him, you will be the richest woman in Paris. And you shall marry him. I shall undo this witchcraft of the friars, and bring him to your side with vows of love. Yes; you shall marry him. And I shall be the means of bringing the marriage about."

"What reason have you or Louis"—and she cast a searching look at the clerk's frowning face—"for wishing me to be either rich or happy? I am nothing to you but a chance acquaintance."

"Nothing?" exclaimed Barthelemy, strangely agitated. "Nothing? On the contrary, you are everything. Have you forgotten Jacqueline la Mère Dieu?"

"My foster-mother? No; I remember her well," answered the girl, crossing herself as the dead woman's name was mentioned.

"Did she ever speak to you of your parents?"

"No; that is, not much. She told me of my mother—how good she was and how beautiful. But she was not of Paris. She died soon after I was born. Of my father—nothing. But, stay! I remember her saying how he had to fly from the kingdom on account of the doctrines he held. He was a great scholar, a heretic, they said—a follower of Amaury."

"He was not a heretic," Barthelemy said solemnly; "though he did profess the doctrines of the great Amaury. Child, I am your father! Nay; do not start. It was I who left a sum of gold with Jacqueline that she should bring you up. Poor as I was, and hunted from the University as one accursed, I could do that. I found means to provide for my child. Then I traveled southwards and afar, gathering the knowledge and learning the mysteries of all peoples and nations. The hot suns of Egypt have beaten upon my head. I have shivered in the snowy passes of Spanish mountains. My feet the shifting sands of the great desert have blistered. I have gone hungry and thirsty and footsore in my eternal search and quest of knowledge. Yet, from time to time, a trusty messenger brought to old Jacqueline a payment for your upbringing. For you, my unknown child, for you!"

"You are my father?" Jeannette faltered.

"I am indeed your father, child. Come to my arms! The love of kith and kin is stronger than the love of gold. Let these accursed and outlawed arms fold thee at last to thy unhappy father's breast!"

The man rose, transfigured, stretching out his hands to the dazed girl. She shuddered.

"If you are indeed my father— But how am I to know that what you tell me is the truth?"

"Oh, child, child! Does your heart not teach you to discern it? Is there no subtle argument from soul to soul, no thrill responsive in your very body?"

He steadied himself with an affected calmness; and then, modulating his voice to its ordinary purr once more, he went on: "But, enough! Have you here your talisman—your charm?"

"What talisman, what charm?" the girl asked, at the same time instinctively thrusting her hand into the bosom of her dress and drawing out a silver disc that hung concealed there, suspended from her neck by a light chain of the same metal.

"Yes; that is it, my daughter! Behold! upon that plate of metal is engraved the holy name of God. Around it circle the twelve mystic houses of the stars. But the Name lacketh its first letter and the house of your birth is untenanted. See!" He lifted a similar silver disc, pierced with small circular openings, before her eyes. "Place this upon the other. Turn the plate till the Hebrew characters read fair and straight. The Name of God is completed, the house of your nativity receives you."

He paused, standing with outstretched arms, and trembling like an aspen, as she did his bidding.

"On the day of your birth I cast your horoscope before I fled Paris. I engraved it upon those two plates of silver, giving one to Jacqueline la Mère Dieu, carrying the other all these long years safely hidden in my breast. I am indeed your father! Behold the proof of it!"

"Yes, Jeannette"; said Louis to the wondering girl, "Maitre Bartelemy is your father. There is no doubt of it."

"And you—you knew this?" The girl turned to him questioningly. "You knew it and never told me of it? And you, father—if you indeed be my father—why have you not spoken before? Why have you treated me as a stranger would? Surely you knew me when you came to Paris months ago?"

"My child," replied Barthelemy, "I knew you—yes; and my heart yearned towards you. But my liberty—my very life—was at stake. Let me plead this, at least, if I have wronged you! There are those in Paris who remember me of old by a name—a famous name, a name that all Paris rang with once—but who would without pity drive me forth again, or give my aging limbs to the torture—yea, my body to the flame—did they but recognize me. Had it been known, even to one or two," he continued sadly, "that a father had appeared claiming Jeannette as his daughter, the ferrets of the University would have found it out, and I—" He made a gesture eloquent of what might have happened had he fallen into their power. "As it is," he continued, "I am only one more wanderer drifted into this cess-pool of human lives, a newcomer hungry for the broken crumbs of learning. None of my old enemies would recognize in these changed features him whom they branded 'heretic' and 'wizard.' This brow"—he passed his hand over the huge expanse of shining baldness—"was once crowned with raven locks. These arms were strong and shapely when I fled from the accursed theologians who hounded me from the schools. Now, my back is bent with weariness and with age, my face is scored and lined like a palimpsest. I tremble with the palsy; my very speech is tainted with the sound of foreign lands. Do I but remain Maitre Barthelemy, the outcast, the unknown, the inquirer of nature's secrets, I am safe. No one, friend or foe, will recognize in this broken form the young and brilliant scholar who, nigh twenty years ago, began his enforced wanderings."

The girl was impressed by the pathos of his voice and words. The silver talismans confirmed his story. Under the coarser surface of her nature there was a something fine and noble that was responsive to the evident touch of truth and earnestness in the alchemist's broken words. She began to waver.

"But if all you say is true, why do you tell me now?"

"Ah! a natural question! Because now I can trust to your secrecy. Because I wish you to marry this Englishman, for whom I have conceived a great affection. You will breathe no word of what I have told you to a soul. I place my whole trust in you. The good Maitre Louis will be equally discreet. I shall contrive to bring you two fond hearts together; and at last you shall have the rightful position that wealth alone can give. Have I, by my philosophy, that these self-appointed censors understand not and condemn, injured the position of my daughter? Mine will be the philosophy that rights the wrong and gives to my daughter the station she deserves. Fill up and drink. I am your father, girl! Come to my arms at last in a filial embrace!"

They drank, all three, of the potent liquor that the alchemist poured out. His face had become absolutely diabolical as he uttered the last words of his explanation. But Jeannette did not notice it. Neither did she catch the malignant smile that twisted the lips of Maitre Louis. She had heard the story. She had seen the two talismans. Her heart still burnt with her consuming love for Arnoul the Englishman. She tossed off the dregs of the fiery liquor, raised herself to her feet, and with one word—"Father!"—threw her arms about the shoulders of Barthelemy and kissed him upon the lips.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was next the alchemist's task to get hold of Arnoul. Knowing his habits, he looked for him at St. James'. But, as there was no one in the friars' church save a few women, he went on, slinking through the Rue St. Jacques as though fearful of being seen, crossing the Petit Pont, and finally reaching the cathedral in Paris itself—Paris the Ship, riding motionless, a mass of heavy stonework and light, filigree carving, on the placid bosom of its own tranquil Seine.

When he reached Notre Dame he made himself, if anything, even less conspicuous, by sinking his hooded head between his shoulders and bunching his ungainly body together. For reasons of his own, with which the reader is already acquainted, he had no wish to draw upon himself the attention of any of the canons who might be about. Even during the time since he had returned to Paris it was not unlikely that some fame of his researches on the forbidden borderland had gone abroad. It was impossible to lie wholly hidden in such a place. Yet, to be discovered now meant scrutiny, and scrutiny—it was possible—might not stop at the doings of Barthelemy the clerk. He had visions as he stole up the steps leading to the West Door, unpleasant visions of possible ordeals; for all the inquirers into the hidden secrets of nature were not looked upon with the best grace by the orthodox. There were alchemists and alchemists—and Maitre Barthelemy knew it. It is possible that the scheme upon which he was engaged weighed upon his conscience, if he had any rags or shreds of such a possession left; something that prompted him to avoid the public gaze and seek the shady rather than the warmer side of the narrow streets through which he had passed. Perhaps it was the keenness of the autumn wind that made him pull his cloak about his chin, and draw the hood lower down over his brow as he mounted the steps of Notre Dame; but there was a furtive look in his eyes as he pushed through the carved portal and entered the dim and shadowy nave of the cathedral. There he ensconced himself beside a pier, and began to look eagerly about the sacred building. Apparently he soon discovered the person for whom he was looking; for, wrapping the folds of his black cloak still closer, he leant back in the shadow and waited.

Arnoul was kneeling far up the nave, in the wan, cold light of the church, wrestling and striving with his own heart, torn asunder by the fierce play of contrary desires. What good was it, he thought, as he knelt before the high altar of the sanctuary, to strive against that sweeping current that had borne him upon its bosom? It surged and raged about him still—impetuous, torrential. Why strive and agonize? Even as he prayed, visions of his wild life spun themselves within his brain, alluring, enticing. His lips formed the words of supplication mechanically. His eyes were fixed upon the glittering altar.

But there was no answer to his prayer, no blinding flash of illumination, no inrush of spiritual joy overwhelming mind and heart in one great ocean of peace and understanding. On the contrary, there was nought but dryness and desolation. The carved stonework of the altar stood out rigid and uncompromising under its burden of garish ornament—its shrines, its tapers, its hanging Christ. And between it and him, as his lips moved on in a prayer in which his heart had ceased to join, a vague, impalpable veil seemed to be drawn, a curtain thin as the mist—wraiths that rise from the marshes of the Seine on a summer's morning, cutting him off even from the outward symbols of hope and of faith.

And as the mist veil danced before his eyes it took shape and color. He was no longer in the church but in the well-known wine house of Messire Julien. There was Jeannette smiling and beckoning to him, the heavy-browed Aales leaning forward in her seat as she used to do; Maitre Louis, too, and Jacques, raising the wine cups to their lips. The reek of the tavern rose in his nostrils. His ears seemed to hear the click of the falling dice, and a voice spoke in his heart: "Why have you left them all for the vain phantasms of a religion you can never feel? These things alone are real. Life is too short that you should fling it away for dry studies and unfruitful hopes. Up and live! Cast away the thought of duty that lies like a pall over your true happiness! Think not of Sibilla! She is not for such as you!"

His lips moved on in prayer; but the crowding thoughts surged through his heart and burnt like fire in his brain.

At length, with an effort, he pulled himself together. The phantoms, the mist, vanished. An extraordinary feeling of the intensest spiritual joy seemed to take possession of his being. His mind was filled with such peace and happiness as he had not known for days. His very body seemed to have lost its corporeal nature; and, joined to throngs of blessed spirits, to be rapt upwards into a region of warmth and light. On his part, he had been conscious of one mighty effort to throw off the temptation that assailed him. The rest came, as it were, in great waves and surges from without, lifting him, soul and body, into a community of nature with spirits not of this cloying earth. He was no longer the careworn student of the Paris schools, bound down to earth by the five strands of his senses, and battling with the evil demon of self-love. He was a freeman of the company of the elect, purged by a wondrous influx of sweetness, uplifted on the wings of the strongest of God's ministering angels. He saw the altar glinting in a slant ray of pale October sunlight, and he bowed his head upon his hands. His heart was moving with his lips now. He had conquered.

He rose to his feet, made a deep reverence to the altar, and, confident in his new-found strength and peace, turned to leave the church. Maitre Barthelemy let him pass the spot where he stood in shadow, and then followed him steadily to the porch. The lad turned on his heel as he caught the footfall behind him. The alchemist approached quickly, uncovering his face.

"Well met, Maitre Arnoul!" he began, saluting the Englishman with a low bow. "I was at my devotions in the church yonder when I saw you coming out, and took the liberty of following you. And why? The reason? You have never come—no, not all these long months—to hear the remainder of your horoscope. I understand, my friend. Ah, yes; I understand. The grievous loss you have sustained—the great revulsion! But all these months, my most esteemed Maitre Arnoul, have worn the sharp edge from your grief. Is it not so? I could understand—none better, for I have a heart"—and he laid his left hand with emotion upon his bosom—"I can sympathize. I can enter into the very sanctuary of your sorrow."

Arnoul answered the long-winded salutation abruptly. He had had a hard battle in the church, and did not trust himself sufficiently to unbend and be civil to the man.

"Nay, speak not thus! Stay, my best of friends! Surely you will not thus pass me by! I have discovered"—and here he lowered his voice to a purring whisper and laid hold of Arnoul's sleeve—"I have discovered a new symbol in your nativity. You are born to wealth and honor such as you have never dreamed."

"Let me go, Maitre Barthelemy!" cried the lad, striving to unfasten the alchemist's grasp. "I am overwrought! I am unwell! Let me go in peace to St. Victor's!"

"But, no"; persisted Barthelemy, nodding his great head slowly. "But, no, my most excellent, my most cherished friend; not to St. Victor's! Come rather with me, for I am skilled in leechdoms and shall cure your disorder. Think! A new symbol! The most auspicious of all the signs in the starry heaven! Think, beloved friend, of the high destiny in store for you! And with my aid—"

"Unhand me, Maitre Barthelemy!" said Arnoul through his teeth, at the same time jerking his sleeve away from the talon-like grip of the alchemist. "I will not go with you, and I will not believe your prophecies. I return to St. Victor's whence I came. I—"

"Nay, my good friend; I would not force you against your will. No, I shall not force you. Indeed I would not thus obtrude my presence upon you at all, did I not know—"

There the man stopped short, knowing well that his unfinished sentence would whet Arnoul's curiosity."

"Know what?" he asked sharply.

"That you cannot stuggle against your fate. What is written is written—drawn in letters of blood, in characters of flame. Come, lad! Come back to your true friends. The maid Jeannette is waiting for you with open arms. Your comrade Louis yearns towards you still, spite of your throwing him over for your new friends. I"—and both hands of Maitre Barthelemy shot out towards him—"I shall welcome you. I shall teach you, as I alone can, how to fulfil that mysterious, high destiny that is in store for you. Come, oh, best of friends! Come back once more to those who have your truest welfare, your highest interests, at heart."

At the mention of Jeannette's name Arnoul started back, pale and trembling.

Was the victory he had just gained over the phantoms to be turned into defeat? The alchemist stirred the deep and turbid waters of his soul afresh. His purring voice sounded in his ears. His outstretched hands were ready to welcome him and drag him back to his former life. Ugh! What was that? He started, horrified. That right hand scored and scarred, shrivelled up and eaten away until nought but the semblance of a human member remained! Had Maitre Barthelemy undergone the torment of ordeal by fire? It looked like it. Just such hands had the unhappy ones who had borne the heated iron bar in their smoking flesh. Just so the open wounds healed and the skin shrank back upon the shortened sinews. Just so the livid and the purple weals stood out, stretched tight over the knotted bones.

Arnoul shuddered, looking from the withered member to the man's face. And Barthelemy, seeing the look of startled horror in the lad's eyes, drew his hand back hurriedly and thrust it into his bosom.

"'Tis nothing," he explained. "A falling alembic. A retort heated white hot on the glowing coals and containing precious metal. But, dearest friend, make up your mind to come back with me. We shall all welcome you. All these months of desertion shall be forgotten. You will live once more! You will enjoy the pulsing life of freedom, the joyous life of unrestrained nature!"

"I cannot, Maitre Barthelemy." The boy was wondering, now, what motive prompted the alchemist to entreat him so to return to his old life. "I cannot. I have given my word to Brother Thomas of St. Jacques—"

"Brother Thomas!" The alchemist mouthed the name with a fine scorn. "What has the Dominican to do with it? Why, they are fine people, the preachers, to undertake the direction of others when they cannot even keep their own affairs in the University right! Nay, my friend; surely you have not given your confidence to Thomas?"

"But I have, indeed, Maitre Barthelemy," said Arnoul wearily. Whatever purpose the alchemist had in urging him to return to his former haunts and friends, he did not serve it by attacking the friars. But mistaking the clerk's tone for a sign of weakening, he pursued the subject.

"They fight on a losing side, these friars, Maitre Arnoul. Believe me, they will lose. The forces that are ranged against them are too strong for them to win. All the talent, all the brains, all the traditions of this ancient seat of learning are against them. And their cause is a bad one, at best. They violate prescriptive rights and flaunt the privileges they have obtained from Rome in the faces of those whom they wrong by using them. Think not, because I am not seen now in the schools that I do not know the temper of the University! The undercurrents, the scheming, and the plotting—I am well acquainted with them all. Your destiny is far too noble, your star gleams far too bright for you to take sides with the regulars. Ere long they will be driven forth from Paris. St. Amour will not leave a stone unturned until he has driven them from the University."

"Yet he will never succeed." Arnoul took up the cudgels in behalf of the religious. His voice was emphatic and decided enough now. "He will never drive them forth. The king is strong in their favor. The Pope is sure to support them. And who is St. Amour against the king—or the whole University, for the matter of that, if the Lord Pope approves of them? They are harmless and holy men. My patience strains to snapping when I see these pompous doctors lift them up as laughing stocks. And why, forsooth? Because they are religious, because their lives show up what is false and evil in the others."

The ghost of a smile flitted across the face of the alchemist. "Religion," he said with an upward inflection in his voice and an almost imperceptible raising of his eyebrows; "Religion has nothing to do with it. It is a question of politics, pure and simple—a matter affecting the internal welfare of the University, nothing else."

"But it is religion, I tell you," insisted Arnoul. "Religion more than anything else! It is because the friars lead good lives and teach orthodox doctrines that they are so persecuted. Why! St. Amour has been suspect of heresy for years; and the lives of some of the seculars are too well known to—"

"Ah! the friars have been teaching you full well. You prove an apt pupil, Maitre Arnoul. I warrant me, it is your Brother Thomas who has been raking up all he can find, and inventing where he finds nothing, against the opponents of his order and pouring it all into your willing ears. Now, if I should speak, I could whisper you some of those same holy friars. Did you ever hear of one John of Parma?"

"Brother Thomas has told me nothing of the seculars. None of the friars has ever influenced me against them. Do you think I am a fool, Maitre Barthelemy, not to see for myself? Am I blind, or deaf, or half-witted, to have been all this time in the University and to have discovered nothing? No; do not interrupt me! The religious have my respect and my admiration. I would sooner trust Brother Thomas than all the doctors of the schools. And, what is more, I will trust him."

Perceiving that no success was to be gained in this direction, Maitre Barthelemy suddenly changed his tactics.

"Yes, yes, I understand, my dear Maitre Arnoul! Perchance it is as you say. It may be that it is a question touching on religion, after all. The friars may well be holy men, and this Thomas, for aught I know, a saint. Still, they are likely to lose their cause. The pressure is very great and they have acute and crafty minds to fight against. But you yourself, dear friend, why tie yourself to them? Why pass by on one side all that is bright and joyous in life? You are young. You are able. You have a magnificent career before you. Come and enjoy life while you may!"

"No, no, no"; reiterated Arnoul. "I have told you that I will not—that I have promised."

"Come! It is worth thinking over! By the way, Maitre Arnoul, I do not wish to seem to pry into your affairs. I trust I am not indiscreet—but—you will pardon an old and true friend the liberty he takes!—but Ben Israel, the Jew—you are indebted to him? A small amount? An insignificant matter?" Arnoul was silent.

"Of course," continued the alchemist, "I am loath to intrude upon private matters. But it so happens that I might be of some slight service to you in this. Indeed, if I can but persuade you to come back to your friends, I could put you in the way of making a sum of money—a very considerable sum of money—a fortune, in short—and that without overmuch trouble."

So, there was a reason for the conversation! It had come out at last!

"And how do you propose that I should make a fortune?" Arnoul asked incredulously.

"In the simplest manner possible," Barthelemy replied mysteriously. "You have but to ask for it. See! Now I have told you! Come back with me to Messire Julien's, where we can be safe from interruption, and I shall unfold my plan."

"No; tell me here if you wish to tell me at all," answered Arnoul resolutely.

"Impossible, my very dear friend; quite impossible! We might be overheard."

And is it, then, a crime that you would have me do?"

"By no means! A crime! You are pleased to jest, Maitre Arnoul!"

"What then, that there should be such fear of eavesdroppers? I will not go with you. Say what you have to say here, or not at all."

"Unreasonable!" muttered the alchemist. "Unreasonable and stubborn! If I throw my dice ill now, I lose the throw: for I risk all.

"Since I cannot persuade you to come," he added aloud, "I must needs speak here, as my sole thought is for your own welfare. But remember, dear friend, that we all want you back again. Maitre Louis and Jeannette—above all Jeannette. She is disconsolate, that poor child!" Barthelemy raised his eyes to the roof of the porch to express his pity for her forlorn condition. "She has wept till she has no more tears to weep. Really, it was cruel beyond nature to desert her as you did."

"To the point, man!" the other interrupted him. "To the point and let me go! I do not wish to hear of Louis or Julien or—or the girl. If you have anything to say, say it and be gone!"

"Softly, softly, dear friend!" fawned the alchemist, shrinking to the wall and drawing his cloak the closer as one of the canons passed them. "I would not anger you, but you must have a heart of stone, and not of flesh and blood, to think of that unhappy girl unmoved. If you could only see her! If you could hear her sighs! She is wearing herself to death, pining for you. Ah! Maitre Arnoul! bethink you what love is in these young creatures! For me, my blood runs cold. I have no thought but for my art, my science, the search for the hidden secrets of nature. But you are young and full of life. The hot blood pulses in your veins. Think of Jeannette, sighing! Think of the cruel way in which you—"

"In God's name, Maitre Barthelemy! what is the girl to you, that you should speak thus? You try me past endurance! Here you beguile me into speaking with you. You promise to tell me how I can honestly come by a fortune, and you pour into my ears that which I would not hear. Did Jeannette send you to me? Are you her messenger? What is she to you that you should plead for her?"

"Ah! the fortune! A noble patrimony! But—you would not expect otherwise—there are conditions."

"Conditions! I can well believe it! Make speed, man, and say what you have to say! I am unwell! My head reels!"

"And I a leech, dear friend. Come quickly to my humble abode and I shall heal you. Or, as a makeshift, until it has somewhat passed, a cup of wine and a moment's rest! Come!"

He passed his hand through the clerk's arm.

"No, I shall not come"; Arnoul burst out angrily. "What do you mean by handling me like this? Why do you seek to persuade me? Of what advantage can I be to you?" he continued bitterly. "There is a reason for your fawning and your cant."

The alchemist raised his eyes again and sighed. It pained him beyond words that his devotion should be apprised at so low an estimate. He said as much; and ended his protest with another reference to Blanches Mains. That, he was certain, was the lever which, if properly applied, would move the Englishman. "Besides, there is the maid—the unhappy maid. I should be less than human did I not feel for her and seek to end this estrangement."

"Leave the maid alone, Maitre Barthelemy. Why do you so force her name on my unwilling ears? What has she to do with the fortune that you hold out to me as a bait? Can you not see that I mean what I have said—that I am determined?"

The alchemist looked at the clerk keenly. Were there signs of wavering in him despite his protests? He fancied he could discover such in the troubled eyes, the pale and agitated countenance of the young man.

"I shall tell you all," he whispered. "The condition is that you marry the girl Jeannette. It is by her help alone that you shall attain your destiny and gather untold riches

Once she is your wife, I promise you that what I say will come to pass. I, Barthelemy, promise it! And for my part —for I also am necessary—one gold piece in every ten that you receive shall be mine."

More canons passed them. The Office was over. One, an old man, with piercing eyes under shaggy brows, and thin, close lips, looked steadfastly at the pair, went on, turned and looked again fixedly at the alchemist. Barthelemy was too much preoccupied in his talk to see the look, but he caught the backward glance, and muttering an imprecation, hurriedly drew up his hood.

Curiously that little movement, in itself so insignificant, seen by the canon and by the clerk, had far-reaching consequences. They are the small, the almost imperceptible things that play the most important part in shaping human lives. This was enough to nerve Arnoul. A wave of disgust and loathing swept over him. He hated Barthelemy, hated Louis, hated Jeannette. For a moment the concrete temptation that the alchemist had put before him, the specious and confident promises, the thinly disguised appeal to his senses, had unmanned him. Now he stood cool and disdainful.

"Farewell," he said in a tone that was final, and, turning walked quietly after the retreating forms of the canons.

The alchemist ground his teeth. He dared not follow. He had thrown his cast—and lost.

CHAPTER XXX.

The morning sun had broken cold and fair over the hill-crest of Anagni in streamers and pennons of gray and crimson. The wind was sharp and keen as it swept down through the valley from the north, so keen that the early risers who flocked to the open space before the grim and fortress-like front of the cathedral drew their cloaks about their ears and thrust their chilled fingers well into the openings of their hanging sleeves. There were a good many people gathered in the space over which the cathedral frowned in sightless and forbidding austerity, even before the heavy, iron-studded doors were thrown open to the public. And as the drifts of gray cloud gave way before the golden sun, more and more people thronged into the square.

Some unusual event was evidently the cause of so much movement and excitement. The Roman Court had been long enough among them to familiarize them with its presence and ceremonies, so that a Papal Mass, or a Consistory held behind closed doors would hardly suffice to explain such a gathering. And a gathering it indeed was—a crowd representative of every class of inhabitant that the city and neighborhood of Anagni could boast. Peasants, vinedressers, oilpressers, husbandmen, had come in from the valley as soon as the gates of the town were opened. There were merchants, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes as they attempted to keep pace with their hurrying wives. There were lawyers and notaries, some comfortably snuggling into the rich fur trimmings of their capuces, others threadbare and out at elbows, casting envious glances at their more prosperous brothers. There were knights in plenty, crested and plumed, but all on foot, for the most part belonging to no religious brotherhood, though a few Templars or Hospitallers mingled with the crowd. Common soldiers swaggered in and out; and beggars, improving a golden opportunity, displayed their manifold deformities, blowing upon their chilled fingers and whining for alms alternately.

Women there were too, in goodly numbers, from the *grande dame* of the period, in camlet, silks, and costly miniver, to the humble maid of all work in her rough homespun of undyed wool.

Nor was it the inhabitants of Anagni alone who swelled the crowd before the cathedral. The residence of the Curia had brought a great influx of foreigners to the town; and there were many to be seen in the crowd gathered that morning who, while they had no official position in the Roman Court, had quite as little connection with the townspeople. These, for the most part, were litigants who had taken their cases to one or other of the Roman tribunals for the decision of the Holy See, penitents come before the penitentiary for release from censures, or absolution from reserved cases, pilgrims to the Holy Land or to the shrines at Rome, and that curious class of nondescripts whose business in life seems to be an assiduous following of courts from place to place for reasons not obvious. A considerable sprinkling of clerics of inferior rank could be distinguished by the somberness of their garb amidst the gayer colors affected by the lay people. All were talking volubly, laughing, and gesticulating. As soon as the doors were opened they rushed pell-mell past the guards into the cathedral and took their places in that portion of the nave set apart for the general public.

Across the upper part of the church, and before the principal altar, a wooden barrier, covered with cloth hangings, had been raised. Within the space thus enclosed a temporary Papal Chapel had been arranged, with rows of benches on each side for the cardinals and prelates, and a throne draped in silken hangings and with fringes of gold, for the Pope himself. On the opposite side to this throne, and a little lower down the church, about half way between the high altar and the wooden barrier, was erected a species of pulpit or reading desk. It stood well out towards the center of the nave, in front of the bench of the cardinal deacons; and it was draped, like the throne, in white. Wooden steps gave access to it, for it stood almost level with the chair under the canopy of the throne and formed the most prominent point in the arrangement of the chapel. Over against this pulpit, on the side where the cardinal bishops sat, was a long table with stools for the notaries. It was furnished with writing materials, pens, sand, parchment, wax, and tapers; and several books, or packets of closely written vellum sheets, lay before the place of each of the notaries.

While the crowd was taking in the details of the chapel—the lights upon the altar, the vacant throne, the rows of scarlet benches, the ambo, the notaries' seats, the barrier—it went on talking and gesticulating much as it had done in the square outside the cathedral. The few soldiers on guard, some at the doors, some at the gateway of the barrier, were phlegmatic and stolid, making no effort to keep the people quiet, standing rigid at their posts, their hands on their drawn swords, content that they did their duty in seeing that no one loitered in the doorway or attempted to force the barrier and enter the temporary presbytery.

With a great clanging of brazen metal the bells commenced to peal, and a comparative silence fell upon the waiting throng. A double line of soldiers—the Papal body-guard—made its way into the church, unceremoniously forcing the crowd to right and left, and leaving a lane clear from portal to sanctuary as they fell into place in two solid lines facing each other. There they stood, shoulder to shoulder, cutting the mass of people into two compact oblongs.

The bells jangled on in noisy clamor. Finally, in a great discordant burst, all ringing and clashing together, they ceased to swing.

Then a procession, formed of all sorts and ranks of ecclesiastics, filed slowly into the cathedral. From somewhere behind the altar, hidden away in the shadowy recesses of the apse, came the sound of singing. It was the chorus of the Papal choir, the shrill trebles of boyish voices mingling in unison with and dominating the rythmical pneumes of the basses as they sang, in the gorgeous simplicity of the traditional chant, their salutation to the Supreme Pontiff.

The procession swung forward slowly, majestically—friars and monks, priests and prelates. The line stretched now from the doorway to the wooden barrier. The mendicants were already moving to their places in the enclosed space.

As yet the cardinals had not entered the church. Meanwhile the melody throbbed pulsing on, rising aud falling in stately cadences and rhythms, now plaintive, subdued, lamenting, soft as the fall of summer rains upon lush meadows, now soaring, jubilant, triumphant, star clusters of song born in celestial spaces, the angels of the rolling spheres, the guardians of the hurtling planets, lifting their full-throated burden of praise as they guide the orbs along their appointed paths.

There is nothing vulgar or common in the ancient music of the Church—a music apart from all other in its staid solemnity. It is nature—the raindrops or the angels; the soughing of the breeze through cypress plumes that stand solemn guard around the sleeping dead; the moaning of the ocean waves; the silvery plash of water slipping from ledge to ledge of rock; the thunder of the ground swell under towering crags.

The chattering crowd was hushed; for the notes wove a spell about its heart. Something reminiscent, something prophetic, stirred in the cadences—a vague, shadowy presentiment of beings not of this world, of unseen presences hovering closely near, of broken bonds and mingling spirits. The Pope was coming. This was his music. The thrill passed from heart to heart, silencing laughter upon the lips, stifling words that trembled on the tongue. Even those to whom such scenes were familiar, with all their attendant circumstance of sight and sound, waited nervous, silent, expectant.

In a far corner stood Vipont, the murderer, clad in his somber, travel-stained garments, more pinched and corpse-like than ever. His eyes still burned beneath his cavernous brows with unquenched fire. The habitual twitching of his lips was increased by the nervous tension of the moment.

But for the chanting and the steady tramp of the procession there was no sound in the huge building. Here and there, perhaps, a sharp, dry cough—no more.

The cardinals, clothed in their rich dresses of blue and scarlet, were passing through the barrier, two by two.

The throbbing silence—for the singing and the swinging tread were silenced now to the waiting multitude—gathered itself up in a perceptible shudder. It was the utter tension of excitement and expectancy. And then from every throat a shout went up, an acclamation triumphant and inspiring. The Pope, clad in his pontifical vestments and blessing the people right and left, passed slowly up the aisle between the two rows of his soldiers. The chant swelled loud and louder from the dark apse, rising above the indescribable plaudits of the throng. Suddenly, the glint and flash of steel brought the procession to an end, as the body-guard of his Holiness drew up in compact ranks at the entrance in the barrier.

The Pope, after kneeling for a moment before the altar, ascended the steps of the throne. The cardinals, bishops, and prelates took their seats in order upon the benches. The notaries busied themselves with their writing materials, carefully arranging their parchments and examining the points of their pens. The religious stood, drawn together by orders, monks and friars apart, in their places. The crowd was hushed and silenced. The singing ceased. The plenary consistory was sitting.

After a prayer, chanted at some length, one of the notaries stood up in his place and read a document to the effect that the most Holy Lord, the Lord Alexander the Fourth, Bishop of Rome and Vicegerent of Christ upon earth, to the glory of God and for the welfare of innumerable souls intrusted to his care, proposed to examine by his cardinals—here the notary read out their names and the patent of their commission—a libel, writing, document, or book, written by Maitre William of St. Amour, Doctor of the University of Paris, Canon of Beauvais, and a teacher in the University, entitled *The Perils of the Last Times*, the said libel having been delated to the

Holy See as suspect, erroneous, dangerous, heretical, by the most Christian King, Louis IX. of France.

This was mere formality. The people grew impatient as the notary proceeded, in level tones, through the document. At last there came a pause; and then, silent and expectant again, they craned their necks to see what was going to happen. Even Vipont raised his eyes and stood erect, his great height lifting him clear of the sea of heads. The cardinals, some alert and anxious looking, others with a studied mask of indifference that effectually concealed their thoughts, seemed all turned towards the little white and brown band of friars. Hugh of St. Caro smiled, inscrutable and confident. The Bishop of Tusculum fidgeted with a docket of papers that he held in his hand. Even the Pope turned himself in his throne towards the ambo in the nave, his head slightly inclined under the tiara, his brown beard resting on the white of the pallium.

The notary, in the same level and passionless tone, called out a name: "Brother Thomas of the Order of Preachers!"

There was a movement among the friars. They drew back right and left as the tall form of Brother Thomas, graceful in its severe contrast of white and black—for he wore the black mantle of the preachers over his woolen tunic—advanced. A profound obeisance to the Pope, a low inclination to the assembled Princes of the Church, and the brother slowly ascended the steps of the ambo. There he stood, erect of body, yet with head somewhat bowed. He laid the roll of parchment that he carried upon the cushions before him, and rested both hands upon the edge of the pulpit. His slow eyes swept over the assembled crowd, rested a moment upon the many-hued line of the cardinals, the white figure of the Pontiff, sitting now, his head resting upon his hand, the little flock of mendicants anxious and prayerful, for whom he had come to plead. Then, tracing the sign of the cross upon his breast, he lifted his eyes towards heaven and, in his low and singularly sweet voice, every syllable of which was heard in all the church, so distinct was his enunciation, recited the words of the psalm.

"For lo, Thy enemies have made a noise: and they that hate Thee have lifted up the head. They have taken a malicious counsel against Thy people, and have consulted against Thy saints. They have said: Come and let us destroy them, so that they be not a nation: and let the name of Israel be remembered no more."

A thrill went through the church. It was not so much the words spoken as the marvelous tone and bearing of the speaker. This was not their quarrel. The dispute between the seculars and the mendicants had little to do with the good citizens of Anagni. They had come to hear the celebrated Brother Thomas of Cologne and Paris, not to enter into the merits or demerits of the friars; and the effects of this long-standing strife, that had been fomented and brought to a head in the University of Paris, were of small consequence to them compared to the hearing of the brilliant oratorical display that they expected.

The friar hid his hands beneath his scapular. His face was tranquil, serene, confident, shining with a sort of glory as he began his defence of the religious life. With his extraordinary mastery of Holy Writ, his deep grasp of the teaching of the Fathers, the calm method of his philosophy, he outlined his discourse, expounding, quoting, explaining. Point after point urged against the religious by their opponents he blunted. Objection after objection he thrust aside. Calumny on calumny he exposed in its true colors.

The Pope sat intent, rigid as a statue carved in stone, his head upon his hand, held in the spell of the friar's voice, in the thraldom of his reasoning. The eyes of the cardinals were riveted upon the pale, earnest face crowned with its aureole of curling hair, their ears drinking in each word as it fell from the mobile lips. A whisper would have been a thunderclap, so intense was the silence in the great church.

Was it not their quarrel? It was their quarrel—the personal affair of every soul in the cathedral. As the calm, slow voice went on, drawing out the principles of the Gospel counsels, attacking, defending, building impregnable strongholds, tearing down flimsy barricades of sophistry, the inherent Christianity of every heart stirred in response. It was their quarrel, their affair, none more so. Behind the placid, radiant brows of Brothor Thomas, beneath the coarse texture of the friar's habit, there was a brain, a heart; and every brain and every heart took fire in its contact. Brows were furrowed and hands clenched as the accusations of the seculars were repeated. Each man was now fiercely, resentfully conscious that it was his own affair. But the meek voice, in which there was no trace of fierceness or resentment, still fell upon their ears. With resistless, relentless logic, like the flow of a mighty river, it swept on, carrying all before it. Not a point was missed. There was no flaw in the defence, no answer wanting to the accusation.

It was a doctor who spoke, a master in Israel, to whom the books of revelation and of nature lay open-leaved. It was a saint, whose words so telling and so true rang in their ears, impersonal and unimpassioned.

When he had made an end, there was a great burst of applause, which not even the august presence of the Pontiff sufficed to stifle. Brother Thomas quietly and slowly came down from the ambo and, making his low obeisance to the Pope, was lost once more amid the now jubilant friars.

When silence had with difficulty been restored, the principal notary stood up again in his place at the table, and began to read a second document, handed to him by Eudes of Tusculum. It was the judgment of the commission of cardinals, appointed to examine the libel. While this document was being read in the monotonous drawl of the notary, the people in the nave were restless. But silence fell yet again as two of the soldiers bore a brazier of burning coals into the center of the open space before the altar. What was going to happen? The notarial voice ran on:

"And since the work, delated to us, which has been examined and sifted by our commission, is found to contain perverse sentiments, propositions false, scandalous, erroneous, capable of causing great scandals, most dangerous to souls, keeping the faithful from giving alms to religious and from becoming religious themselves, impious, abominable, teaching a false doctrine, corrupt, execrable . . . interdiction to whosoever keeps, approves, defends it in what manner soever, under pain of incurring excommunication and being held by all the world as a rebel to the Church of Rome."

The three notaries stood side by side, at their table, their black robes showing strangely against the whites and scarlets and blues of the other ecclesiastics. He who had been reading lifted a vellum volume from among the books and papers before him, and, preceded by the other two, walked between the rows of dignitaries to the Pope, bearing it in his hands. The three knelt at the foot of the throne, as their spokesman cried out, in his level, unemotional voice: "Most Holy Father: the Libel of William of St. Amour, sometime Doctor of the University of Paris, Canon of Beauvais, but by your Holiness' Bull of June 17 last deprived of benefice and dignities!"

Pope Alexander rose to his feet, and, turning towards the cardinals, addressed them.

"Most eminent Lords and Brethren: Ye have heard the words of our Brother Thomas concerning the religious life and the arguments that have been urged against the friars, both the Preachers and the Minors. You have listened to their report of our commission upon the infamous libel of St. Amour. Nor have our own words been wanting. Our notaries have drawn up a Bull which has but now been read in your presence. It is our will that the writing of William of St. Amour be presently given to the flames in token of the utter reprobation of the blasphemous doctrines therein contained, and that our judgment be signed and sealed in this Consistory for a perpetual memorial of the same."

He took his seat again, leaning forward as before, his head on his hand, as the notaries withdrew with the condemned book.

The tapers were lit at the long table and the spluttering wax fell in gouts upon the strips of parchment attached to the Bull as the seals were impressed. The judgment was complete.

A master of ceremonies signed to the notaries, and together they moved towards the brazier. The two soldiers who had brought it in were laboring with a bellows at the glowing coals. The people in the nave swayed forward, on tiptoe, to see. The friars edged themselves out beyond the screen of the ambo. Even the cardinals turned their heads and shifted in their seats. Over all, the Pope looked on, grave, severe, judicial.

The proto-notary for a moment held the book aloft in the sight of all the people; then, with a brief Latin formula, plunged it into the heart of the fire. The leaves crackled, twisted, writhed, like living things in pain. A tongue of flame shot up from the brazier. And the book, that had sowed dissentions in the University, that had menaced the work and the very existence of the two religious orders, that had been the cause of anxiety to bishops and kings, that had disturbed the peace, even, of the Roman Court, was reduced to ashes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DUBLIN A CENTURY AGO.

BY H. A. HINKSON.

I THINK there are few things more fascinating to the lover of his native city than an old and obsolete guidebook to its advantages and charms, for the writer of a guidebook is rarely, if ever, a cynic, and writes with a whole-hearted admiration of his subject. And I confess that when I read such books, I wish that I were back in those days of romantic discomfort, when one had to be content with traveling eight miles an hour by coach, along indifferent roads, his pulses quickened and his imagination stimulated by the not unlikely prospect of an encounter with "gentlemen of the road" who took one's purse or one's life with equal grace and courtesy.

Some days ago I bought for a few pence *The Picture of Dublin for 1811*. It was pulished in Dublin anonymously at the price of "Six shillings British." On the back of the title-page is written in the small, neat, but rather characteristic, script of the time: "John McVeigh's Book, Presented to him by his much-esteemed and valued friend, William Copart, Esq., on his departure from this country for Madeira. Dublin, March, 1829." On the back sheet of an old map in the volume is written in the same handwriting: "The Original of this Map is in the possession of the Celebrated John McVeigh, of Dublin, who with his accustomed kindness and liberality has allowed a few copies to be taken."

Mr. McVeigh was either a wag or a person who appreciated his own condescension. More probably he was both, but one is struck by the simple yet effective manner in which he has commended himself to posterity and handed down his name as an abiding possession to those who were to come after him. While the author of *The Picture of Dublin* is unknown and unremembered, Mr. McVeigh has achieved at least a measure of immortality.

But perhaps this is as it ought to be, since Mr. McVeigh, to judge by his marginal notes, was a good Irishman and a Catholic, while the anonymous author seems to have belonged to the "Garrison," though he is not wanting in a certain local patriotism.

The opening words of *The Picture of Dublin* are sad enough to one reading them now: "Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland, is the second city in his Britannic Majesty's dominions." It is many years since Dublin has fallen from that proud position in regard to population, wealth, and industrial enterprise.

The author's account of the history of Dublin before his own time is slight and not altogether accurate. He refers to the ejectment of the fellows and scholars of Trinity College, by the soldiers of James II., but he evidently did not know that the valuable library and manuscripts had been preserved by a secular priest, Dr. Michael Moore, whom James had placed over the college, assisted by Father Teigue MacCarthy, the King's chaplain (*The History of the University of Dublin*, by Dr. Stubbs).

However *The Picture of Dublin* is interesting as a contemporary record, not as an historical retrospect. As is generally known the Houses of Parliament were, after the Act of Union, sold to the Bank of Ireland, and according to our author "not only the British Empire but Europe could not boast of a Senatorial hall so spacious and stately." Every part of the interior of the building was altered out of recognition, except the Chamber of the House of Lords, which remains to this day as it was during the last sitting of the Irish Peers, and supplies a Board Room to the Directors of the Bank. "The bare view of it," remarks our author quaintly, "cannot but cause some reflection to an Irishman!"

Of Trinity College he has little of interest to say, though he was undoubtedly struck by the colossal skeleton of Magrath, upon which I remember gazing with awe in my own college days. "Magrath is said to have been an orphan, who when a child fell into the hands of the famous Bishop Berkeley, who appears to have been so inquisitive in his physical researches as he was whimsical in his metaphysical speculations. The bishop had a strange fancy to know whether it was in the power of art to increase the human stature, and this unfortunate orphan appeared to him a fit subject for trial. He made the experiment according to his preconceived theory, and *the consequence was*, the boy became seven feet high in his sixteenth year."

This statement is delightfully *naïve* and we are not informed by what process such remarkable results were obtained.

Our author is enthusiastic in his praises of the Custom House, where the duties on exports and imports were received, "not only for the magnitude of its business but for the beauty of its architecture." Externally the building, which in the writer's time was, "in point of beauty and convenience, equal if not superior to any building of the kind in Europe," has not suffered any appreciable change, but within it is different. There are now, alas! no Customs and "the magnitude of its business" consists of the departmental work of the Local Government Board; and the mansions of the two chief commissioners of the revenue and of their secretaries are now occupied by civil service clerks. The famous architect, James Gandon, designed the building, which cost a quarter of a million pounds sterling.

Our author is very enthusiastic about the Irish Post Office system, which he describes as "one of the most perfect regulations of finance existing under any government, and the most important spot on the face of the globe. It not only supplies the government with a *great revenue*, but it receives information from the poles and distributes information to the antipodes." If it did all this it would certainly merit the praise bestowed on it. There were two Postmasters-General in those days—Lord O'Neil and the Earl of Rosse—where one is sufficient now, and it is interesting to remember that under Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill the only source of revenue appropriated to the Irish Parliament was the post and telegraph system which was then and is, I believe, still carried on at a large annual loss to the Imperial Exchequer.

Letters were conveyed by mail coaches, well-horsed and provided with a double guard, armed to the teeth, to protect them from highwaymen and footpads. Their average rate of progress was eight miles an hour.

Eight packets, all bearing non-Irish names, plied between Dublin and Holyhead. The mails for England left Dublin every evening except Sunday; the English mails were due in Dublin every day except Wednesday. The postal rates in Ireland varied from 4*d.* to 8*d.* From Dublin to London cost 1*s.* 1*d.* and from Dublin to any part of North America 3*s.* 4*d.*

The markets, we are told, were well supplied with flesh, fowl, and fish, "the latter in higher perfection than in any other capital in Europe," but although the city had been considerably enlarged, the number of nobility who were resident had decreased since the Union. "It was supposed by many," adds the writer, "that one of the effects of the Union would be a reduction of rents and fines, yet both have been very much raised, and are still increasing."

It must be remembered that in those days every office of power or importance was held by a Protestant. The Lord Mayor was Chief Magistrate of the City, and like the Lord Mayor of London he sat with the recorder and the aldermen to try capital offences and misdemeanors committed within the city boundaries.

In addition to seven hundred watchmen, who were on duty at night, there were one hundred policemen—there are over one thousand now—who wore a blue uniform and hangers by their sides. The writer, while claiming for Dublin a superiority over other cities in the matter of crimes, takes occasion to warn travelers coming to Dublin that they should "carefully avoid the approach to town after dark, by coming in before, as they may be in danger of being robbed by footpads or having their luggage cut from behind the carriage. If a person is in any way assaulted or attacked by thieves or others, whilst walking the streets at night, he should instantly call the watch, who will immediately repair to his assistance." In asking questions, or inquiring the way, one is advised always to apply at a shop.

Our author apparently had not a very high opinion of the legal profession, since he cautions persons who go to the Four Courts *in term time* carefully to avoid taking anything valuable in their pockets, as they are in danger of having them picked.

The Dublin jarvey in 1811 does not appear to have differed from his successor of to-day.

"He is very apt to impose on strangers, by demanding much over his fare. He will also frequently refuse to proceed without an agreement, notwithstanding the penalties he is exposed to by law." The writer evidently believes that the witty entertainment of the jarvey should be included in his sixpenny fare.

The stranger to Dublin is warned against "mock auctions, in which a variety of frauds are practised on the unwary. They are generally in alleys, where a few puffers, who have some articles to dispose of, attend to bid when strangers enter."

The overcrowding of certain parts of the city in those days was almost as great a problem as it is in our own time. "For although the streets are generally wider than in other large cities, and the opulent possess the most extensive concerns, yet a considerable part of the city is so much crowded, that in many houses every room is occupied by a separate family, and it is not uncommon in some to find three families in the same apartment."

In 1644 the population of Dublin was 8,159; in 1681, 40,000; in 1753, 128,570; and in 1798, 182,370, including the garrison of about 7,000, or a soldier to about every 26 inhabitants, exclusive of police and watchmen. Six years later, notwithstanding all the advantages to trade and employment promised by the Act of Union, the population had decreased by 4,192.

A sum of £10,000 was levied annually for the support of a Foundling Hospital "to receive and maintain exposed and deserted children, to prevent the murder of poor miserable infants at their birth, or their being exposed in the streets." A cradle was set in front of the hospital and in this the poor little victim of the world's unkindness was set, while it waited for the hospitality of the stranger. "To the Dublin Foundling Hospital are brought children from all parts of the country, nor is it unusual to send children from England, where they are received without difficulty."

In 1760 Lady Arabella Denny placed a clock in the nursery with the following inscription:

"For the benefit of infants protected by this Hospital Lady Arabella Denny presents this clock, to mark that as children who are fed by the spoon, must have but a small quantity of food at a time, it must be offered frequently. For which purpose this clock strikes every twenty minutes, at which notice, all the infants that are not asleep must be discreetly fed."

Good, kind Lady Arabella, doubtless long ere this you have been repaid a thousandfold for that clock by the prayers of those poor infants who have, through your care, been "discreetly fed."

Unfortunately, however, this otherwise excellent charity, like everything else in Ireland at the time, was of a sectarian character. The children were sent to nurses in the country for six years, being brought to Dublin each year, when the salaries were paid. "Afterwards they are instructed in reading and writing and the principles of the Protestant religion, and at a proper age apprenticed."

The number of these little parentless waifs was, in 1811, 5,000, but a marginal note by Mr. McVeigh informs us that in his time the hospital had ceased to exist.

Another institution, even less popular amongst those for whom it was intended, was The House of Industry, "established for the reception of the poor, who are received *without any recommendation*." There were also forty-six cells provided for lunatics. "The beggars of Dublin," says our author, "in general have a strong aversion to this house; many of them, however, are compelled by force to enter, as occasionally a covered cart goes about the city, with a number of men, who take up such as they meet in the street begging."

One is not greatly surprised at the feeling of the beggars towards this "charity." At the present day, the poor Irish would almost prefer starvation to entering the Union Workhouse, and it is significant that the phrase "taken up" for "arrested" is almost universal in Ireland—a reminiscence, of course, of the forced hospitality of The House of Industry. Whether the beggars had also to undergo forced instruction in "the principles of the Protestant religion" is not stated.

A Protestant foundation, which now no longer exists, was the Charter School, near Clontarf, where one hundred and twenty boys were lodged, clothed, and educated in the Protestant religion. The Charter School Society gave a portion of £5 to each person whom they educated, of either sex, upon his or her *marrying a Protestant*, with the previous approbation of the Committee and after serving their apprenticeship. They were required also to make their claim within seven years after the expiration of their apprenticeship and six months after marriage!

It is interesting to note, as a change in the spirit of the time, that at present one of the largest and most successful educational establishments in Ireland is at Clontarf, to wit, the O'Brien Institute, over which Brother Swan of the Christian Brothers, one of the most humane and sympathetic teachers whom Ireland has ever produced, now presides. Last autumn, when I visited the O'Brien Institute, Brother Swan took me out into the playing fields to see a football match between his own Catholic boys and the Protestant Young Men's Christian Association. The Committee of the long defunct Charter School could not, even in their most depressed moments, have anticipated such a happening.

Yet another educational foundation, still existing, was the Royal Hospital, or Blue Coat School, established in 1670 chiefly by contributions from the inhabitants of Dublin. Charles II. gave it a charter and the ground of Oxmantown Green—the site of an old Norse settlement—where the present building stands. It is interesting to recall that the "Merrie Monarch" ordered the bishops to amend the extravagance of their lives and to devote the sums thus saved towards the maintenance of the royal foundation. But the bishops seem to have disobeyed the king's mandate, for I can find no evidence that they subscribed anything, though the Bishop of Meath may have done so, as he had the right of appointing ten scholars. The children of reduced freemen of the city were to be admitted on payment of a fee of five pounds. They were maintained, clothed, and educated, and when qualified apprenticed to Protestant masters. The education was not of a very advanced character, consisting of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but there was also a mathematical school in the hospital, supported by the Corporation of Merchants, for the instruction of boys in navigation. We are told that "The boys of this hospital have generally proved sober, honest, and diligent apprentices, and many of them have become respectable citizens." The boys still wear a semi-military dress—a tunic with belt and brass buttons and a round cap with streamers. In earlier days their collars and cuffs were of orange, like the boys of Christ's Hospital, London, but as the orange excited the hostility of the Catholic town boys, it was discontinued. The King's Hospital is a fine building, somewhat marred by the imperfect steeple.

The Irish prisons still leave much to be desired, but they must be a paradise compared with the prisons a century ago. The notorious Newgate prison was probably the worst. After passing the entrance of this "mansion of misery," as our author calls it, one reached an iron gate which led to the press yard, where the prisoners had their irons put on and off. From this yard a passage led to apartments for those who became *informers*, and close by was a large room for those under sentence of transportation. Another door led to the felons' squares, where were the cells, twelve on each floor, with a staircase on each side. The cells for those under sentence of death were underground, dark and oozing with filthy slime. The gaoler, we are told, had, however, apartments to accommodate his "wealthy tenants," but those who were not wealthy were crowded together in a cell, both untried and convicted, without distinction. Blackmail, called *garnish* money, was levied on the newcomer by his fellow-prisoners, and evil indeed was the lot of him who was unable to satisfy their demands.

The keepers were no better, and were often accused of detaining in their possession the heads and bodies of such as were executed for high treason, till they were putrid, "in order to enhance the sums first demanded from their relatives for them." Moreover, "it was rumored through the prison that the head of Robert Emmet sold for £45 10*s.* 0*d.*!"

There were three other city prisons—the Sheriffs' Prison, the City Marshalsea, and the Four Courts Marshalsea, all of which were appropriated to the use of debtors, "of whom there was, in general, a considerable number."

These prisons, as well as Newgate, have long ceased to exist. Kilmainham Gaol, so famous in our own time for the imprisonment of Mr. Parnell and other Irish patriots, still remains and is no doubt, in the words of our author, as "well adapted for the purposes intended" as it was a century ago, but death sentences are no longer carried out in front, but inside the walls of the gaol.

The author of *The Picture of Dublin* regretted that the advantages of the Union were not very conspicuous in 1811. On the contrary, he found that the peers and gentry were forsaking their splendid residences on the north side of the city, which were becoming fast overcrowded tenement houses. If he were alive to-day, he would see that ruin almost complete. The only thoroughfare which appears not to have changed appreciably is Sackville Street, now O'Connell Street, with the famous rotunda at the north end and Nelson's Pillar in the middle of what is perhaps the widest thoroughfare in Europe. Looking at the old contemporary print and the modern photograph, one sees little difference beyond what the electric cars have made.

The Mansion House remains the same to all intents and purposes as when it was occupied exclusively by full-blooded Tories. Amongst the portraits are those of Charles II., William III., who presented the Lord Mayor of the day with a gold chain, which the latter's successors have since worn, each occupant of the chair having added a link, and the Right Hon. John Foster, last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. Foster had opposed the Union with England as bitterly as he had opposed the privileges of the Constitution to the Catholics, and with the same success.

I find from a note by our anonymous author that "in consequence of Mr. Foster's bringing forward, in the last Session of Parliament, the fifty per cent additional on windows, the handbill tax, etc. the Common Council, at their quarter assembly, in July, 1810, voted for Mr. Foster's portrait to be taken down at the Mansion House!"

Shades of Grattan and of Flood, the portrait of the "Incorruptible John" removed ignominiously from the chamber where so often he had been an honored guest. *Sic transit gloria.*

Lord Mayor's Day was a century ago celebrated with much pomp on the 30th of September, on which day his lordship entered upon his official duties. According to our author "the procession on this occasion is worthy of the observation of strangers, when the Lord Mayor proceeds from the Mansion House to the Castle, in his state coach, with a band of music, attended by the aldermen and sheriffs, in their state carriages, and a train of carriages that make a long procession. His Lordship, on this occasion, is also attended by a foot company of battle-axe guards, in ancient dress, that made a very curious appearance."

At the present day the ceremony, which takes place on New Year's Day, is less picturesque, the glittering helmets and trappings of the Fire Brigade—said to be the best in Europe—now forming the most brilliant part of the show, since, some twenty years ago, the lining of the streets with troops and the gay cavalry escort were dispensed with. Neither do the Lord Mayor and his aldermen and sheriffs go any longer to drink copious draughts of claret in the wine cellars of the castle, as they were wont in the old days.

Although, according to our author, "the removal of the parliament from the metropolis has proved very injurious to the trade of the city," Dublin a century ago must have presented a very animated appearance. There was a great number of mail and stage coaches plying through the city, in addition to jaunting—by English writers generally spelt jolting—cars and jingles, a curious kind of two-wheeled coach opening behind. The jingle is no longer to be found in Dublin, but it is still the most common vehicle in Cork, to which I believe it is indigenous.

Besides these conveyances there were fly-boats on the canals, the delights of traveling by which have been immortalized by Lever. These fly-boats were not unlike in appearance the house boats which in summer-time line the banks of the Thames. They were drawn by horses and traveled about four miles an hour, from Dublin to the Shannon and to Athy and back. The rules to be observed by passengers were somewhat quaint. No servants in livery were allowed in the first-class cabin and dogs were to be paid for as passengers. No spirits, "plain or mixed," were to be sold on board, and wine only in pints, one to each passenger who dines on board. The party with whom Charley O'Malley traveled must have broken the latter regulation. No wine was allowed in the second cabin.

The writer quaintly tells us that the Jews had no synagogue in Ireland, though they had a burying-ground near Ballyboughbridge in Dublin. A note by Mr. McVeigh corrects this statement, and informs us that the Jews established a synagogue in 1833 in Dublin. A century ago there were published in Dublin thirteen newspapers and magazines. Of them only one, *The Freeman's Journal*, now exists. There were eight private banking houses, including that of the Right Hon. David Latouche and that of John Claudius Beresford, notorious for his savage treatment of the defected rebels.

Amongst places of common resort outside Dublin are mentioned Dunleary, now called Kingstown, in honor of George the Fourth's visit, and Donnybrook where the famous Fair was held on the 26th of August in each year. The Fair Green is now covered with respectable red-brick houses, amongst which doubtless the spirits of the departed rollickers creep, like the ghosts in Homer, sadly gibbering.

One takes leave of this fascinating book with a feeling of tender regret for the old days, which, bad as they were in many respects, had still the charm of romance and daring adventure.

A BUSH HAPPENING.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

> We buried old Bob where the bloodwoods wave
> At the foot of the Eaglehawk;
> We fashioned a Cross on the old man's grave,
> For fear that his ghost might walk. . . ."

IT was about five o'clock on a summer's evening. All day long the sun's rays had poured down out of a fierce blue sky, threatening to set alight the sunburnt plains. Not a cloud anywhere. Both bird and beast sat agape; and the silver myalls hung down their leaves, as if they too had had about enough. The thermometer was still up to some perilous figure, when suddenly—the sound of wheels broke upon the silence, and the mail coach lumbered up the narrow track.

The Waitonga homestead was not on the line of route, therefore something must have happened to account for such a detour.

On the shady side of the veranda sat a sunburnt looking figure, who in the intervals of absorbing a brandy and soda was blowing rings of smoke into the air. His trained ear had caught the sound, but being a typical bushman he exhibited no surprise. Presently the coach turned the curve and finally came within speaking range. Without removing his pipe from between his teeth, the man on the long chair lazily accosted the driver.

"Hullo! Anything wrong?"

"Sunstroke—lady passenger," was the laconic reply.

In an instant Dick Harrington was out of his chair, and in less time than it takes to tell he had given orders about the luggage, opened the coach door, assisted one lady to alight, and had carried another indoors and laid her on the sofa in the sitting-room. Then he sought out Sarah, the old black gin, and told her to prepare the big double room for the two ladies. That done, he sent over to the kitchen to order tea, and finally he made his way back to the sitting-room.

So far he had no idea who his guests might be. To judge by appearances they were sisters. Both were young; one of them married. Dick wondered who they could be. As there are not too many inhabitants out back, he proceeded to pass in review all those homesteads that lay within a two-hundred-mile radius. The result of his cogitations was that he was able to place his visitors as the wife and sister-in-law of Edward Stokes, owner of Ingalara—a big sheep-station a hundred miles to the northwest of Waitonga. He remembered hearing of Stokes' marriage about a year ago. Miss Evans was a Sydney girl and a reputed heiress. There were only the two sisters, their father being Nathaniel Evans, the great wool king. Every one in the back country knew Nathaniel Evans by name, and there wasn't a station hand but knew to the fraction what his income was. Out back the men's hut is strong on statistics, and they flatter themselves on the accuracy of their information. For nowhere is the Government Blue Book—in which each man's takings are duly entered—studied more assiduously.

But even while Dick Harrington was busy sizing up his guests, he lost no time in administering what restoratives were possible. Of course there was no ice to be had. Ice doesn't grow out back. Indeed it was hard enough to get water at Waitonga, the drinking supply being carefully nursed in water bags, which were hung up in the shade, where the hot, burning wind played upon them. Coolness being therefore impossible, the next best thing was fresh air. So Dick pulled up the Venetian blinds and opened wide the French windows which led on to the veranda. Then, turning to the patient, he placed another cushion beneath her head and proceeded to manipulate bandages.

"Sal volatile, or lead lotion, is what we want," he said in a business-like tone. "But this masculine establishment has its limitations. Cold water bandages must do."

"Do you think it will be serious?" asked his companion anxiously.

"Not a bit," was the answer. "She'll come round all right."

"You see, my sister has never been up country before; and we shouldn't have traveled in such heat."

"To-day was a bit of a scorcher," admitted Dick; "and with the glass up to 120 degrees in the shade, a few sunstrokes are inevitable. But there's no need to be anxious about your sister," he added. "All she needs is rest and quiet."

With that he led the way into the dining-room, where tea was already waiting.

"Now that we've time for social amenities," said Dick, "perhaps I ought to say that I have the pleasure of knowing who you are. It, therefore, remains for me to add that my name is Harrington: Dick Harrington—at your service!"

Mrs. Stokes laughed. "Yes, I know your name very well"; she admitted, "but I never thought I was to make your acquaintance in this fashion."

"The stars," said Dick, "have been unusually propitious. And now—perhaps you'll pour out tea; since no man can."

"But what does the man do when he's alone?" asked Mrs. Stokes.

"He reflects," said Dick, "on the wisdom of the Book wherein it is written that it is not good for man to be alone."

"Oh! I'm glad at least that you are not a woman-hater. Because you'll have to keep us for a week anyhow! There's no coach before then."

"But why hurry away?" said Dick. "Miss Evans ought not to travel while this hot spell lasts. It wouldn't be wise to risk a repetition of to-day's mishap."

But Mrs. Stokes was firm. They must push on as soon as possible. Therefore he must hold himself prepared to drive them in to Dingalong on the following Tuesday.

"How far is it from here?" she asked.

"Not far," said Dick; "twenty miles or thereabouts."

"That's capital," answered Mrs. Stokes.

"Oh, yes"; said Dick, "it's all right while this weather lasts, but it's the devil and all when it rains—there's no getting along in a buggy. The track is generally under water and the wheels get bogged."

"Very well," laughed Mrs. Stokes, "if it rains we'll swim! Now I must go and unpack."

So saying, she left him to his reflections. These, to judge by his expression of countenance, were not unpleasant. Indeed, he was just thinking that there were worse places in the world than the little homestead that lay at the back of beyond. Then he wondered how Miss Evans was— Yes; he liked the look of Miss Evans. And what a feather weight she was to carry!

Pretty hair, too; it felt so soft and silky when he had raised her head— No, he'd see she didn't travel too soon.

That evening Mrs. Stokes and he dined tête-à-tête, and after dinner Dick arranged the long chairs outside the sitting-room windows, where they conversed in low tones for an hour or two. The heat was still intense. So much so that sleep seemed out of the question. But as Miss Evans had now regained consciousness Mrs. Stokes decided on withdrawing for the night.

Dick smoked on, however, with a contented mind while he watched the heavens blaze and the Southern Cross slowly dip towards the horizon.

Breakfast at Waitonga was an early meal—at least for Dick, who usually had his at 5 A. M. Mrs. Stokes was to order hers whenever she was ready for it. But Mrs. Stokes now appeared at the open window.

"How *can* you cope with five chops this weather?" she asked.

"Why," answered Dick, "chops are only a foundation. At Waitonga the *régime* is: chops, devilled kidneys, an egg or two— But you must need your breakfast," he added hastily, as he placed a chair for her, and begged her to begin with something adequate. Then, as he urged, she might top off with fruit.

"And how is the invalid?" he asked.

"The invalid," said Mrs. Stokes, "is better. She has slept fairly well and she wishes you to know that she is a credit to your cold water bandages. She'll get up later and will hope to see you this evening."

"Good," said Dick, as he rose to go. "You'll give what orders you please, and make yourself quite at home. There are a certain number of books and reviews scattered about the house, besides the box of books from the lending library."

Then he made his way down to the stock-yard to catch his horse, and five minutes later horse and rider were seen heading off towards the sky line.

Miss Evans had more or less recovered by that evening. Indeed, she wanted to insist that she was well enough to go in to dinner. But Dick was firm. "Sunstrokes were his affair," he said. "Consequently she must obey orders." He liked being in charge of Miss Evans. And she—? Well, Bessie Evans seemed to accept the position without any demur.

The next day Dick suggested that the two ladies would take their books and sit out of doors in the shade. "That is, if you can find any shade. And be sure," he added vaguely, "you cover up your heads."

"Cover up our heads?" reiterated Mrs. Stokes. "What do you mean?"

"He evidently means us to adopt the native style of dress and wear blankets," said Bessie. "But," she added, turning to Dick, "even the gins don't wear them over their heads!"

"Another thing," said Dick, ignoring Bessie's remark, "don't take any of those foolish sunshades. They're no good for this weather. Let Polly give you two green-lined umbrellas." And with this parting injunction, he left them.

When he returned at 11:30 the ladies had not returned. So he lit his pipe and took possession of a shady corner of the veranda. Whew—w! what heat! Riding along through the scrub was like cantering through fire. He examined the backs of his hands. He had been careful to keep them in his trousers pockets as he rode: the horse always knows his way home. But in spite of his precautions the skin showed signs of being scorched. Besides that, there is such a thing as the *Barcoo rot*, and Dick's hands were not free from it.

"I wonder when they'll be back," he said aloud as he studied his watch. "It's almost lunch time now."

Then he remembered an order that he ought to have given cook, whereupon he raised his voice:

"Here! Pollie! Nancy!—any one!"

In answer to his summons a little black gin appeared, who immediately departed on her errand to fetch the cook; darting across the glaring patch of sunlight with quick, silent feet. She did not return at once, and when she did she shook her head.

"Cook no come," she said briefly.

"Tell him to come at once, or be d——d," said Dick.

Nancy grinned acquiescence, and smilingly disappeared. She liked this big feller boss. He didn't talk much, but he always meant what he said. So she knocked at the inner door of the kitchen and waited. But cook wouldn't answer, so she ran back again to her master.

"Cook asleep, Boss. Him no speak."

At this point Dick slowly withdrew a pair of legs from the long chair and leisurely made his way over to the servants' quarters.

The kitchen door stood ajar and the hot sun was streaming in, while opposite the entrance a huge fire roared in the open camp oven. The air felt as if it had been spooned up off the flames. The kitchen, however, was empty. The cook was evidently in his room having a time off.

"Poor devil," said Dick. "Can't wonder if he does slack it a bit."

But as it was now lunch time, it was time he woke up, so Dick banged at the bed-room door with the full force of his fist.

"Cook! Cook!" The summons sounded definite enough; but out back a man sleeps deep, and is not disturbed at trifles. Therefore Dick opened the door and went in.

It was a hot, stuffy little room. The blinds were drawn down, with the idea of discouraging the flies, who, undeterred by the semi-darkness, claimed the room as their own. They seemed, in fact, to be abnormally active that morning. There was a drowsy, continuous *buz—z—z—z* all the time, which sound was accentuated and broken into by an occasional buzz! buzz!—short and sharp—as a bulky fly knocked itself bodily against the wooden ceiling.

Coming out of the blinding glare it was difficult at first to discern anything in the little room. But as he became accustomed to the shaded light, Dick could just see the sleeping figure of the cook. He had taken up an easy position on the edge of the bed—evidently he was too sleepy to trouble about lying down—and had fallen asleep as he sat.

The attitude somewhat appeased Dick. Had he been flat on his back, the siesta would have been premeditated. But sitting there with his elbow resting on the table close beside his bed, and his head on his hand, the position argued a mere impromptu. At the same time, he had no business to be asleep before lunch. So Dick strode across the room, seized him by the back of the neck, and shook him.

"Here! wake up, you!—" Then he stopped. For the cook had fallen forward, his head butting Dick somewhere about the waist line.

"Halloo!" said Dick thoughtfully. "So that's your game, is it?" And without further remark he sauntered back to the veranda, just in time to see Mrs. Stokes and Bessie making their way towards the house.

"We've had a glorious morning," called Bessie, "and I've fallen in love with your creek."

"You mustn't do that," said Dick. "It's not proper."

"Why not?" said Bessie.

"Because it shows a want of principle," was the reply.

"And who is the best judge of principle, you or I?"

"Well," said Dick, "I'll put it to you. In this bare, lonely country there are not enough women to go round. And if one of these goes falling in love with promiscuous creeks— It follows that she's not playing the game."

"Now, don't argue," said Bessie. "It's too hot, and—and —my sister is hungry."

"Yes, indeed"; said Mrs. Stokes, "ready to eat you out of house and home."

"Oh! that reminds me," said Dick casually, "what would you like for lunch?"

"Why, bless the man! it's lunch time now," ejaculated Mrs. Stokes.

"Yes, I know"; said Dick. "But what would you like?"

"We'd like anything you'd give us," said Bessie.

"Well," replied Dick, "the point is, what can you cook?"

"I wish you wouldn't tease," said Bessie. "For I'm hungry, too."

"Same here," asserted Dick, and he sat down again in the easy chair. "But the question is this: Can we manage with cold meat and no potatoes? Because that is all we're likely to get."

"If you weren't always spinning yarns," said Bessie, "we might sometimes believe you." And swinging her dainty sunhat she sauntered off to her room.

"Hang it all," said Dick, "I never tell the truth, but it isn't placed on the wrong side of the ledger."

"The moral of which is," answered Mrs. Stokes, "that you should speak the truth oftener."

"Well, it's quite true about lunch anyhow," said Dick. "The cook's on strike."

"What fun! Does he want more wages—or less work?"

"He didn't say. He merely dispensed himself for today."

"Bessie!" called Mrs. Stokes. "Do come. The cook's on strike, and we're to get our own lunch!"

"I don't believe it," answered Bessie. "It's only another of Mr. Harrington's tales. I can't imagine how he was brought up!" And Bessie's eyes took on a taunting expression that was distinctly provocative. "Now, Sir! tell the truth; the whole truth; and nothing but the truth!"

"All right," said Dick resignedly. "The cook's dead."

"*Dead!*" It was Bessie's voice, and the word came like a half cry. She had gone ashy white. Her breath came and went, and Dick noticed that she looked very small and frightened, as she sat there with parted lips. "Dead!" she whispered.

"Yes"; said Dick, "dead as mutton."

For a few minutes no one spoke, and it seemed as if, among the group on the veranda a silent presence had obtruded itself, shutting out the sunlight with its gray wings outstretched.

"How awful!" said Mrs. Stokes presently. "What was the cause?"

"Heat apoplexy," was the answer. "He was a great, hulking brute, with a neck like a bull."

"When did you hear?" asked Bessie.

"I didn't hear," replied Dick. "I found him. He was sitting on the side of his bed. I thought he was asleep; but when I shook him he fell over—dead."

"What *did* you do?" And even while Bessie framed the question, her eyes were filled with horror.

"I heaved him back," was the stolid reply.

Dick was apparently surprised at so rudimentary a question. Like most of those who live out back he had no imagination. His vision was bounded by facts. He was untroubled by alternatives. Whatever the difficulty, he only saw the one way out.

"After all, every man must die," said Dick philosophically. "It might have been I—or you. It wasn't; and I'm jolly glad. As for this poor devil, he probably wasn't having much of a time. Being cook isn't much of a catch this weather."

"I suppose the funeral will be soon?" said Mrs. Stokes presently.

"Yes"; said Dick, "fairly soon."

The mid-day siesta was not a success, so Dick suggested that the two ladies would camp out for tea. Accordingly they all set out, Dick armed with a "billy" and a tea-basket, while Mrs. Stokes and Bessie grappled with umbrellas and sofa cushions. There was a shady nook Dick knew of not far away where the yellow mimosa hung down to the water's edge, and here they elected to pitch their tent. Of course the creek was not what it was. For instead of the swift rushing stream that once swirled between the steep banks, and at times overflowed, flooding the surrounding plains and changing the face of the country, here it was a poor little shrunken rivulet, creeping along between wide margins of sun-baked clay. The clay was all cracked, and it cried aloud for the life giving showers. But no rain came to moisten the parched lips of the dying creek. Meanwhile it afforded a happy hunting ground for the great bull frogs, whose incessant croaking made the hot air throb again.

From time to time Bessie would look up from her book to see a clumsy iguana stretch his head out of his hole by the clump of tiger ferns. Then, blinking his beady eyes in the sunlight he would shoot out his forked tongue as if he were a serpent getting ready to strike. But he never did anything more than pretend, because an iguana is one of nature's fools, being deficient in any concentrated sense of purpose. Bessie had no patience with such a creature. Therefore, the next time his head appeared, she threw a saucer at him.

"Bessie! What *are* you doing?"

"I'm merely protesting at a negation," was the reply.

"But why protest with Mr. Harrington's china?"

"Because I had nothing of my own to throw."

"If you're so destructive, he may not ask us again to stay."

"I didn't know that he had asked us this time," said Bessie, and she relapsed into her book.

Meanwhile Dick Harrington had more serious details to consider. Dead men are soon buried out back, and within the next hour or two he must have things fixed up. At the other side of the homestead, further off from the creek, stood a sandy ridge. It was here that the grave must be dug. But first of all there was the death certificate to be considered. This should be signed by a doctor, or, failing him, by a magistrate. But the magistrate was no longer in the district; and the nearest doctor lived ninety miles away. A coffin? No time to make a coffin. The man must be buried that night. Then as regards the grave. Who was to dig it? None of the station hands were available; and black boys will dig no graves. To them a white man is a god so long as he has life in him. But no sooner does the white man die, than the natives flee from him in superstitious fear. "White feller tumble down, up jump devil-devil."

Therefore, Dick could look for no assistance from any of the blacks. Then he remembered that one of the native camp had brought in word the night before that two travelers were camped at the water hole.

In the back blocks every man who has no visible means of support is known as a traveler; for to the democratic mind there is something indelicate in calling things by their right names. Therefore it matters not in the far Northwest whether a man is "on the wallaby"—an out-of-work, a tramp, a good-for-nothing; the back country looks beyond these details and dignifies the passing unit by the generic title of traveler. So Dick ordered a black boy to ride down to the water hole and to tell the travelers that a white man was dead and would they come and dig a hole?

An hour later the messenger returned. "The travelers were having a spell to-day, they might take the track to-morrow," was the gist of their reply.

At this intelligence Dick swore in that lurid undertone which is natural to the Northwest, and sent back word that if they didn't come now, they could go to ——; and that the pay was ten shillings each, exclusive of drinks.

The terms being deemed satisfactory, the two travelers strolled up before sundown. They were unkempt looking ruffians, shock-headed and out at elbow, and each humped his bluey with cheerful indolence.

They must see the dead man, they said, in order to make a hole to fit. So they looked at the dead man with critical eyes and took rough measurements; after which they liquored up and started in on the job.

It was hot work, with the sun beating down on the heads of the gravediggers. And Dick Harrington had to stand over them to insure the task being done. But when they had got down about five feet, first one man and then the other threw down his spade and struck for higher pay.

"This was no work for a white man," they protested.

"They'd been got at, and they'd be blowed if they'd do any more."

But Dick Harrington stood his ground. They had agreed to the arrangement, and he'd see them dead before he'd alter it. They could please themselves whether they settled with him or went on with the job.

At the beginning of this interchange of remarks, the travelers showed signs of fight; but seeing an ugly light in the boss' eye they decided to climb down. This they did in a double sense.

"'ow deep, Guvnor?" came the query from below.

"Nine feet," said Dick, and he filled up each man with a long whisky.

The grave was to be finished at 8:30, when the funeral was to take place. But before that Dick had to fill in the necessary papers, whereupon he found himself confronted with unlooked-for difficulties.

What was the man's name? Where did he come from? Had he any relatives? To all of which questions Dick could furnish no reply. In the men's hut he was known as "Tubby." To the sub-manager he was "Cook," and no more. Dick had searched his pockets, but he had no letters. And subsequently he had rummaged in his trunk, but there were neither papers nor clue to establish the man's identity. Therefore Dick did the best he could. He set down a vague declaration which was afterwards forwarded to a distant Justice of the Peace, to the effect that he thereby testified to the sudden death of the station cook, surname unknown, commonly called "Tubby." Approximate age, 55. Cause of death, apoplexy. Died, 19th of December, 1907. Buried same date.

These preliminaries accomplished, Dick gave his attention to the preparations for a cold supper, and when all was ready, he strolled down to the creek.

"Why didn't you come in time for tea?" asked Mrs. Stokes.

"Been asleep," said Dick, and he blinked his eyes to give color to the assertion.

"Oh!" said Bessie. "Then you haven't been chasing after cattle? Though why those unfortunate cattle require so much rounding up, is in itself a mystery. However, let that pass. Do look at the cross we've made to lay on the cook's grave."

Dick looked and was touched in spite of himself. It was so like a woman, he thought, this sentimentality of putting flowers on the grave of an unknown man. As if they would benefit anybody, still less the poor devil who would lie beneath them. But it was a tender thought; and the frail cross, fashioned in the wet fern and the sweet-smelling wattle, was the only sacred emblem the grave would ever know. And Dick liked to think that the sign of redemption should have been twined by a woman's hand; and it seemed natural, too, that Bessie should have done this thing.

"Queer things, women," he said to himself. "Hearts as soft as putty; but as for driving them—give me a dozen brumbies."

"I suppose he'll be buried to morrow," said Bessie tentatively; "or is it the next day?"

"About then," said Dick. And they all went back to the homestead.

Supper over, Dick excused himself on the plea of having business letters to write.

"But I ought to have worked them off by ten o'clock," he said, "and if you're not in a hurry to go to bed, we might have some reading. Do you like Paterson?"

"I don't know him," said Bessie.

"Don't know him?" ejaculated Dick. "Don't know Paterson, and you an Australian girl?"

"Well," said Bessie in self-defence, "I was brought up in England, so how could I know him?"

"That's no excuse," was Dick's reply. "He's read in England; for even the slow-going English public has sense enough to appreciate his stuff. Why," said Dick, warming up to his subject, "until you know Paterson and Lawson—"

"I don't know Lawson either," interrupted Bessie defiantly. "So now you may spurn me as an intellectual outcast."

"Of course, I wouldn't expect you to be enthusiastic about Lawson," said Dick in a more conciliatory tone. "The two men represent the two opposite poles of thought. One is an idealist; the other a realist. Lawson says true things—gruesome things—and Lawson sticks. You can't get away from his facts. When he describes anything, he makes you see it with his eyes. What he shows you is not easily forgotten. But with Paterson—well, he deals with the poetic side of things. We must certainly have some of Paterson to-night."

So saying, Dick groped for his pipe in a succession of pockets, and whistling a cheerful ditty he made his way across to the servants' quarters. On the sand-ridge beyond the two travelers were still at work.

"I do wish," said Bessie presently, "that Dick Harrington were not quite so severe. How could I be expected to know these wretched poets he thinks so much of?" Then, after a pause and in a more spirited tone: "After all, perhaps, these two are the only ones Dick Harrington knows!"

"I shouldn't wonder," agreed Mrs. Stokes. "He's a protectionist to the back-bone; and to praise local talent is only another way of supporting home industries."

But Bessie's attention had wandered. She was following out her own train of thought.

"I know I shall hate Paterson," she said resentfully; "besides which, I hate being read to. 'Perish the poets,' say I!"

But notwithstanding her denunciation, Bessie got up and scanned the bookshelves, as if in search of a particular book. Then, as her fingers rested on a well-worn volume, she opened it at random and proceeded to curl herself up in an easy chair.

Having read for a space, she laid down her book and remarked that if Dick Harrington had been less emphatic, she might have agreed with his verdict. "As it is— Listen, Mary! It's quite different from what you'd expect."

"How do you know what I expect?" asked Mary.

"Oh, I don't mean that," was the answer. "I only mean that, in a curious sort of way, he seems to have caught the spirit of the back country—the silence, the stillness, the penetrating melancholy. Listen to this scrap. It just makes you feel as if you were lying out in the open under a clump of myalls, with only a stretch of scrub between you and the sky line. And curving through the air wheel a flock of wild swans: a black streak against the blue. Listen!

"'The daylight is dying
Away in the west;
The wild birds are flying
In silence to rest;
In leafage and frondage,
Where shadows are deep,
They pass to its bondage—
The kingdom of sleep.

And watched in their sleeping
By stars in the height
They rest in your keeping
Oh, wonderful night.'

"Then," said Bessie, "he goes on to describe the glamor that hangs over the silent places in spite of the heat and the dust; yes, and the flies and the snakes. He just takes no notice of these facts. He carries you beyond and translates the real hidden meaning of things. Of course he's only voicing what every bushman must feel; but the bushman is not analytical, so I suppose we ought to suffer the poets, if only for such lines as these:

"'When night doth her glories
Of starshine unfold,
'Tis then that the stories
Of Bush-land are told.
Unnumbered I hold them
In memories bright,
But who could unfold them
Or read them aright?
Beyond all denials
The stars in their glories
The breeze in the myalls
Are part of these stories.
The waving of grasses
The song of the river
That sings as it passes
For ever and ever,
The hobble-chains rattle
The calling of birds
The lowing of cattle
Must blend with the words. . . .'"

Bessie's eyes had taken on a new light as she read page after page. Every now and again she looked up at the clock. It still wanted a full half-hour to ten o'clock.

And while the two women sat reading in the shaded light of the sitting-room, a silent little procession might have been seen wending its way under shadow of the night from the servants' quarters to the sand-ridge beyond.

Some of the station hands had come up from the men's hut, a mile away; and on the shoulders of these six white men was carried a rough bier. To be accurate, it was the stable door which had been taken off its hinges in view of the solemnity of the occasion. On this door lay the dead man, rolled round in a colored blanket. Out back, when a man dies, he is frequently buried in his clothes. He goes down to his grave as he is. It saves trouble. And to obviate the difficulty of a coffin, the blanket which has covered him the night before is now wrapped round him for his last sleep.

This custom is found more convenient by the man's friends; but it necessitates additional labor on the part of the gravediggers. The hole must be made deeper, if the dead is to sleep undisturbed. For, though superstition is rife among the majority of the black fellows, there are always individual natives who are ready to dig up the corpse for the sake of his clothes. Nine feet, however, is considered a safe depth. Even when the raiment is more desirable than that of the dead cook.

That the news of the burial had reached the native camp further out was evident by the silent groups of bush *gayloos* who had come in to watch the ceremony. A semi-circle of camp-fires had been built within a hundred yards of the grave, and beside these fires sat the blacks, with their gins and their piccaninnies. Not a word was spoken; all were absorbed in the chief business of the evening.

The two travelers were leaning on their spades, cursing the heat and the dead man, when the procession reached the graveside. At a sign from Dick the bier was taken from the men's shoulders, and the six white men closed round three sides of the door.

This done, Dick gave the order to lower, whereupon the door was tilted up, and the body fell into the hole with a dull thud.

At this, a whispered protest ran through the native groups. The blacks rose to their feet and pointed to the yawning grave: "Blanket *budgeree!* Clothes *budgeree!*" And a smothered groan expressed the native disapproval of the ways of the white man.

"Fill in, boys," said Dick; and again the gravediggers bent to their task. Within half an hour the grave was filled in; not heaped up; only stamped level. For such was the contract.

The white men had now gone home; Dick to the homestead; the others to the hut. The blacks alone remained. And while the camp-fires flared in the darkness, the native groups sat around and watched the spot where the dead man slept. "Would he emerge from his hiding-place?" they wondered. "Would he cast off his covering of sand and work harm among them? Surely the white man was great, and who could stand against him?"

So they kept guard throughout the night above the lonely grave on the ridge, while the homestead was wrapped in slumber.

Without a prayer or a word of hope had the dead man been laid to rest. Soon his place of burial would be but a forgotten patch of scrub; since

"There's never a stone by the sleeper's head,
There's never a fence beside;
And the wandering stock on the grave may tread
Unnoticed and undenied. . . ."

In the lonely stretches of the back-country it is the living alone that count; for is it not written: "the living are few but the dead are many"?

THE PRIEST IN RECENT FICTION.

BY CORNELIUS CLIFFORD.

ART," it is written, "has many infamies"; but the most unspeakable of them, the true *infanda* that lock the lips of the wise to silence or despair, are not necessarily the most shocking. If morals have too often taken hurt through art's perversity, they have nearly as often re-asserted themselves; and the essential decency of human nature has saved both art itself and the profounder issues of life by refusing to acquiesce contentedly in a lie. The same thing, unfortunately, cannot be said when religious beliefs are in question; for the average man is seldom as shrewd in these matters as he is single-hearted and good. A distorted symbol of faith will hold his allegiance, or be accepted, at least, as conjecturally true, where a corresponding symbol of conduct would scarcely fail to excite incredulity or scorn. So much easier is it to do right than to think right, so much easier to love God, as a great Italian humanist has reminded us, than, by reflecting upon Him, to define Him with satisfaction to the inquisitive self. A like limitation would seem to prevail, also, when one has to deal with alien creeds. *Omne ignotum pro malefico* might be said, with slight variation of the Tacitean formula, to be the law of our generalization in judging of other men's faiths: we readily believe evil of what we have never taken the pains to understand. Bigotry and prejudice may not, indeed, be mutually convertible terms; but they are closely related; for, if the former can be met by contact and the knowledge that humanizes, the latter must surely die when it has been answered by patient and charitable criticism; and been blown upon, let us add, by the Spirit of God.

It is not so many months since the present writer called attention in these pages to a notable instance of this graceless bias of the sectarian mind. Speaking of the Catholic conception of the Christian priesthood, as contrasted with that ridiculous portrayal of it which survives as part of the Protestant tradition of our day, he endeavored to show by reference to such historical data as might be supposed to be within reach of the ordinary inquirer, how a perverse but ingenious caricature, roughly sketched at first in mere wantonness, and without any after-thought of disloyalty to the idea that gave meaning to the thing in itself, came at last, by an unhappy concourse of events, to be accepted in all seriousness by the Protestant imagination as the only true account of one of the most vitally representative institutions of our ancient faith. The article was a modest attempt to do for religious dissidents what is often done with advantage for the dissidents of secular life. It was essentially an eirenicon; an effort to meet a prejudice by indicating the unworthy and somewhat irrelevant circumstances that had contributed to its growth. In the present paper it is hoped that the argument may be carried a step further. The reader's attention will be directed to the not uninteresting and, in some respects, most remarkable psychological data to be found in the mental attitude of both parties to the misunderstanding, caricaturist and caricatured alike. In the case of the caricaturist, at least, it may be admitted at the outset that the data in question have undergone a notable change since the spacious and over-reckless times in which they first betrayed themselves.

Many things have contributed to bring such a result about. The rhythmic tendency to reaction—a psychological trait to be taken into account when dealing with races no less than with individuals—increased human intercourse, the spread of knowledge, the growth of ideas, democracy, general education, and the wider feeling for liberty which has resulted from the enforcement of the principle of political toleration throughout English-speaking lands—these things have so profoundly affected the present generation, even in religious matters, that mere bigotry has become a kind of anachronism in consequence, and an educated man will resent few charges more keenly than that of being a zealot in his creed. One need not stop to challenge in detail the evidence for this statement. The facts are there, and the altered outlook, in a sense, is there also; explain them as we will. Priests are no longer proscribed or hunted; they live in the open; they come and go; they plan and build and sit in committee; they speak out their thoughts, or write them, according to their bent; they are accepted as good citizens, in fine; and as a class they are sincerely held in honor, some of them in very great honor, even in communities where the feeling of the Catholic for his religion is secretly despised as mere superstition, and where the level of spiritual intelligence is not very high. What is more noteworthy still, priests perform their mystical functions with a certain publicity and blaze of circumstance; they confess and anoint the sick in the hospitals and offer like evangelical service to the victims of the modern street; they institute processions with banners and religious emblems; they offer Mass on battleships or in military camps; they have been invited to preach before Protestant universities, and they have even been known to open legislative assemblies in America with prayer.

All this is quite true; and yet it may be asked: Is the priesthood, as such, coming to be better understood—understood, we mean, on its essentially mystical side, the only side which inspires the Catholic with concern for its good name? Is it safer to-day from misconception, more immune from the cruelty of caricature, than it was, say, a brief generation ago? One might easily recur for answer to the strange prejudices that swarm to the surface whenever the calm of religious waters is troubled by educational storms, as they are at this moment in England, as they might be at any time in America, were priests here a less forbearing class than over-much misunderstanding has taught them to be in a spiritually obtuse, but substantially well-intentioned, population like our own. Having no wish, however, to decide a plain matter by an array of contentious instances, we prefer to direct the detached observer to those quieter paths of imaginative prose literature where the thoughts of the great non-Catholic heart are all unconsciously revealed.

Within the past five years that large and uncritical portion of the reading world which derives its religion, like its science, from the too-pellucid wells of brave romance, has had its thirst quenched by a dozen different stories, the greater number of them works of more than every-day merit, in which the Catholic idea of the priesthood has been travestied in a series of situations that can be justified neither on the score of good art, nor of accurate knowledge, nor—since this also is an admitted ground for the making of many books—of decent and soft going commercialism. These books were loudly heralded at the time of their publication, and appeared to enjoy a well-deserved vogue. They were praised in reviews more or less conventionally superlative, as is the manner of those hapless and not always omniscient scribes who must do these things or starve; and in one or two instances that we could name, they were gravely commended—*horrescimus referentes*—by certain weekly Catholic periodicals, from which one had a right to expect a more considered verdict. No fewer than five of these "disedifying tales" have issued from the press within the past eighteen months; and if we select these last for especial notice, in lieu of their predecessors, it is not because of any greater literary excellence they reveal, but rather because of a certain *naïve* obliquity of vision wherever a priest holds the stage that ought to be interesting to Catholics as tending to explain so much of the perverted artistry and false psychology from which they and the articles of their creed are still condemned to suffer in an essentially truth-loving time.

The particular books in question are Mr. Robert Hichens' *Garden of Allah;* Mr. George Moore's *Lake;* Mr. Temple Thurston's *Apple of Eden;* Mr. H. A. Hinkson's *Father Alphonsus;* and Madame Dickinson Bianchi's *Modern Prometheus.* The chronological order of their publication which we have given, would seem inversely to indicate also the relative order of their merit; for Madame Bianchi's tale is artistically too crude a creation to be spoken of in the same breath with the other books, and calls for notice in the present connection chiefly because of the significant light it sheds upon some of those masked survivals that one often meets with in other directions of the Puritan New England soul.

As the scope of the present paper is neither literary nor directive, but expository for the most part, and, if critical at all, only in a psychological way, we shall not stop to summarize these stories by giving an outline of their plots. Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are probably familiar with them; and it will be enough to remark, therefore, that all five are love tales in which a priest enters as protagonist. Not one of them could be described as romantic, either in the technical or in the popular sense of that word; but Mr. Moore, with his neo-Celtic craze for the symbolic aspect of things, and Mr. Hichens, with his feeling for desert color and environment, the appropriate frame-work, it would appear, for the sad picture he gives us of a Trappist soul at odds with fate, have come perilously near to that most difficult yet always questionable achievement in art, the sustained parable with its inevitable moral all but pointed at the close. There is, of course, a plausible attempt at actuality, if not at realism, and with the exception of Madame Bianchi, whose essays in that direction are of the dear old-fashioned and righteously blundering sort, the authors show an acquaintance with the outer mechanism of Catholicism which is creditable alike to their honesty and to their instinct for literary art. This is no more than one has a right to look for from writers of their peculiar experience of life; and in the case of Mr. Moore even the least discerning reader will recognize that his knowledge is too intimate, too assured, too vital, in a word, ever to have been acquired by any less infallible channel than heredity and early training. We think it worth while to insist upon these facts, because their due consideration will lend point to the admission that there is no evidence whatever in any of these tales, not even in *The Modern Prometheus*, of the accusing or denunciatory spirit. The Catholic susceptibility that would take offence on that score would be acute indeed. A delicate, yet compellingly human problem is approached in that impersonal yet compellingly human way, which is supposed to make for success in art. The success is not apparent, and the esthetic result is challengeable to a marked degree.

Is it the art that is at fault? Or the deeper something, the psychology, let us say, which robust art ever instinctively obeys? Or is it, perhaps, the more mysterious something that is lacking, the sense of religion, namely, which the healthiest art must live by and glorify, or fail utterly to realize its dreams? There is not an educated Catholic, however feeble his grasp of the essential meaning of his faith might be, who would not answer that a genuine clue would inevitably be found in that last suggestion, and possibly in all three, since all three are so vitally related. The fact is, that not one of these authors has really apprehended the mystical secret of Catholicism, even on its most abstract and notional side (the side, that is, on which a detached scholar might be expected, on purely natural grounds, to come closest to it); and this is as true of Mr. Moore with his implied claim of esoteric knowledge, as it is of Madame Bianchi with her "Summerfield" outlook and her somewhat banal rhapsodies over Franciscan renunciation and early Umbrian art. We do not wish to imply that Catholicism may not be sympathetically expressed in thought formulas and art-symbols without being first accepted as an obedience of faith. Radiant spirits here and there have accomplished the thing before now;

though the achievement has never been so complete, we imagine, as to deceive the children of the household itself. What we do contend is that a very much larger measure of knowledge is needed, perhaps we should say a very much larger gift of insight, than any that our authors seem capable of acquiring in the several frames of mind that went to the making of these books; and the proof of it is to be found in their clumsy treatment of that most elusive of problems, whether one views it from the standpoint of the historian, the psychologist, the artist, or the theological ascetic—the celibacy, namely, of the Catholic clergy. Save in *The Modern Prometheus* the theme in each instance centers, curiously enough, in the self torment of a priest who discovers, or thinks he discovers under the stress of passion and environment, that life and ecclesiasticism and the never too-impossible "she" have conspired to turn him into a spiritually ill-fitting peg in a correspondingly irksome and ill-fitting hole.

In no case can any of the tales be described as pleasant. Mr. Hichens and Mr. Hinkson, however, have given us the least offensive, Mr. Moore and Mr. Thurston the most cynical and perhaps least fortifying presentment of what must always be eschewed as an artistically contentious matter. Mr. Moore's treatment of the problem is larger; and it might even be said to go deeper than that of the others; but it is not on that account less irritating or even less futile. He sets before us the spectacle of a priest in slow but inevitable revolt against the celibate obligations of his state. The idea is not new; though the setting is full of interest. One feels, however, as the story develops, that one has been introduced into a world of almost transparent symbols. As in the old moralities, as in so much of the revived Irish folk lore of the neo-Celtic movement with which Mr. Moore has endeavored to identify himself, the characters have too much breadth; they are not personalities, but types; and what is worse, we soon realize that they are intended to be types. The voice of the moralist, a very unlovely and inverted moralist, cries through each plausible mask. This priest, we are all but told, is every priest. Is it any wonder that the psychologist in us, or the man-of-the-world—if we keep so convenient a dæmon for Socratic self-illumination at such junctures—should be up in arms?

Allegemeinheit may, as the great Winckelmann has told us, be more than a counsel of perfection in art; but it may lead, too, to morally unesthetic results! Healthy human nature is not sex-haunted, save for certain not wholly inevitable but perfectly commonplace crises in its growth; and it is mere pruriency to select these moments for perpetuation at the hands of art. If they must be depicted, it ought to be in contra position, so to say. They may serve as the foils of more abiding things. They may give emphasis to the soul which they were made to minister to, but surely not to over-rule. Nympholepsy is under an eternal taboo; and tricking it out in a cassock will not add appreciably to its charm. But this is not the sum of Mr. Moore's offence in this matter. For good or for ill the Catholic Church seems to have put withes upon his soul. Her feeling for chastity is his veiled obsession; but he cannot bring himself to see the mystery with her eyes. His celibate in revolt, therefore, is but the artistic embodiment of a wider and more consistent disavowal, to which. as one perceives, the poignancy of circumstance and character has only too obviously pricked him on. The priest's repudiation of his vows is intended logically to be viewed as a break with the all-pervading supernaturalism of his earlier life; though it is somewhat disingenuously represented as nearly blighting the sheathed virility of the man before the ultimate self is fully awake. How that ultimate self is arrived at is no concern of ours now. The incident of the final denudation and plunge into the waters of the lake is, of course, very brazen, very mocking, and very Mooresque; but whatever we may think of it from the craftsman's point of view, it serves to throw into relief the author's fundamentally grotesque conception of the celibate ideal as an institution of the sacerdotal life. Stripped of all adventitious mystery, that ideal has become for Mr. Moore, as for so many other essentially secular minds in our day, a mere burden or servitude imposed upon healthy human nature by a relentless and highly developed instinct of ecclesiasticism which turns men into machines and sex into hourly material for casuistry. It is, therefore, neither a grace nor a virtue, much less a heroism; but a uniform or habit of soul, to be doffed at last at the summons of opportunity like the discarded clerical garments in our story, which are left so bafflingly, and yet for a sign to be interpreted, as they lie there upon the hither bank.

Of Mr. Thurston's book, *The Apple of Eden*, there is little to remark. It is a good study, rather than a good story; and though inferior in literary merit to Mr. Moore's, it challenges comparison with *The Lake*, in that it deals with a kindred theme and reveals a familiarity with certain aspects of the mental and religious environment of the Irish priest not usual in those who have been educated outside of an Irish seminary. It must be said, however, that here the likeness ends; for not only is the atmosphere of both stories perceptibly different, but the progress of the priest's passion is sketched—it can hardly be said to be drawn—with a relentlessness and a sense of actuality entirely worthy of a more wholesome theme. On grounds of mere taste, too, and quite apart from the larger problem created by the choice of subject, it might be contended that the element of sex is unduly thrust forward. Indeed one can almost detect a note of truculence, scientific truculence, from the very beginning, as of one who is unpleasantly conscious of being possessed of all the facts of a case, and who is determined to make his evidence tell. That is not a good mood for a maker of plain tales; and it is precisely this defect, we think, this lack of sympathy, as we must call it, with the profounder religious question involved in the plot, that leaves upon the reader's mind a general suggestion of delicately malign portraiture, which amounts in substance to the thing that we call caricature.

Mr. Hichens and Mr. Hinkson have so little in common, whether as literary artists or interested spectators of Catholicism, that it may seem like forcing a remote matter to couple their names in an argument like the present. *The Garden of Allah*, at any rate, is too extraordinary a piece of writing, considered as mere prose, to be thrown into the same scale with so modest an essay in story-telling as *Father Alphonsus*. Its pervading air of mysticism, its haunting undernote of sin, its sustained premonition of spiritual disaster, to say nothing of its extraordinary power of word-painting, and the use to which its versatile author puts that rare and perilous gift in order to make featureless places live and desert landscapes throb with religious emotion, almost preclude the idea of comparison with the less pretentious, but not necessarily less serious, work. Yet, because both books deal with the same sad business of a priest's fall, and deal with it reverently, if ineffectually, we think it will make our meaning clearer if we discuss them together and not apart. We are not sure that an author's personal and private experience of life should be expected to furnish more legitimate material for a final judgment of his work than his personal and private creed should do. There are circumstances, no doubt, in which knowledge of this intimate sort will greatly help one in the business of interpretation; but where is one to draw the line? Not convention only, but psychology as well, erects a barrier here which the curious will not seek too anxiously to over-pass. The finished work, as every artist knows, is seldom an adequate transcript of the mental cartoon it was intended to body forth. Ideas, like words, are wilful and not perfectly manageable things; they have a significance and objectivity of their own which is often latent, even to the most wizard understanding that conceives them.

We have no means of identifying the immediate sources from which Mr. Hichens drew the materials for his unusual story; but his treatment of the situation throughout is plainly intended to be reverent, even where it is not intimate and sure. To lay bare with any hope of full esthetic satisfaction to a Catholic reader the mystery of a Trappist's mind would be an achievement even for a genius in hagiography. To follow that mind understandingly along a path of deliberate and very self-willed revolt against the twice coercive sanctities of its priestly and religious vows would need the insight of a Shakespeare and the mystical candor of a St. Teresa fused into one. That a writer of Mr. Hichens' gifts should have attempted it and come painfully short of even artistic plausibility in the net result, may be no disgrace, indeed; but surely it conveys a warning. And precisely the same stricture must be made in the case of Mr. Hinkson's quieter, but no less disturbing, apologue. Here we have two writers of strikingly diverse antecedents and native equipment, differing as completely in temperament and artistic predilection, as they probably do in actual religious experience of life, girding themselves for the same delicate task and conveying practically the same identical impression of futility in the end. What does it mean? the educated Catholic is compelled to ask. What can it mean, but this: that some matters are beyond the interpretative function of art, and should be left austerely alone? Sacerdotal celibacy is one of these things; and every Catholic knows instinctively the reason why. It is the eternal problem of balance between reticence and choice; the two poles about which the artist's heaven inevitably revolves.

We once heard a witty person declare that the idea of a priest in love would be as ridiculously unmanageable, even in a great story-teller's hands, as the notion of an infant Jupiter down with the measles. Not every reader, we suppose, will be prepared to accept so flippant a pronouncement. It is much too sweeping, for one thing; because there is no telling beforehand what genius will do, even with the least inspiring of situations; and it confuses, moreover, the drift of two distinct emotions which play a various function in the economy of art. Love, after all, is something more than a pathological incident, and will fit into no convenient category of infantine complaints. No doubt it has its element of comedy, not to say of comicality; but it will not be laughed out of life or art so long as it remains the one most serious experience, short of marriage, which is supposed to safeguard it, or death, which is supposed to transform it, that the individual spirit can show. It is precisely because it is so serious a thing, so universal in its power for good or ill, that poets and writers of romance will turn from time to time to the celibate soul to study its more elementary effects there, as scientists are said to study the more mysterious aspects of light in the dark. But, while that will explain the curious propensity that leads so many of us, writers and readers alike, into forbidden fields, it will not account for the failure which awaits all those who make the sacrilegious attempt. One must try to get behind the Catholic idea of celibacy to understand that; and who short of a saint is equal to so tremendous a task?

It hardly seems fair, we admit, especially when one is professing to outline the metaphysic of an intricate problem, which is partly literary and something more, to inject an element of religious mysticism into it at the start; but unless we are prepared for so apparently arbitrary a proceeding in the present instance, we might as well give up the quest. For celibacy may be approached from a dozen different scientific standpoints without yielding up the heart of its mystery or affording the vaguest clue to anybody but a Catholic who confesses that he cannot put his deepest feelings about it into words. One may write a history of it and make a fine farrago of scandal, as has been done, in our times, without so much as creating a qualm in the consciences of those who are jealous of its good name as an institution of the Church; one may discuss its pathology, and succeed only in diverting the morbid or the prurient; or one may approach it from its psychological side, if it have one—for our own suspicion is that age cannot wither, nor custom stale the infinite variety of character content to pace beneath its yoke, which is tantamount to saying, surely, that it has no psychology worth studying apart from human nature in the gross—but, if one will, one may approach it from this essentially latter day, yet very conjectural, side; and when the book is written, and a grave university scholar has noticed it here and there, whole troops and batallions of celibates will read it and poke fun at one another out of its pages, while they laugh delightedly over its solemn perversions of innocent and commonplace fact; or one may take it up on its politico-ecclesiastical side and descant appositely, and with reference to current tendencies, upon the machine-like efficiency and noiseless despatch with which it has equipped the smooth running wheels of Roman Christianity; or one may raise the question of its ethical significance under the changed values of modern society and talk speciously of the hurt it does to industrial interests, or to civic enthusiasm, or to the State at large; one may discuss it under any or all of these phases in turn; but unless the religious or traditional sense of it is kept bravely in mind, the argument will go to pieces and leave the Catholic who listens to it full of deep resentment, as invariably happens when the man of faith stoops to battle with the man of trumpery facts, who trusts only to logic and walks by sight. Indeed, it is this religious sense of celibacy, which we have also called the traditional or Catholic sense, which constitutes the whole of our argument against the books, be they histories, or poems, or scientific studies, or novels, or anything else you will, that attempt to reduce a mystical and high matter to an affair of categories or symbols, and that make such a mess generally of a doctrine of which it was said so inscrutably in the beginning of Catholic things, and with such a touch, almost, of divine disdain at the world's probable reading of it, *qui potest capere, capiat!* These men have never taken it; they have not understood. Renunciation, which is not the least of the notes by which the Incarnation first won a hearing in the hearts of the elect, has come, through the slow, but inevitable, growth of Catholic consciousness, brooding for over a thousand years on the matter, to be a badge and a note also of the priesthood by which that Mystery of Mysteries is renewed hourly, one might say, to the world. Even if we did not have the two or three austere sayings that sum up our Lord's mind on the point with such a show of finality, the unmistakable drift of the New Testament writings, and the whole of that sub-apostolic literature, which surely may be taken as a mirror of the Church's earliest impressions of evangelical ideals, would more than justify the celibate discipline which clothes even the least spiritual of our priests with certain Gospel lineaments and a suggestion of other-worldliness that mere flesh and blood find difficult to understand.

Such in temper, at least, is the habitual attitude of the Catholic towards an institution which existed as an instinct long before it took definite shape for him as an ecclesiastical idea. Linked as it is with his ineradicable prejudices in favor of chastity, it has become a kind of *Shekinah* to the Holy of Holies in his eyes, and the mere thought of touching it, or of holding it up as subject to possible defilement through the sins of a weak or renegade will, fills him with angry dismay. Art, he feels, has but a restricted franchise, at the very utmost, over such a subject. What murder and other primary offences against nature or life were to the Greek, what adultery has ever been to the Christian, that is a breach of celibacy ever likely to be to the Catholic that knows. It may, though we are not sure, be viewed with horror from afar; it may be spoken of with detestation and under the breath, as it were; it must never be dragged out coldly or crudely before the spectators' eyes, or be clothed with false sentiment, or be wrapped up in symbols that blind one to its essential difformity from the types that spell progress because they lead up to the returning Christ and the ultimate triumph of His law. To insist upon considerations like these is not to be narrow-minded, but great-hearted; because it points the way to those larger liberties that can be enjoyed only through the restraints of sane ethics and equally sane art.

And what we have said of priestly celibacy applies with slight modification to the thing known as ecclesiasticism and its treatment at the hands of the non-Catholic maker of tales. It is the old-fashioned Protestant who is still the worst offender on this score; though the spread of cheap knowledge and the wider opportunities for intercourse, which even the poorest enjoy in these days, render his lapses somewhat less flagrant than they were formerly wont to be. The elaborate regard for obedience, the Latin sense for discipline, as it is called, which makes up so much of the actual life of the Roman Church, is naturally an alien and forbidding thing to races that have been taught to look upon the unlimited right of private initiative as one of the most precious heirlooms of their Protestant faith. Yet one needs to be reminded that in actual practice the yoke sits very lightly and the discipline scarcely irks, not because the Catholic type of character is of a pliable or servile cast, but because these obediences of intellect and will are rightly apprehended as part of the more general loyalty which faith enjoins towards Christ. Catholics undoubtedly do love their Church, and may even be charged with a certain zeal of the Gospel which must look to the outsider like covert proselytism; but so far are they from resorting to secret or unworthy means to compass their ends in this matter, that they might be accused of a certain antecedent brutality in the recklessness with which they too frequently offer strong meat to those who might much better be nurtured on more innocent food. It is often insinuated, and we think with some apparent show of truth, that hereditary Catholics have been at times unsympathetic in their general behavior towards converts. Some English Catholics certainly were in the old Tractarian days; and we have never heard that their descendants have shown a tendency to mend on this score. The Irish peasant and middle classes, one of the most intelligently robust types of adherent that Rome has ever known, whether in their own land or abroad, are said to be equally apathetic towards the religious stranger in their gates. They will argue, and argue very brilliantly sometimes; but some of them betray little of the convert-making bent; and their attitude towards many an honest inquirer is at times vitiated by a fondness for humorous paradox and a disposition to smooth away all difficulties by a persistent reference to the catechism or a suggested visit to the priest. The American Catholic is, indeed, both more condescending and more scientific in these matters; but we doubt if even he, in all instances, can be called a great hunter of souls.

The Jesuit and the Italian upper clergy, however, are popularly supposed to be our great confusion in this scandalous business; and in Madame Bianchi's book we have a fresh parable showing us how the whole thing is managed in the case of an argumentative American girl who falls a victim for a few breathless weeks to the wiles of an equally argumentative Father Benardino.* The details of this curious anachronism of a story are unimportant to our present purpose; and we shall confine our attention entirely to Father Benardino, who is depicted in many pleasant terms which practically amount to this: that he is handsome, worldly-wise, austere, and fanatical to a grotesquely un-Jesuitical degree. And yet the author describes him for us as a Jesuit; and "what a Jesuit is," she adds, "only a Jesuit knows." Father Benardino, we fear, is very much of a lay figure. His deficiency in a becoming sense of humor—to mention but one of the gravest of his shortcomings—is so abnormal that we venture to say, were he a character in real life, he could scarcely have survived the tests of the noviceship for a single week. As a priest, he could never have existed, in fact. His solemnity and his absorbing devotion to the purely temporal interests of the Church would have proved his undoing during the fifteen days of the "first experiment." He is valuable to the Catholic critic, however, because he embodies so much of the distorted knowledge and perverted ingenuity which Protestants still bring to bear upon the perfectly simple, because perfectly evangelical, idea of a disciplined Church. That idea, is, of course, one of the palmary notes of Catholicism; and it is sincerely reverenced, it is lived up to and realized, by millions who would shudder at the notion of such a far-branching system of "Jesuitism" and intrigue as the letters between Father Benardino and his unseen superiors, described for us in the story, would lead us to believe. As in the case of our celibate discipline, it is not a true impression that is conveyed to us, in spite of the author's evident intention to be local and individual in color, remorselessly objective, and chivalrously fair; it is a travesty of the worst possible kind; because it is so plausible, so Protestant, and so *naturally* ignorant of a *supernatural* fact—the yoke of Christ upon the not unintelligent and very human millions who are at once the glory and the mystery of the present-day Christian faith.

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* Madame Bianchi's qualifications for the task of interpreting Catholic feeling and belief to her American readers may be inferred from the following unexplained anomalies of her story. The indescribable Jesuit, who is a chance guest in an Italian wayside inn, remember, is armed with what appear to be unusual "faculties" in the ordinary dispensation of the sacraments. He occupies a confessional in the church of another order, and exercises, moreover, a mysterious supervision over the conduct of an indiscreet Franciscan novice who, in his turn,

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admits with engaging candor to the heroine, that he is pledged to the religious life against his will. But the most ridiculous blunder of the tale will be found, perhaps, in the argument used by Father Benardino to urge his New England Congregationalist victim (whom he offers to confess and communicate, by the way, on what seem grossly insufficient grounds, and with not the slightest suggestion of the need of previous baptism, conditional or absolute) to enter a community of the Poor Clares. Her decision, he tells her again and again, ***will decide the fate of her dead husband s soul!*** A more perverted misapprehension of the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory and the kindred notion of vicarious merit, so familiar to the least instructed Catholic mind, could scarcely be found in all Protestant literature.

A FRENCH HOME-MISSIONARY.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

MUCH has been said and written on the evils of modern Paris; not indeed that the French capital has the monopoly of vice, whatever its faults may be, but because its frivolous and corrupt aspects are obtrusively thrust upon the notice of the passing stranger. The average American, German, or English tourist does not, as a rule, wander much beyond the precincts of the Rue de la Paix, the boulevards, and the Champs Elysées, save perhaps for a rapid visit to the museums and churches that happen to be situated in more remote regions. Still less can he or she be expected to find either the time or the opportunity to penetrate into the "strenuous" life, made up of stern duties and splendid acts of self-devotion that lie beneath the glittering surface.

On different occasions THE CATHOLIC WORLD has drawn the attention of its readers to certain unknown features of Paris, whose obscure heroisms would astonish the world did they stand revealed to its gaze, heroisms to which the anti-clerical persecution that is now rampant in France gives, in many cases, a touch of martyrdom. The lives of the men and women who are bravely fighting the powers of evil inch by inch, are, in general, lives that are hidden from public view; a parish priest in an outlying "faubourg," a young apprentice stranded in a free-thinking "atelier," Sisters of Charity, who, in spite of the general exodus of religious orders, have been left at their post; in some cases, men and women of the world, whose real life lies rather in the over-crowded slums than in their own luxurious homes, these are the workers who, silently but surely, are preventing the utter unchristianizing of France. It is they who, by dint of steady, unremitting efforts, keep alive the light of faith and hope in the souls of their countrymen, and whose brave spirit dispels the shadows of discouragement and doubt in the hearts of believers. Among these unknown heroines is an old woman whose frail existence now hangs on a thread, and whose influence was exercised over a class of people whom she was the first to evangelize. Others have since followed her example and brought their efforts to bear on behalf of the cause she so earnestly cherished, but to Mlle. Bonnefois belongs the honor of having opened a field hitherto unexplored in the kingdom of charity.

American visitors to Paris may at some time have been tempted to stroll through the *Foire de Neuilly*, the best known of the open-air fairs that are held almost all the year round in the outlying quarters of Paris. Menilmontant, Montmartre, Clichy, La Vilette, each have their turn, but the Neuilly Fair is in the spring, when the chestnut trees are in full bloom and the adjoining Bois de Boulogne is a dream of freshness and beauty. It is also the epoch when the Paris social season is at its height, and for these reasons the Neuilly Fair has the privilege of attracting wealthy visitors, whereas the other open-air fairs of Paris are purely popular gatherings where, well to the front, are the organ-grinders, acrobats, wooden horses, wax figures, theaters, fortune tellers, fat boys, bearded women, wrestlers, and wild animals—sights and sounds of doubtful refinement and sometimes of questionable morality.

In the midst of these promiscuous assemblies the steady perseverance of a woman, poor, old, and obscure, has planted a permanent center of Christian education, and from at least one of the vans radiates a purifying and elevating influence, the beneficial effects of which it is difficult to estimate aright.

In God's good time the seeds that are sent broadcast by the apostle's feeble hand are bound to bring forth rich fruit among the wandering population that forms the standing element of these local fairs.

Mlle. Jeanne Marie Bonnefois, the foundress of what is called *l'Œuvre des Forains*,* belonged by her birth to the world of strolling players and traders whom she has worked so hard to bring nearer to God. Her father, a native of the department of the Rhone, was the proud possessor of a little theater which he made with his own hands and valued accordingly. He was, says his daughter, an honest man, with a violent temper, and as far as religious convictions were concerned, "he had none to spare." His wife, on the contrary, was a gentle and devout woman, who brought up her two children as best she could among her difficult surroundings. She taught her little girl to read an old copy of the *Lives of the Saints*, a family treasure that still figures in Mlle. Bonnefois' van among her most precious relics.

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* *Forain*, a French word for which we have no English equivalent; it means those who earn their livelihood by going about from one fair to another: strolling players, actors, etc.

Jeanne Marie was born in 1830, and from her babyhood was closely identified with her father's interests and pursuits. The little theater was ever on the move, going from one provincial town to another, and, almost as soon as she could speak, Jeanne Marie played an important part in the family business. Dressed as an eighteenth century officer, the child marched up and down the streets of the towns and villages where the van stopped; beating a drum, almost as big as herself, she attracted the attention of the citizens, and when they were gathered round the tiny figure in its old world garb, she explained what the evening performance was to be. Indeed, when still a baby, she was promoted to the responsible task of pointing out, to an admiring crowd the automatic groups constructed by M. Bonnefois' clever fingers and telling the history of each. The figures were of a miscellaneous description: royal and imperial personages, clowns and mountebanks, Voltaire and Rousseau fraternized happily with other figures representing our Lord and our Lady, the Magi, the shepherds, and the Pope.

The life of perpetual traveling led by the family made it impossible for Madame Bonnefois to send her little girl to a regular catechism and, during many years, the poor woman's desire that the child should make her First Communion was doomed to disappointment. Over and over again she sought the parish priest of the town where she happened to be stopping and made her request; the answer was everywhere the same: Jeanne Marie must conform to the hard and fast rule that requires some months of regular attendance at catechism from all children who aspire to make their First Communion. M. Bonnefois refused to part from his little girl, who was a valuable helper in his theatrical work; it was therefore impossible for her mother to think of putting her at a convent school, and as the family seldom remained for more than a fortnight in the same place a course of regular teaching extending over several months was not to be thought of.

However, Providence took pity on the good will of mother and child and, in 1848, when she had reached the age of eighteen, Jeanne Marie made her First Communion at Liege, in the

Chapel of the Redemptorist Fathers. Even now, after more than half a century, the old woman speaks with tender happiness of that memorable day. To a Parisian writer, M. Maurice Talmeyr, whose picturesque account of the foundress of *l'École Foraine* has lately delighted the readers of a Catholic periodical, *Le Correspondant*, she said: "Yes, indeed, it is true that the day of the First Communion is the happiest of days!"

Even before she received the crowning grace of her girlhood, Mlle. Bonnefois, in her simple way, was an apostle. When her duties at the show were over, she would visit the nearest church and, on these occasions, her little friends and comrades belonging to other strolling companies generally accompanied her. On the way, she repeated to them the wonderful stories that she read in her mother's well-worn *Lives of the Saints;* and so great was her childish gift of eloquence that even the fathers and mothers of her young playmates would join the group of listeners. They hung on her words when, in vivid and picturesque language, she explained to them the meaning of the sacred pictures and painted glass that filled the churches, where they obediently followed her lead. Her home experiences and training helped her to rivet their attention, and the childish powers of persuasion that drew the idle citizens and villagers to her father's booth did an apostle's work when they opened to the rough and untrained souls that surrounded her vistas of the world beyond.

In 1855 Mlle. Bonnefois' desire to help her comrades more effectually assumed a definite shape; she realized that her attempts to Christianize them needed the support of more competent workers, and she has lately told how it occurred to her to appeal to the Jesuit Fathers on behalf of the *forains*, whose spiritual poverty appealed so pathetically to her affectionate heart.

She was then staying at Amiens, where the annual fair is an important matter. Mlle. Bonnefois, summoning up her courage, went to see the rector of the large Jesuit College of *la Providence* and explained to him how, close at hand, was a colony of wandering people, whose mode of life made it almost impossible for them to follow the precepts of their religion. She pleaded that they might be given a chance, and urged how her own experience had taught her that they were careless, ignorant, and rough, rather than vicious, and, above all, keenly sensitive to marks of kindly interest.

The Jesuit Superior, Father Guidée, was a wise and holy man, sufficiently large-minded to enter into the spirit that prompted his visitor's appeal. When she requested him to allow two religious to visit the booths in a friendly way, merely to make acquaintance with their inhabitants, he willingly assented, and the Fathers whom he selected filled their task to perfection. Simply and cordially they went through the fair, stopping at all the booths, climbing into the vans, making friends with young and old. Without appearing intrusive, they managed to find out whether the middle-aged people were properly married, whether their children had been baptized and made their First Communion, suggesting that nothing was easier than to put matters straight, if needs be. Not only were these visits a matter of pride and rejoicing among the strolling players, but parents and children became eager to fall in with the Fathers' suggestions. A regular course of catechism was organized; it took place in the evenings, after the day's work was over, in one of the parlors of the college, and on a certain memorable 24th of June over sixty persons, belonging to the company, received Holy Communion in the chapel of *la Providence.*

Since then, similar scenes have been, and are still, witnessed in many towns of France. *L'Œuvre des Forains*, as it is called, started by Jeanne Marie Bonnefois, has been organized on a firm foundation. Its ramifications extend to all large cities, where the wandering population that attend the local fairs is welcomed by members of the association, who visit the booths and provide, as far as lies in their power, for the material and moral necessities of their inhabitants.

As a rule, these charitable workers, whose experiences we have had occasion to gather from their own lips, are quite ready to endorse Mlle. Bonnefois' estimate of the people among whom her long life has been spent, and for whose welfare she has so strenuously labored. "The 'real' *forains,*" she maintains, "have a Christian heart"; by these she means those who, like herself, have been born and bred in the profession, who have their family and professional traditions, and who, far from being ashamed of their career, take a certain honest pride in it. She speaks with less indulgence of the *Forains de Paris*, who take up the life as an occasional means of earning money at a pinch and have no traditions to fall back upon, and with characteristic dislike of the mysterious *Romanichels* or gypsies, whose language, customs, and religion stamp them as belonging to another race.

But the spiritual assistance that Mlle. Bonnefois was able to procure her comrades did not completely satisfy her wish to help them to become honest Christian men and women. She realized, with her good sense and practical mind, that no permanent result could be expected unless the younger generaation was taken in hand. She resolved, therefore, to establish a school, where the children of the caravan should be taught their duties to God and to man. None knew better than she did that, in consequence of their perpetual changes of scene and surroundings, it was well-nigh impossible for these little ones to attend a regular school; *their* school must form part of the caravan itself; it must move, like its scholars, from one fair to another, and be organized on lines sufficiently adaptable to meet the requirements of the wandering population whom it is to serve.

After the war of 1870, her mother being dead and her father paralyzed, Mlle. Bonnefois was left alone to work her little theater. Her father's state of health prevented him henceforth from leaving Paris, and the journeyings, through France and Belgium had to be given up. About the same time the automatic figures were replaced by a panorama, more suitable to modern tastes, and Jeanne Marie, whose sphere of action was now confined to the immediate neighborhood of Paris, began to ask herself what more she could do to evangelize her comrades. "I was continually thinking of them," she states, "and wondering what I could do to give them the happiness of possessing a little religion."

The opportunity soon presented itself. Business matters went well with Mlle. Bonnefois, and in a short time she realized a considerable sum of money. With this she bought a new barrack for her panorama. Her former little theater thus became useless, and the idea flashed across her mind that the unused wooden shed might be turned into a school. Like the panorama, it was a portable building, therefore easy to take to pieces and to move from one fair to another in the train of the caravan. There the little waifs and strays, who grew up like savages, might receive some regular training. As their wandering life excluded them from other schools, it was necessary that their teachers should follow them.

Mlle. Bonnefois, having matured her plans, applied for the necessary permission to open a school, and *l'École Foraine* is now a recognized institution. The work has prospered, although in official circles it meets with cold recognition and the small allowance that the Government once awarded the foundress has since been withdrawn. The old woman endures these and other petty vexations with a characteristic blending of Christian submission and philosophical equanimity: "I am quite undisturbed and fear nothing," she says. "Help has always come to me when and where I least expected it."

Our readers will easily understand that *l'École Foraine* is established on quite a different system from that of ordinary schools. There are two teachers, both of whom have passed the necessary examinations. These are paid one hundred francs a month. About one hundred and fifty children, boys and girls, are inscribed on the list of pupils, but all these are not regular attendants. There are no holidays at fixed times, as in ordinary schools, but the days spent in going from one fair to another, in packing and unpacking the moveable schoolhouse, are days lost for teaching purposes and count as holidays.

The pupils are expected to attend twice a day, from nine to eleven and from one to four; children of all creeds and nationalities, boys and girls alike, are admitted, and, according to the law that holds good in all French schools, no religious instruction is given during school hours. A large crucifix hangs in the place of honor: "Christ is always there. He presides," says Mlle. Bonnefois, "we teach our children to love God, to behave well, to respect their parents, and to love their country." Twice a week, after school hours, the children who wish to do so are taught their catechism by women belonging to *l'Œuvre des Catéchismes*, a wide-spreading association of women and young girls, whose mission it is to counteract the evil influence of the free-thinking Government schools. These voluntary apostles, who belong to the upper classes of society, are valuable auxiliaries of the over-worked parish priests; living for the most part in the center of Paris, they work in the outlying suburbs and distant "faubourgs"; our personal experience tells us that they obtain an extraordinary influence over their unruly charges, whose affectionate devotion to their *dames* often presents an amusing contrast with their uncivilized ways and terrible ignorance of religious matters.

The aspect of Mlle. Bonnefois' school is peculiar: it is a long, low room, somewhat like a railway carriage. The boys are on one side, the girls on the other; sometimes a negro boy or a sallow, dark-haired Oriental sits next to a flaxen-haired Norman or Belgian. As a rule, these children have strongly marked characters; they are less diciplined than the ordinary run of scholars of the same age, but they have more initiative and originality. A proof that their school-life, incomplete as it is, appeals to them, lies in the fact that, of their own accord, they have organized an association, the object of which is to keep up the bonds of good fellowship resulting from their attendance at *l'École Foraine*.

The rules of the association were drawn up by the children themselves. They are the work of minds inexperienced and unformed, but they prove two things: first that Mlle. Bonnefois has succeeded in developing her pupils' sense of right and wrong; secondly, that their attendance at her school has taught them the value of mutual help and sympathy. With a pathetic realization of the peculiar circumstances that shut them out from the advantages enjoyed by other children, they acknowledge that their wandering and unsettled lives make the links of fellowship, created by the association, doubly valuable.

The members of this confraternity cannot be under ten years of age; they bind themselves to avoid evil comrades and coarse language, to help one another as best they can, to give good example at school, and to keep the secretary of the association informed of their whereabouts.

During the more important Paris fairs, those, for instance, that take place at Neuilly, *Les Invalides*, and the *Place du Trône*, it often happens that all the members of the association meet together. They improve the opportunity by organizing *fêtes* among themselves, and, as befits children who have grown up among the footlights, and in whose veins runs the blood of generations of strolling players, these primitive entertainments are chiefly theatrical. Thursday afternoon, the classic French half-holiday, is always devoted to writing to absent members of the confraternity.

Members are sometimes excluded from the association, but this severe measure is never resorted to unless the culprit has been duly admonished, at least once. Laziness, rudeness, undiscipline, untruthfulness, and graver faults lead to expulsion.

The association has a small fund; the members give what they please, and it is expressly understood that their contributions are to come from whatever superfluous pennies they possess, never from what may be necessary to themselves or to their families. Once a year, during the big fair that takes place in the early spring at the *Barrière du Trône*, the sum collected during the past twelve months is brought forward and the young associates decide how it is to be expended. Sometimes it goes to buy the outfit of a member, who is to make his or her First Communion, or else it is spent on medicines for a sick associate. Occasionally, during the year, a small contribution may be given to one in great want, but (this proves how scanty are the resources of the associates) the sum thus expended must never exceed fifty centimes.

It is clear that, compared with works built on a firmer and wider basis, Mlle. Bonnefois' *Ecole Foraine* and the association that we have just described, appear destined to exercise but an incomplete and intermittent influence. But we must remember that the peculiar circumstances in which her work lies, preclude the possibility of any hard and fast rules. She had to deal with a wayward, floating population, with children born and bred on the highways and byways, unaccustomed to rigid discipline and who would rebel against any attempt to enforce it. Her mission was to plant in untrained souls the elementary notions of right and wrong; to train, with a light and loving hand, untutored minds in the knowledge and worship of God; to make these little boys and girls, "children of nature," into Christian men and women, with a sense of their duties and responsibilities.

This work she has accomplished with a steady perseverance and a humble self-devotion that are truly admirable. Her efforts have met with recognition, even on earth. One of Mlle. Bonnefois' treasured possessions is a photograph of the late Pope, Leo XIII., with this inscription: "Á Mlle. Bonnefois," and a special blessing; it hangs in the van that is her home, by the side of a crucifix, a French flag, a few sacred pictures and statues, and the faded portraits of her father and mother.

The common Father of Christendom's approbation of Jeanne

Marie's work touched her more deeply than the public honors bestowed upon her some years ago by her own countrymen.

Our readers are probably aware that every year the French Academy bestows a certain number of rewards on men and women who have distinguished themselves by deeds of charity and self sacrifice. The founder of this custom, to whose generosity the necessary funds are owing, was M. de Montyon, who died in the last century. In 1897 the *prix Montyon* was bestowed on our heroine, whose strenuous work on behalf of the *forains* was publicly acknowledged.

The homage paid to her person and the praise lavished on her work did not, however, disturb her simple humility. This woman, whose aged eyes have seen so much of the seamy side of life, is very much of a philosopher. Public approbation and admiration seem to please her, inasmuch as they help to forward the mission to which she has devoted her long life, a mission that is as near her heart now as it was in the far-off days of her enthusiastic youth.

The heroine, whose name in 1897 became, during a few days, a household word throughout France, is now a frail old woman, whose strength is failing fast. Yet her sympathy for her surroundings is as warm as ever, and the *roulotte* or gipsy van, whence her elevating influence radiates on the miscellaneous company around her, is still a familiar sight in the Paris fairs. M. Maurice Talmeyr tells us that the name of Mlle. Bonnefois acts like magic upon the rough people with whom her lot is cast. To them this obscure woman, now bent with age and illness, has been a bearer of good tidings, a messenger of hope. Only when the secrets of hearts lie revealed before God's white throne, will the full measure of her good works be estimated rightly. We can but form imperfect judgments of things that we imperfectly see; in a case like this, mathematical calculations as to the results obtained are worse than useless and the seeds of good sent broadcast by a devoted hand, directed, in turn, by a devout and humble mind, may carry far beyond the limits that to our poor minds seem possible.

New Books.

"The Catholic World" in July, 1908, purchased "Donohoe's Magazine," of Boston, and became the owners of its subscription list. With its July issue "Donohoe's Magazine" ceased publication. "The Catholic World" will be sent to the former subscribers to "Donohoe's," and communications on the matter should be addressed to "The Catholic World," New York City.

THE NUN.
By Rene Bazin.

Like his other recent novels, M. René Bazin's story *L'Isolée*,* a translation of which has appeared in English under the title of *The Nun*, is strongly Catholic in tendency. The measure of M. Bazin's power is recorded in the attention and high commendation which his work has received even from non-Catholic critics and the literary organs of the party whose nefarious injustice against the religious teaching orders is here drawn in pitiless lines to invoke condemnation.

M. Bazin is a realist; for realism does not necessarily deal only with the repulsively salacious which flows through the *cloáca maxima* of Zola's works. He writes as if he were a cold spectator who made it his object to relate, in the simplest of language and with scientific fidelity to detail, events passing before his eyes. And he succeeds so well that we forget we are reading, and we actually see the drama pass us. Like every French writer who is able to get a hearing from his countrymen, M. Bazin is a master of the technique of his art, the skillful handling and contrasting of lights and shades, the judgment which knows how not to say too much, the use of ellipses which flatter the reader and add to the life of the narration.

The story opens in the garden of the little convent of Sainte-Hildegarde, where five sisters are enjoying their evening rest and recreation after the labors of an oppressive day, spent by most of them in the class-rooms with the children from the working families of a poor quarter of the city of Lyons. The peace, the mutual love, the innocent joys, and the crosses of their daily life; the quality of the parents and children; and the individual characters of the five sisters—each a variety of the one type of unworldliness and self-sacrifice—are all made known to us before the recreation closes. It closes, not in peace, but in profound trouble, with the arrival of the news that, consistently with the government's plan to secure the liberty and equality of all Frenchmen, the school is to be closed and the sisters are to be turned out, helpless, into a world where they know not where to look for a home. The last distribution of prizes and the silent departure of the sisters immediately afterwards is a moving scene. M. Bazin dips his pen in sarcasm as he describes the respectable abbé to whom, as to their official protector, the poor sisters betake themselves in their distress; but he takes care to balance, by another priest with a heart of gold, the bad impression made by this "tonsured layman," whose first and last concern is to keep out of trouble with the government, and who loves the *rôle* of the straggler that plays the flute in the rear of the army, except when he is stealthily shooting upon his fellow-soldiers.

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* *L'Isolée.* Par René Bazin. Paris: Callman-Levy. *The Nun.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The narrative is here interrupted to tell the story of Sister Paschale's vocation—Paschale, the youngest, the merriest, the most affectionate, and the best loved of all the group. The chapter on the "Vocation" is a beautiful idyll, which by contrast brings out the dark colors of the subsequent terrible climax, where Paschale, injured in the house of her friends, and more sinned against than sinning, is reduced to drinking to its dregs the cup of sin and sorrow. The deepest note struck, or rather suggested by M. Bazin—for the French artist never falls into obvious dissertation—is the mystery which is implicated in the petition "Lead us not into temptation." Paschale, the darling of her old father, whose heartstrings are broken as, proud and grateful of the honor that God has done him, he leads her to the convent gate; Paschale, who leaves the world because she is afraid she would not be good enough in it; Paschale is driven out of her safe and loved religious retreat, to become, through her unsuspicious innocence, the victim of a fiend whom every man that reads the story would willingly tear to pieces! This denouement may somewhat shock English readers, less accustomed than continental ones to find Catholic writers looking human nature and the problem of life in the face. But the delicacy of M. Bazin's hand affords no grounds for reproach on this point. And as we accompany the four sisters, gathered together from the various parts of

France, where each has been treading, isolated, the dolorous way, now following to the grave the body of the murdered Paschale, their darling, M. Bazin makes us hear, though he never alludes to it, the Savior's promise that there is more joy in heaven for one who has done penance than for ninety-nine just people.

CASTLES AND CHATEAUX OF OLD NAVARRE.

The title of this handsomely bound and illustrated volume* scarcely does justice to its contents. Besides a description of the principal castles and chateaux of Southern France, and an account of the historic associations of each, it contains a wealth of observation, recorded in a pleasing, matter-of-fact strain, on the scenery and inhabitants of the various provinces of Southern France. Though the author seems to have viewed the greater part of this country from the seat of an automobile, yet he lost no opportunity of making acquaintance with the people through whose homes be passed. And he appears to have exercised both sympathy and tact in a measure beyond that of the ordinary American tourist, who too frequently is entirely without this open sesame to the good will of the strangers with whom he foregathers.

As a general introduction, Mr. Miltoun devotes two chapters to an account of feudal France and to the geography and populations of the Pyrenees. Then he takes us with him through old Navarre and the Basque Provinces, whose people, neither French nor Italian, he describes charmingly. The valley of the Aude, Béarn, the couserans, several quaint and singular old towns, such as Lescar, are successively visited, till at length the most southern point of the journey is reached at the fateful Bidassoa, where France and Spain, represented by their respective custom house officials, confront each other as of old; for, notwithstanding the great Bourbon's remark, the Pyrenees still exist, and are likely to endure, politically as well as physically, for some years yet.

The lover of architecture and the romanticist will, perhaps, be scarcely satisfied with Mr. Miltoun's guidance; for his historical data is somewhat bald, and his descriptions of fortalice and donjon are by no means technical nor even detailed. But, on the other hand, those who wish to hear of what is, rather than of what was, will find Mr. Miltoun a very entertaining companion, unless his descriptions should fill them with a too acute longing to enjoy personally the delightful tour which he has vicariously made for them.

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* *Castles and Chateaux of Old Navarre and the Basque Provinces, including also Foix, Roussillon, and Béarn.* By Francis Miltoun. With many Illustrations from Paintings, made on the spot, by Blanche McManus. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Mr. Miltoun has a paragraph or two on Lourdes of a quite colorless character. Like so many other visitors who arrive there with preconceived opinions he did not take the trouble of investigating for himself.

MEXICO AND HER PEOPLE OF TO-DAY.

A closer acquaintance, owing to the increase of travel, with the people of Mexico is rapidly dispelling the supercilious air which even well-informed Americans, not long ago, displayed towards our Southern neighbors. We are beginning to admit that virtue and culture, or even happiness, are not exclusively the birthright of the "Anglo-Saxon," or the cosmopolitan conglomeration which some people delight to call by that designation.

In a very instructive and entertaining book recently published on Mexico and her people * the writer says:

> The Mexican has learned the secret of daily contentment. This is true generally of even the Creole class, as well as of the Peon. The fact that some seven thousand families practically own the entire landed estate of the country does not inspire envy in the bosoms of the other millions. It is a question whether the Anglo-Saxon or the Teuton can give these people more than mere mechanical contrivances. Home does not necessarily consist in an open fire, drawn curtains, and frequent visits of curious neighbors. Here homes are found where privacy is respected, family affection is strong, and there is respect for elders, love for parents, and kindly relations between masters and servants.

Mr. Winter may truly say "that such a country is not barbarous and uncivilized." It certainly has not, however, acquired the characteristic which in some estimates of life is taken to

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* *Mexico and Her People of To-Day.* An account of the Customs, Characteristics, Amusements, History, and Advancement of the Mexicans, and the Development and Resources of their Country. By Nevin O. Winter. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

be synonymous with civilization, that is, the worship of Mammon and materialism. He continues:

> There may be many odd and nonsensical customs, but a reason may be generally found for them. When studying the natives it is enough to know that they "are an unselfish, patient, and tender-hearted people; a people maintaining in their everyday life an etiquette phenomenal in a down-trodden race; offering instantly to the stranger and wayfarer on the very threshold of their adobe huts a hospitality so generous, accompanied by a courtesy so exquisite, that one stops at the next doorway to re-enjoy the luxury."

Mr. Winter, a quick-witted observer, writes much that will counteract the false views concerning the Mexicans, which ignorance or prejudice has generated among many of our own countrymen. He relates facts as he saw them, and does not, as some of his predecessors have done, treat his readers to the product of the imagination, where observation has been impossible. Regarding the higher classes he writes:

> The home life is jealously shielded from curious eyes. In no place in the world is the social circle more closely guarded than among the higher classes in the City of Mexico. The thick walls, the barred, prison-like windows, and the massive, well-guarded doors prevent intrusion, and, perhaps, serve to foster this inclination to lead exclusive lives. Cultured Americans, unless in the official set, who have lived there for years have found it impossible to break into these exclusive circles; whether this action is due to jealousy, diffidence, a feeling of superiority, or aversion to aliens, the fact remains that they are very loth to admit Americans into the privacy of their homes.

So Mr. Winter does not speak much of the life of society; but in compensation, he gives us many varied, vivid pictures of public life, of the manners, habits, and occupations of the lower classes, Mexicans proper, peons, and Indians; and, on the whole, his pictures are very favorable presentations of the people. But when treating of religion Mr. Winter, we regret to say, shows at times a gross ignorance of the teachings of the Catholic Church—an ignorance which vastly decreases the value of his work. He is guilty of unwarranted generalizations, and is oftentimes led astray in his inferences by a failure to discriminate between what is essential or constitutional, and what is merely local distortion or abuse or extraneous agglomeration in Mexican Catholicism.

THE MOTHER OF CALIFORNIA.

The neglect into which Lower California has fallen, and the general ignorance that prevails concerning the contemporary history of that peninsula, are in striking contrast with the place which that land occupied, not only in the early days of Spanish exploration and settlement, but even down to the period when, on the separation of the two Californias, the hitherto less known and less important region entered upon a career of growth and expansion which resulted in throwing the other into complete eclipse. The development of the Panama Canal may result in restoring the neglected and unfortunate Lower California to something of its old importance. A book just published* by a "visitor from the Golden Gate," whose imagination has been fired, and whose sympathies have been aroused, by a visit to "poor Lower California," as President Diaz has called the country, is of a character to enlist interest in this region. It contains a fairly full sketch of the history of the country, from the days of the Conquistadors to the present. On the whole, it is a tale of disappointed hopes, ruthless aggression on the part of the strong, and stolid endurance on the part of the weak. Only for one period did the country enjoy anything like peace and prosperity. That was the era of the Jesuit Padres, which began in 1697, about a hundred and fifty years after the voyage of Cortez, and ended in 1768, when the last members of the society, sixteen in number, despoiled of everything but their cassocks, their breviaries, and one book of theology and one of science for each man, were hurried on board a royal packet and, with tears in their eyes, turned away from the beloved shores of California. The writer, Mr. North, enthusiastically describes the wonderful work done by the Padres; and quotes the eloquent tribute paid to them by a well-known pen: "Remote as was the land and small the nation, there are few chapters in the history of the world on which the mind can turn with so sincere an admiration." The story of the darker days that followed immediately, and the still more troubled ones of the Mexican establishment, together with the events which marked the first intervention of the United States, and the subsequent disgraceful episode of Walker and his filibusters, are graphically related by Mr. North, who does not permit his patriotism to prevent him from calling a spade a spade. Like everybody else, he admits that the filibusters were great fighters. But he says:

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* *The Mother of California.* By Arthur North. Illustrated. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

> All in all, Uncle Sam has reason to be ashamed of his dealings with Lower California in 1848 and 1853-4. If he wanted the country he should have held it, after assuring the Californians that he would, and spilling good blood in its conquest in 1848; and if he did not desire the Peninsula, he should have prevented Walker from recruiting in and sailing from San Francisco.

Mr. North, after analyzing the physical conditions and prospective resources of the country, advocates the acquisition of it from Mexico by purchase, for he believes it necessary to the United States, if this country is to attain a full measure of success in the Pacific.

MODERNISM.

The *Catechism on Modernism*, written in French, by an Oblate Father, is the most successful—whether we judge by the quality of the work or by the diffusion attained—of the many essays in expounding in popular form, for the benefit of the uninitiated, the scope and purpose of the Encyclical *Pascendi Dominici Gregis* against Modernism. An excellent English translation of this little work was issued, some months ago, by the Professors of Dunwoodie Seminary. Now Father Fitzpatrick, of the same congregation as the author, publishes another of unexceptionable accuracy.*

The highest commendation from the highest source has been accorded to Father Lemius' original, as well as to the present translation. In a letter to the author, Cardinal Merry del Val writes: "His Holiness rejoices at the talented and fruitful labor you have accomplished, and, commending you also on the further ground of keeping close to the very letter of the Encyclical, he expresses the hope that the result of your most opportune study will be widely diffused." In fact, no expositor or commentator could adhere more closely to his text than does Father Lemius. He simply reproduces, in the exact order of the original, the ideas, statements, and arguments of the Encyclical. His proper work has been to break up the test current of thought into its components, and to present them, in the form of answers to questions which he formulates. The advantage of this method is considerable for those who are not accustomed to "chew and digest" as they read. In many places the language of the Encyclical is extremely terse, and the thought condensed; so that readers, especially those who are not accustomed to habits of close study, may easily, in almost every page of the Encyclical, lightly skim over important passages without grasping their significance. With the help of this remarkably clear guide-book any intelligent boy might easily qualify to pass a brilliant examination on the text of the Encyclical.

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* *Catechism on Modernism According to the Encyclical "Pascendi Dominici Gregis" of His Holiness, Pius X.* From the French of Father J. B. Lemius by Father John Fitzpatrick, O M.I. New York: Benziger Brothers.

From the archdiocese of Philadelphia there appears another little book with the same aim as the one just noticed, but approaching its task from a slightly different angle.* It does not stick closely to the papal text, nor does it cover the entire contents. On the other hand, the points which it does treat of are handled in a fuller fashion. The author, first taking up Agnosticism as denounced in the Encyclical, traces its roots to the epistemological theory of Kant. Whether he has made this subject any clearer than it is in the Encyclical itself we shall not undertake to decide. It does seem to us, however, with some experience as to the difficulty that the student in philosophy finds in his first attempt to understand Kant, that the author's explanation of the Kantian doctrine of phenomenon will be of very little service to the lay mind. The predominating subjectivity which Kant assigns to phenomenon—the element of his system which powerfully contributes to ultimate scepticism—is not adequately exposed. In fact, the writer speaks as if phenomena were something objective for Kant; and, again, in the statement of his own views he employs the word with a looseness which amounts to inaccuracy. For example, we read: "By nature we understand the sum of phenomena which appeal to our senses. Phenomena show themselves to us as a harmonious totality which we call nature."

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* *The Doctrine of Modernism and its Refutation.* By J. Godrycz, D.D., Ph.D., Utr.Jur.D. Philadelphia: J. J. McVey.

This use of the term is neither Kantian nor Thomistic, but an indefensible confusion of both. The best chapter of the book is that on "The Church and Dogma"—where the theory of making the public the judge of doctrine is shown to be utterly destructive of all settled doctrinal and disciplinary bases. Here the author looks at the problem from the practical standpoint. When treating of the question of the relations of Church and State, the writer is somewhat evasive in his exposition of pontifical doctrine. The drift of his refutation of the Modernistic doctrine that Church and State ought to be separated is that, in Europe, separation of Church and State would mean the spoliation and oppression of the Church, as is witnessed in France to-day; therefore separation is wrong. But Pius X., like his predecessors, takes, on this matter, much higher ground than that of mere local and temporary expediency. Both the natural and the divine law, he has more than once declared, demand, as the ideal condition, that the State should, as a political being, profess a religion; that the religion professed by the State should be the true religion; that, consequently, the union of Church and State is the normal condition that ought to exist; and that separation is only to be tolerated where this condition is impracticable.

In conclusion, Dr. Godrycz ventures on prediction. The rise of Modernism, he says, indicates the spread of irreligion, which is destined to increase. An era of unprecedented persecution for the Church is opening in Europe.

> In the future social development, after the equilibrium of capital and labor shall have been established, a terrific collision between the intelligent, refined artisan and the brutalized, coarse proletarian will shake the foundation of society. Then the enemies of the Church will be undeceived; they will see to what monstrous depths of degradation a man without religion and ethical ideals will sink. At last the ennobling influence of religion upon man's nature will be understood, and the Church will be recognized as the greatest benefactor of human society.

Whether this be inspiration or merely aspiration, we must thank the Doctor for emitting a hopeful note that cheerfully contrasts with the pessimism of Father Benson. At the same time one cannot but recall the saying attributed to George Eliot: "Prophecy is the most gratuitous form of blunder."

SERMONS.

Strictly speaking, the wonderfully vivid and stimulating little book *Jesus*, by the Abbé Sertillanges, is not a volume of sermons, yet it is so direct and forcible in style, and so rich in matter, that the priest in search of sermons on our Lord will find it at least as useful as most of the volumes of prepared discourses that are supplied in such profusion just now. The book, which has just been translated into English —and an excellent translation it is[*]—was written by the accomplished author on his return from a prolonged visit to Palestine. In treating the life and personality of our Divine Lord, he endeavors, if one may say so, to introduce as much local color as possible into his treatment; to reconstruct the scenes and conditions in which Christ lived and wrought and suffered. This he does with no mere desire for the dramatic or the picturesque, but in order to bring out in all its strength the narrative of the Gospels. In his descriptions, the abbé is, in the favorable sense of the word, realistic; the doctrine is deep and glowing with an earnest piety which however, is not wont, as French piety sometimes does, when it seeks expression by the pen, to err by redundant emotionalism.

A volume of sermons[†] for the Sundays after Pentecost by Father Devine, C.P., is deserving of commendation. The discourses are short, pithy, and well arranged. To each one is prefaced a brief synopsis which will prove an aid to the memory.

The title *Cords of Adam*,[‡] which Father Gerrard has selected for his volume of essays and sermons, is an appropriate expression of an underlying thought which imparts a certain unity to what at first sight might be regarded as a heterogeneous collection of papers. The love of God for men, the Divine Goodness, whether manifested in the moral order, the Annunciation, the Sorrows of Mary, or the Penitence of the Chief of the Apostles, is the general theme which from many points, and with great fertility of thought, Father Gerrard treats in a masterly manner.

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[*] *Christ Among Men; or, Characteristics of Jesus as Seen in the Gospel.* Translated by L. M. Ward from the French of Abbé Sertillanges. New York: Benziger Brothers.

[†] *Pentecost Preaching.* Twenty-five Instructive Sermons on the Gospels for the Sundays after Pentecost. By the Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Cords of Adam. By Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Though the tone of the work is devotional throughout, and it is directly addressed to those within, Father Gerrard's main purpose is apologetic. Hence his line of thought is frequently philosophic; his defense of doctrine and practice consists in showing their reasonableness and their conformity with the needs and aspirations of human life. This characteristic is typically present in one of the finest numbers of the book, "The Eucharist a Human Satisfaction."

Though not even the most uncharitable zeal could find any pretense of accusing Father Gerrard of liberalism, he shows no inclination to bow down to the *ipse dixit* of some ancient exegete or theologian who has not the authority of the Church behind him. For instance, under the title, "Quoting Scripture," where he discourses upon the relative numbers of the saved and the lost he says: "'The fewness of those who are saved,' says à Lapide, 'is evident from the irrefragable judgment of Christ: *For many are called but few chosen.*' May God save us from all such uncharitable thoughts." And Father Gerrard proceeds to show that the severe opinion is incompatible with many other passages of Scripture, as well as derogatory to the mystery of the Incarnation.

Father Gerrard's papers are of the kind that is most needed to-day—scholarly in form, sound in matter, and directed to meet the mentality of the age. It is to be hoped that this volume will meet with such appreciation as will persuade the author to put into permanent form a collection of his more philosophical papers which already have done good service in various perodicals.

THE MINISTRY OF DAILY COMMUNION.

The extent of the change in Eucharistic discipline which has been introduced by Pius X. is strikingly set forth in the commentary of Father de Zulueta, S.J.,* on the pronouncement of the Holy See regarding frequent Communion. Father de Zulueta's purpose is not merely academic. He writes to urge strongly upon the clergy the duty of introducing the practice of frequent, and of daily Communion among the laity, in accordance with the strongly-expressed counsel of the Holy Father.

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* *The Ministry of Daily Communion.* A consideration for priests. By F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

As an introduction to the subject Father de Zulueta gives a rapid historical summary of the two conflicting opinions which have, both under the sanction of great names, prevailed in the Church. "Under the first opinion it (The Holy Eucharist) became primarily an object of honor and reverence, a privilege, or 'reward of virtue' to be extended to souls in proportion as these had remedied their defects already." "From this false view arose, logically, that arbitrary graduated scale of perfect dispositions, to be seen even in standard text-books of our own day, with its allotment of so many communions a week to correspond with such and such a degree of virtue—a page of theology which Pius X. has deleted." Among the more illustrious teachers of this now discarded opinion were St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Blessed John de Avila, St. Francis de Sales, and St. Alphonsus Liguori. These teachers, Father de Zulueta points out, all accepted the opinion that daily communion was in itself desirable—that is to say, considering the matter from the point of view of the Sacrament's salutary effects. "But none of them appear fully to have realized—what it is now our privilege to know from the teaching of Pius X. —that daily Communion is desirable for all *without exception*, whatever their state and condition, temporal or spiritual, if only they are in the state of grace and approach the Holy Table with a right intention."

The second opinion, which always had its advocates, and has now received supreme approbation, is thus stated: "No higher preparation is essentially needed for daily reception of the Eucharist than is required for a single reception—say at Easter; and those holier conditions of soul, beyond the mere state of grace and a right intention, are not so much a preparation for the Sacrament as its fruit and effect, one Communion thus qualifying us for deriving yet greater profit from the next one."

The Holy See having issued its instructions, it remains for the clergy to consider what means are to be taken in order to give effect to the Decrees. Father de Zulueta examines what is incumbent on the priest, in this respect, under his three-fold relation to the faithful, as parochial priest, confessor, and preacher; and he replies to various difficulties that occur to the minds of those priests—and they are by no means few in number—who have but little enthusiasm for the new discipline. For instance, it is said that the general practice of daily Communion by the laity would increase enormously the work of the confessional. Not necessarily, says Father de Zulueta—and he quotes Canon Antoni, whose writings on daily Communion have received papal approbation. The Canon holds that priests ought to train souls so that they should communicate every day without fear and with joy during weeks—and, if it should be necessary—even during months, without going to confession, when they are not clear as to having sinned mortally since their last confession. On the subject of exhortation Father de Zulueta has some counsel, which deserves to be pondered. For, clearly, it is a task that will call for prudence to introduce to the present generation of Catholics the idea that they may go to Communion day after day without going to confession, for weeks, though they may be conscious of venial sin. Indeed, as Father de Zulueta says, the priest who will qualify himself to exhort effectively on this subject must, in many cases, readjust his own principles: "He may need, in many cases, first of all, to *un*learn a page of his moral theology—that on which he has hitherto been instructed concerning frequent and daily Communion; for the late Decrees have virtually deleted that page, and replaced it by a new one. There is at present hardly one—if there be as yet even one—standard text-book of moral theology which does not in some degree conflict with the newly authorized doctrine on the subject."

Judging from the care and thoroughness with which he treats the point, Father de Zulueta believes that the strongest difficulty that will be pleaded by the reluctant is that daily Communion, as the normal practice, among the laity, will tend to diminish reverence for the Blessed Sacrament. His answer to this is very strong, as, indeed, is his entire *apologia* for the Decrees. Priests who have any misgivings as to the probable results of the change of discipline cannot afford to neglect Father de Zulueta's valuable little book, which closes with a reminder that "Prudence is the virtue of him who commands, not of him who obeys"; and that, when all is said, the Church assumes the responsibility of this change in discipline.

THE ST. NICHOLAS SERIES. The zeal of the greater number of writers who have undertaken to provide reading for our children has too often overreached itself. The providing of Catholic literature they have considered synonymous with furnishing books of piety under a very thin guise of fiction. But these good people forgot that there is a great deal of human nature in children, and that these little men and women do not like to be preached at all the time, any more than do their elders. They resent being tricked into a sermon under the guise of entertainment; and so all but the very elect among them soon tire of the "goody-goody" books that are so plentifully provided for them. And they are not to be blamed severely for their perversity. Besides, in most instances this kind of literature has a very slight pedagogical value, for it is not calculated to awaken a taste for good, solid reading. Reflections of this kind, we presume, have prompted the inauguration, under the editorship of the distinguished scholar, Don Bede Camm, of the St. Nicholas Series, which promises to provide for our youngsters a library of quite a different value. This series consists chiefly of histories concerning personages noted in the annals of the Church, and of legendary characters whose stories offer an occasion of awakening an interest in history and literature. The style, without descending to the level of the nursery, is adapted to the prospective reader; and the Catholic spirit, though ubiquitous, is not ostentatiously on parade all the time. The writers aim, too, at instructing; but, knowing their business, aim first at interesting in order to instruct. A very good specimen of the series is the latest number,* containing the stories of St. Christopher, St. Wenceslaus, Alexamenos, and St. John Gaulbert. The story of Christopher is frankly set down as a legend; and that of Alexamenos as pure fiction; while those of St. John Gaulbert and St. Wenceslaus are drawn, for the most part, from history.

The gem of the series, thus far, is the *Life of Joan of Arc*, by C. M. Anthony.† The tragedy of the Maid is related with a simplicity that suits it to the youngest; while the accuracy and power of condensation shown in the narrative challenges the admiration of the historical student. The infamy of Rouen is set forth without extenuation, and in such a way as to teach eloquently the invaluable lesson that the Catholic Church is not to be held responsible for many acts committed in her name by unworthy officials who abuse the authority entrusted to them.

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* *St. Christopher, Breaker of Men. And Other Stories.* By Rev. Cyril Martindale, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of France.* By C. M. Anthony. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Books of this type are well adapted to impart the germs of that priceless boon which, unfortunately, is sadly lacking among the great majority of American Catholics, a taste for sound reading.

AN ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN STORY.

A generous amount of plot and counterplot have gone into the making of *Naomi's Transgression.** The story opens with an ingenious situation. Naomi Barclay, a beautiful Australian Quakeress, has been made heiress to her father's millions on condition that she marry, before the expiration of one year, an unknown English cousin; should she refuse, the entire fortune adverts to him; should he refuse, it returns *in toto* to herself. To bring about this latter consummation, an attractive and resourceful companion offers to impersonate the real Naomi in England—and thenceforth many foreseen and unforeseen complications arise. Not the least surprising of these is the heroine's final transformation into a Catholic Sister of Charity. It is a diverting story; albeit none too carefully written, nor too exactingly to be read.

FREEMASONRY.

The solidarity of purpose that exists between French and Italian freemasonry is the special theme of a little brochure recently published by a Frenchman who has devoted much time to a study of the policy of the lodges as it has written itself large in French and Italian history for the last forty years.† The immediate object of the writer is to convince his fellow-Catholics that the action of the Pope in refusing to permit the *associations cultuelles* provided for in the Briand law of separation was profoundly wise. For the scheme was a deep-laid plan, of masonic origin, to ruin the Catholic

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* *Naomi's Transgression.* By Darley Dale. London: Frederick Warne & Co.

† *Le Plan de la Francmaçonnerie en Italie et en France, d'apres nombreux temoinages; ou, La Clef de l'Histoire depuis 40 ans.* Par Leon Dehon. Paris: Lethielleux.

Church, by substituting for it in France a national one which, in the course of time, could, without much trouble, be completely suppressed. In proof of his thesis, M. Dehon sketches the course of revolutionary and liberal ideas in Italy, from the time of Minghetti up to the project associated with the name of Cardona in 1885. Here, he argues, in Italy we see freemasonry at work endeavoring strenuously to establish, with the avowed purpose of destroying Catholicism, a national Italian Church. It failed because in Italy Catholics saw clearly the ultimate purpose of the movement and fought it vigorously. In France, he proceeds to show, the Briand law was a proceeding of similar purport and like origin. By refusing to approve of the measures contained in it "Pius X. has saved our moral unity and our divine hierarchy, which far outweigh all material goods." The booklet contains an interesting but rather meager outline of a momentous and far-extending question.

IS THE POPE INDEPENDENT?

It would be scarcely reasonable to expect that anybody, at this time of day, could display any originality in setting forth the facts or the rights and wrongs involved in the establishment and perpetuation of the situation that exists between the Pope and the Kingdom of Italy, since the suppression of the temporal power. Mgr. Prior has, however, the merit of going over familiar ground without becoming tedious,* as he sets forth the story of events which led to the present arrangement. In the last two chapters, in which he treats of the moral power of the Pope and of the actual situation, he will be followed with a fresher interest by those to whom the old, sad story is long familiar.

Taking up the objection so frequently made to any plea for the restoration of the temporal power, that the authority and prestige of the Popes have been greater and more splendid since they ceased to be temporal rulers, Mgr. Prior replies that the Church has thriven, by the grace of God, not through the loss of her temporality, but in spite of that loss.

> By the sacrifice of his individual liberty, and his refusal to jeopardize the interests of the Church by submission to the

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* *Is the Pope Independent? or, Outlines of the Roman Question.* By Right Rev. Mgr. Prior, D.D. Palazzo Taverna, Rome: Published by *Rome.*

> Italian government, the Pope has preserved her honor untarnished, his dignity intact, and the Church free from servitude. He is, indeed, a prisoner, but not a slave, as the Law of Guarantees would make him. And that he is free from real or apparent slavery is clear to the world, from the very fact that he lives in a state of protest against the Power at his door.

But, continues the writer, a very different state of affairs might easily arise if the state of things contemplated by the Italian Law of Guarantees were in being. Then foreign governments might suspect the power of the Church to be playing into the hands of the Italian Kingdom—a suspicion that would be fraught with danger to the interests of religion. Besides, continues Mgr. Prior, a weak Pope might appear who would betray his office by unworthy subserviency to the Kingdom of Italy.

> Picture the situation created by the acceptance on the part of the Pope of the political expedient of the Law of Guarantees offered to him by the Italian government. There would necessarily ensue not merely an interchange of courtesies, but a certain intermingling of the two courts. The Pope's own counsellors would be seen in the halls of the Quirinal, and in the houses of ministers and supporters of a possibly unscrupulous government; they would be surrounded by an atmosphere of Italian nationalism; their love of their native land, their concern for its welfare, and, perhaps, the motive of self-interest, would dispose them insensibly to accept the official Italian view of grave matters of ecclesiastical policy. To the direct pressure of the Italian government on the Pope would be added the urgent advice of his own counsellors imbued with the ideas of Italian officialdom, and matters in which the Pontiff dared not act on his own unaided judgment would be settled with a view to the interests of Italy and not those of the Universal Church.

This line of argument approaches unpleasantly near to sounding like an echo of the charges brought against the temporal power itself by some hostile historians who claim that the local and personal interests of the temporal sovereign and his magnates were too often consulted by weak or selfish Popes to the injury of the Church Universal.

In his concluding chapter Mgr. Prior describes the draw-backs of the actual situation, its essentially provisional character; and points out how easily it may, at any moment, become intolerable, or be imperilled by international complications. What is the conclusion arrived at by the writer?

> The times are, seemingly, not yet ripe for a satisfactory solution of the Roman Question. But while we hope and pray that the Vicar of Christ may be soon restored to a position of independence for the good of the Universal Church, we may not anticipate his judgment with regard to any concrete scheme. It is for him alone to decide in this grave and delicate matter, and the only right attitude for loyal Catholics is to obey his instructions and support his claims.

FOREIGN MISSIONS. Our readers will remember that, a few months ago, two volumes dealing with the history of missionary endeavor in the Far East were noticed in these pages. The purpose of the writer, Canon Joly, a Canon of the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame in Paris, was to assert that the comparative failure of all the noble apostolic zeal poured into the field of Japan, Indo-China, and Burmah, for about seven hundred years, has been due to the fact that the missionaries and their superiors did not, in their methods, take pattern from the Apostles themselves; they studiously refused to establish a native hierarchy among the heathens whom they converted. The result was, according to the Canon, that the Church remained, in the eyes of the governments, a foreign, European, anti-national institution, always in league with exploiting Europeans, and as such was always swept away sooner or later. Thus the faith which in three centuries converted the entire Roman world has to show as the result of seven centuries of missionary labor, and the blood of numberless martyrs, in the Eastern world, only four millions of Christians out of a total of eight hundred millions.

These charges stirred up a vigorous reply. In the Jesuit organ, *Études*, Father Brou led off with a severe assault on M. Joly, whom he roundly charged with meddling in affairs which he had no competence to treat. Many other writers entered the list; and from among the missionaries appeared a host of letters which, according to the Canon, were inspired by a general order from Europe. Now M. Joly replies in a small book * which chronicles the course of the controversy, including "a conspiracy of silence" that, he says, was inaugurated in order to insure that his original work should fall stillborn from the printing-press. He sticks to his guns and, with enforced arguments, still insists that the missionary bodies deliberately refused to create native hierarchies when they could, and ought to, have done so. He promises, too, that he will continue to agitate the question till it attracts the attention which it merits.

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(13 June): Disaffection in India; shrinkage of trade; increase and extravagance in national expenditure are matters dealt with in current topics of the week.——The action of the Catholic Federation in opposing government candidates at recent by-elections is condemned at the annual Convention of the United Irish League.——The question, "Was Milton a Catholic?" is further consid

Cardinal Newman's Literary Executors have republished, through Messrs. Longmans, *The Church of the Fathers* and *University Teaching*. The first-named volume forms Vol. II. of the Historical Sketches, and in it the Cardinal shows how Catholic ideas remain unchanged amid all the varieties of Catholic practice. Three great events in the drama which unfolded itself in the fourth century are brought before us. The first is the history of the Roman Empire becoming Christian; the second, that of the indefectible Church of God apparently succumbing to Arianism; the third, that of countless hosts of barbarians pouring in upon both Empire and Christendom together. The labors and trials of Basil and Gregory; Antony in keen conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil; Augustine and his tempestuous life ending in conversion; Demetrius withdrawing from the allurements of the world, consecrating his wealth to

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* *Tribulations d'un Vieux Chanoine.* Par Chanoine Léon Joly. Paris: Lethielleux.

† *Priest and Parson; or, Let us be One.* By Rev. James H. Fogarty. New York: Christian Press Association.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (30 May): Interest still centers round the Education Bill and the intentions of the government. The long and short of it all is that the Catholics of England are going to safeguard their schools whatever happens—with others, if possible, and if not, without them. What Catholics can do by united action is shown in the Manchester election, where the votes of five hundred Catholics, transferred from the Liberal side, defeated Mr. Churchill.——By the death of François Coppée, France is said to be the poorer. Though by no means to be numbered amongst the giants of his generation, still his poetry made a compelling appeal to the hearts of his countrymen.

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(13 June): Disaffection in India; shrinkage of trade; increase and extravagance in national expenditure are matters dealt with in current topics of the week.——The action of the Catholic Federation in opposing government candidates at recent by-elections is condemned at the annual Convention of the United Irish League.——The question, "Was Milton a Catholic?" is further considered by Mgr. Barnes. He seems to think that the evidence points to the probability of his conversion.——A forecast is given as to the intentions of the government in regard to the Education Bill. In view of the approaching close of the session, the writer regards the position as one of much doubt and uncertainty.

(20 June): Old Age Pension Bill passed the second reading by a majority of 388.——Mr. Andrew Lang draws

attention to Shakespeare's appreciative mention of Joan of Arc in his play of Henry VI.——The Irish Universities Bill calls forth some hostile criticism. Cardinal Logue protests against the exclusion of the clergy from all share in the administration of the University.

The Month (June): Opens with an article by Father Sydney Smith, S.J., on the subject of "Indulgences." It is explanatory rather than polemical, and is the first portion of a paper read before the Guild of St. Thomas of Canterbury. It refutes the prevalent Protestant idea that an indulgence is a permission given, in consideration of a money payment, to commit sin.——In the next article Father Gerard examines the painful story of Giordano Bruno, and gives his reasons for believing that much of the philosopher's fame is due to the lurid fires of the Inquisition.——In the second installment of "Wanted: a Readable Bible," the author urges the need of a more rational method of arranging the text in accordance with the sense.——Father Thurston concludes his article on "The Name of the Rosary," claiming that the name Rosary, as giving the conception of a garland, was adopted from the German form Rosencranz not earlier than the fifteenth century, although the use of the string of beads upon which prayers were said dates from a much earlier period.

The International (June): Under "Economics" we have a series of articles on "The Coming of Socialism," by the editor, Dr. Rodolphe Broda. "The Coming of Protection in England." "The Economic Future of Germany." "The Crisis in the United States," etc., etc. In the first the writer marks the progressive change in our time from individual labor to collective labor, and from individual ownership to collective ownership. There are, he says, but two alternatives: to allow monopoly to remain in private hands, or to place it under public control. Can there be a question as to the better course? And so the future lies with Socialism.——Under "Politics," the article "Democracy in Japan" shows the great awakening of the people to their responsibilities and privileges, and their determination to resist the government's proposed gigantic naval programme.——Eduard Bernstein, in "The

Labor Movement and Culture," shows how this movement has had an uplifting and humanizing effect. It may, he says, bring about political and economic revolutions; but it will never depress the level of human culture.

The Crucible (June): Rev. W. D. Strappini, S.J., "Some Notes on Modernism."——A. M. Langdale, "A Plea for a Broader Treatment of Music in our Schools."——Margaret Pollen, "On Systematic Reading."——Rev. Charles Plater, S.J., "Retreats for the People."——Susan Cunnington, "The Teaching of Mathematics in Secondary Schools."——Xaveria, "Glimpses of an Australian Convent School."

The Expository Times (July): In "Notes of Recent Exposition" the editor remarks that the text "Behold, He cometh with the clouds," etc., has very seldom been taken as the text of a sermon. Mention is also made that C. Fox Burney, of Oxford, at one time a Higher Critic, has come to the conclusion that the Decalogue is due to the authorship of Moses. Evidence is brought to show that Jahweh was not originally a proper name.——Other articles are: "The Self-Consciousness of Jesus."——"The Argument From Experience."——"Modern Positive Theology" deals with the rise of a new Theological School in Germany, which claims to be at once modern and positive. Apparently it is receiving scant courtesy in the land of its birth.

National Review (July): Current Events discusses the new *entente* between Great Britain, France, and Russia; King Edward's visit to the Czar and the discussion it occasioned in Parliament; the Pan-Anglican Congress; and other miscellaneous questions.——Lord Newton claims that the country should not take seriously Mr. Haldane in his army reform scheme.——André Mévil discusses the beginnings, under M. Delcassé, of the *entente* between France and Great Britain.——The Free Churches and their "last deterioration" are treated by the Rev. S. Skelhorn. The writer claims that disintegration and decay have marked the dissenting churches for their own.——Lord Desborough writes on "The Olympic Games Then and Now."——Charles Whibley maintains that if a national theater were built to mark the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death and a Shakespearean play presented therein, an audience would be lacking.——Bisque, writing on Mr. Gould, says that he is not a phenomenal tennis player.——R. L. Gales maintains that the solution of the drink question lies in better moral and intellectual training, and improving the whole social condition of the people.——"Feminism in France and England," by the Hon. Mrs. Edward Stuart Wortley, is a plea for woman's suffrage.——A laudatory review of Mr. Oliver's *Alexander Hamilton* is contributed by Bernard Holland, C.B.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (June): The opening article, "A Dinner Party With Socrates," transports us to ancient Greece, and we listen to a dialogue between the Master and his disciples on some of the philosophical questions of the day. Agnosticism; proof of the existence of God; reality of truth and being; purposive action of intelligent will; the impossibility of an infinite series, are discussed and settled.——The third installment of the structure of the Roman Canon deals with the various changes which have taken place and the light which various liturgists have thrown upon the matter.

Le Correspondant (10 June): In the opening article Emile Ollivier sketches the political condition which obtained after the plebiscite, and points out the struggles of the various parties in their attempt to secure the mastery. ——"Two Years in the Farnese Palace" is brought to a conclusion, and we are given an insight into the diplomatic relations existing between France and Italy, strained at times almost to the point of breaking.——An appreciative article on François Coppée shows him to us as the poet of the French people, redolent of the soil.——"English India" is another concluded article, and the writer sounds a note of warning, that heed should be taken ere it be too late, else Great Britain may find India arrayed against her in the day of her necessity.——"The Salons of 1908," deals with the paintings and sculptures on exhibition.——"The French Action" forms the subject-matter of three articles showing it from the viewpoint of different writers.

(25 June): Emile Ollivier contributes an article on the "In-

ternal Political Conditions after the Plebiscite."——"The Religious Ideas of Leibnitz" reveals the philosopher as a man of earnest conviction in his religious belief. God is the key-stone of his philosophical system, God explains all, and without Him nothing is explained. He knew nothing of a philosophy independent of or separated from religion. "I commenced," he said, "with philosophy; but I ended with theology."——"The Masters of the Pacific Ocean," furnishes a detailed account of the colonies of the great powers in that ocean. International rivalry is far from being ended. The opening of the Panama Canal must complicate matters, introducing a new agent in the person of the United States, and the question eventually must be: What great power is to reign supreme?——In "The First International Congress Against The Duel," M. Pierre Lea Rohu tells us that the trend of this Congress held at Budapest voiced the good sense of humanity in raising a protest against a custom which is an outrage on justice and truth.

Études (5 June): "Modernism in Germany" deals with the errors and doctrine of Hermann Schell, professor in Wurzbourg University. The writer claims that the great mistake made by Schell was to push to extremes principles of apologetic which in themselves were excellent.——Paul Dudon, in his article "Lamennais and the Jesuits," explains the action of the Society of Jesus in regard to the condemnation of Lamennais, claiming it to be untrue that the Jesuits' aim was to crush him by methods fair or foul.——In "Art and Archæology" we are given a bird's-eye view of Catholic art in architecture, from its simplest form in the Catacombs of Rome to the magnificent Gothic creations of the Middle Ages.——"The Sources of Roman Martyrology" speaks approvingly of the work of Dom Quenten on this subject, and shows how mistakes have arisen. Quoting Benedict XIV. he says: "One cannot prove that the insertion in Roman Martyrology is equivalent to a canonization."

(20 June): "The Cause of Peace and the Two Conferences at the Hague," by A. Pillet. The result of these conferences, the writer says, has been a multiplication of treaties of arbitration among the various powers; but

so far as securing a basis for permanent peace is concerned, the conferences have been worthless.——"Modernism in Germany" deals with an article by A. Ehrhard entitled: "The New Situation in Catholic Theology," in which the writer complains that the tone of the Encyclical was not paternal and that if the measures therein suggested be put in force, Catholic science, as such, has seen her best days.——"St. Ignatius and Daily Communion." The writer points out that not only was the saint zealous for the restoration of frequent Communion, but that his last work was the gathering of the material for a book on the subject which was published after his death, in 1557.——Other articles are: "Methods for the Study of the Pentateuch."——"Two Systems of Theosophy."——"Ten Years of Missionary Work in Madagascar."

La Revue Apologétique (16 May): Opens with an article on "Some Fragments of P. Théodore de Régnon, author of *The Life of Banez, Molina*, and other works. These fragments treat of our union with Jesus Christ, and kindred subjects. In each case the writer's object was to study the motherhood of Mary, for she is inseparable from her Son.——G. Lahouse, S.J., brings his article on "The Divinity of Jesus Christ and the Synoptics" to a close, showing that it is not only St. John and St. Paul who give to Jesus the name and attributes of God, but the synoptics also, who with no less clearness have professed the same faith in the fundamental dogma of Christianity.——In the review of "Blanc de Saint-Bonnet and Liberalism," the writer gives an interesting account of the attitude of the subject of his article towards the liberalism of the day. Needless to say it was hostile. He regarded it as an insurrection against authority, while religious liberalism was to him the worst of plagues.——"Bibliography Reviews" includes eight lectures by R. W. Sanday, in which he takes the traditional position that St. John is the author of the Fourth Gospel, as opposed, on the one hand, to that of Harnack and Briggs, who attribute to St. John certain passages and the rest to a redactor of later date; and, on the other, to that of Wernle, Loisy, and others, who absolutely deny its apostolic authorship and historic character.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (June): "Religious Experience and Contemporary Protestantism," by S. Sabatier, has special reference to the philosophy of W. James as translated by Frank Abauzit. Catholicism, the writer says, has always professed a theory of religion founded upon an intimate harmony between feeling, intuition, speculation, and practice. Protestantism, on the other hand, has divorced these elements and has by turns found the essence of religion in reason, logic, intuition, interior illumination, and feeling. These various points the writer discusses in turn, following the order set forth by W. James. It has been said that *The Life of Christ,* by Renan, has been read at the foot of the altar by pious and simple women, who found in the book much mystical edification; such, too, the writer says, may be the fate of *Religious Experience.* It is conceived in a noble spirit, but the higher the author carries you into the region of the ideal, the greater is the danger of a fall into the depths of agnosticism.——"The Nobility of the Thomistic Doctrine of Divine Concurrence," according to the writer, B. Desbuts, lies in the fact that this doctrine explains the origin of our idea of the infinite. It simply affirms that between God and ourselves there exists a parallelism of functions. Two important consequences result from the nature of this idea of the infinite. The first is that we are able to establish the objective reality of our idea of the infinite. For, in order to prove the existence of God, it is not enough to think or to reason, one must act; therefore the will is *causa efficiens,* partially at least. The second consequence of this doctrine is that it shows us that any conception of the infinite we may gain through the intellect without the influence of the will is nothing but a pure illusion.——The second installment of "An Essay on the Physical Theory from Plato to Galileo" deals with the philosophy of the Arabs and Jews and carries us up to the Scholastic doctrine of the Middle Ages. ——How did man come to create his gods to invent these fables? is the question asked by the writer of "The Origin of Myths." It is necessary, he says, to distinguish two great systems; one stands condemned; it is that which sees in the gods of the ancients, kings or great personages deified; the other is that which recognizes in the gods the great forces of nature. Between these two systems, one false, the other often true, are others, less general but still applicable to a number of cases. It is with these that the writer deals in a most interesting article.

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 May): "Pascal: Philosophy of the Morrow," by P. At. Philosophy is, the writer says, a completed science. It is not capable of appreciable progress either by the discovery of new truths or by the construction of new errors.——"The Episcopate and Priesthood: Past and Present," a consideration of the two offices—their relation and the errors held regarding them.——"Notre-Dame de Chartres"—continued.

(1 June): "Modernism," by Ch. Beaurredon. The modernist Christology treated; in contrast is presented the "True Christology," life, death, and resurrection of Jesus.——"The Episcopate and Priesthood," Abbé Peries. The doctrine as held by Catholics. In the initial years of Christianity there was, at least, an embryonic episcopate.

(15 June): "The Philosopy of the Morrow," by P. At (completed).——A further consideration of M. Fonsegrive and his principles in "The New Philosophy."——The Church's belief in, and the Popes' approbation of, scholastic philosophy is treated at length.——"Modernism," by Ch. Beaurredon (continued). The divinity of Christ treated. His position towards the sinner an indication of His divine nature; His own words, verifying His divine Sonship, are ample proof.——"The Pretended Marriage of Bossuet"—a seventh and last letter upon the question. No definite conclusions can be maintained. The evidence at hand is insufficient to speak dogmatically either in favor of or in opposition to the subject.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 June): The three leading articles are continuations from preceding numbers: J. V.

Bainvel, dealing with Father Gardeil's work on Apologetics.——Georges Michelet, with the relations between the philosophies of Comte, Goyau, Wundt, and a new French theory of religion.——J. Touzard, with M. Guignebert's articles on the Old Testament. The latter is taken to task for failing to state his opponent's views properly and for attributing to the Church dogmatic assertions she has never made.

(15 June): Leonce de Grandmaison gives us the third installment of his articles on the development of Christian Doctrine.——J. Lebreton writes interestingly about the early religious difficulties of Loisy and about late developments in the conflict between the Church and Modernism.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (June): E. V. writes about an association formed by priests of the archdiocese of Florence for mutual help along material lines in case of illness or infirmity.——L'Abbé E. G., "The Sixth Catholic Congress of Austria."——L'Abbé Bordron, "Freemasonry, Socialism, and Catholicity"; a public lecture delivered at Hellemes. When it was ended, the president of the meeting vainly offered the floor to the Socialists who were present.——B. Sienne, "The Italian Episcopate and the Strike at Parma"; a letter addressed by the Cardinal of Ferrara, the Archbishops of Modena, Bologna, and Ravenna, and fourteen other bishops, to the people of Parma. The letter approves of Labor Unions and other similar organizations which work in obedience to the laws of God, for the betterment of conditions among the working classes.

Revue Thomiste (May–June): "Creative Evolution" is an analysis of M. Bergson's book bearing this name. The writer, Fr. Pegues, O.P., claims that the philosophy there set forth is a complete overthrowing of the traditional concept of knowledge.——"Common Sense and Dogmatic Formulas" deals with the nominalistic theory of M. Le Roy, which the writer says is not new and may be traced back to Heraclitus.——"The Scientific Way in the Study of the Religious Problem," is an investigation into the experimental method in view of certain recent works, among them being William James' *Religious Experience.*——In the article "The Russian Church" the writer expresses the hope that the new forces which are at work in her may eventuate in unity and peace between East and West.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (29 May): P. Heinrich Pesch, S.J., in an article "Culture, Progress, Reform," gives a survey of the ideals and tendencies of the present day and shows how the intellectual and cultural acquisitions are looked upon as leading humanity to its highest perfection, while religious and moral ideals are widely neglected. But through these only can the human race attain to true perfection and happiness. That nation which will follow these ideals is going to rank first among the nations of the earth.——P. Jos. Knabenbauer writes on "Jesus and the Expectation of the End of the World," and shows that the statement of most of the Protestant critics that Jesus believed the end of the world to be at hand, is not a true interpretation of the words of Christ. ——P. Julius Bessmer, S.J., treats of the propositions of the decree *Lamentabili Sane,* refuting Loisy's doctrine of the Holy Sacraments.——P. Heinrich Pesch, S.J., concludes his paper on "Social Classification." He says that the social arrangement according to property must be overcome by an arrangement according to the economic and social function, which corresponds to the organic character of society.——P. Jos. Braun, S.J., gives a short history and description of "The Roman Chapel Sancta Sanctorum and its Treasures." Recent discoveries made there, he says, have contributed much to the knowledge of mediæval arts.

Espana y America (1 June): Father A. Blanco, "Weights and Measures"; an historical sketch of the earliest systems. ——Father S. Rodriguez, "The Importance of Forests for Agriculture"; how Spain was stripped of her forests. ——F. Pedrosa, "The Scientific Press of Spain."——Father J. M. Lopez, "Galicia During the War of Independence."

(15 June): Father J. Hospital, continuing his letters from the Far East, tells of the beliefs and history of the

"Fasters," a Chinese sect which claims to date from the seventh century.——Father M. Rodriguez, "The Centenary of South American Independence."——F. Robles, "Philosophy of the Verb"; the potential mood.——Father A. Gago, "The Philosophical Ideas of Sully Prudhomme."

Rázon y Fe (June): Miguel Mostaza, "The Pontifical Seminary of Comillas and the Holy See."——Zacarias Garcia, "The Administration of Baptism at the Hour of Death According to the Council of Elvira, A. D. 303."——Saj., "A Great Artist: Senor Jesus de Monasterio."——N. Noguer, "Private Enterprise and the Problem of Cheap Dwellings."——E. Portillo, "The United States of Columbia in 1907."——Julio Furgus, "Roman Remains in the Neighborhood of Cadiz."

Current Events.

France.

The President's visit to England, and the hearty welcome which he received from all classes high and low, has tended further to consolidate the *entente*, and to show that it is not merely an arrangement of politicians, but an expression of the mind of the two peoples. Frenchmen, as a whole, seem to be as well united on the matter as Englishmen. As there is no serious doubt that the *entente* has for its main object the maintenance of peace, men of good-will will everywhere rejoice. The Franco-British Exhibition has also had a good influence for the same end, and perhaps the Olympic games, which have just taken place, may be ranked in the same category. M. Fallières has three more visits to pay, to the sovereigns of Norway and Sweden and to the Tsar, this last cannot fail to have an influence on the future course of events and to contribute to the new grouping of the Powers which is taking place. Some apprehension as to the purpose of the visit of the President to England was manifested by the German Press, but in the end it, with the rest of the world, manifested its conviction that there was no reasonable ground for alarm, that there was no purpose of "hemming Germany in." No formal alliance between France and Great Britain has been concluded; at least there is no ground for thinking that such an alliance has been made.

The Income Tax Bill is making its way towards becoming a Law, but very slowly and with great difficulty. Holders of the French debt, who are very numerous, the debt still being large, are not so patriotic as to wish to share in bearing the burdens of the State, and sought to be released from paying income tax on *Rente;* M. Clemenceau's ministry, however, refused to exempt them from this payment, and the Chamber supported it in its refusal. In consequence, the *Rente* fell considerably. The Senate has still to vote upon the question. The unwillingness to pay taxes, even by those who vaunt their patriotism, is a somewhat curious phenomenon, nor is it confined to France. The only exception of which we have heard is that of the Irish gentleman who, some few years ago, left his fortune to the British government as a contribution for the paying off of the National Debt.

It is greatly to be lamented that good causes should so often be thwarted by foolish defenders. The removal of the remains of Zola to the Pantheon cannot have met with the approval of Frenchmen most capable of forming a sound judgment, but nothing can equal the folly of the attack upon Dreyfus made on that occasion.

The ministry of M. Clemenceau still remains in office, although on the question of the further nationalization of the railways it had a narrow escape from defeat, the majority in favor of the government's plan having been apparently only 3. A mistake, however, had been made in counting the votes, so that the real majority turned out to be over 20. The Ministry is still unwavering in its efforts to secularize the education of the people. In cases where teachers have manifested a distinct anti-religious spirit, it has been possible hitherto for the parents to bring them into the courts of law and to have certain penalties inflicted. This has served as a wholesome deterrent upon malignant unbelievers. The Ministry proposes now, by the Bill which they have introduced, to substitute the State for the individual teacher and thus to exempt him in the first instance, at all events, from punishment.

Germany.

Elections have taken place in Prussia for the Diet, and for the first time in its history Social Democrats have been returned. Their exclusion has been due to the remarkable franchise arrangements which have rendered it possible hitherto for 314,000 Socialist voters to have no representative at all, while 324,000 Conservative voters returned no less than 143 members. Many efforts have been made to rectify this injustice, but without success. A redistribution of seats, however, has recently taken place, and this has enabled the Socialists to secure the return of 7 members of their party, one of whom however, is at present confined in a fortress for a political offence. The seven members will not be able to exert much influence by their votes, the total number of Deputies being 433; but discussions which would otherwise not have taken place, will enable them to make their voice heard. As the result of the election the various parties in the new Diet stand as follows, the numbers in brackets representing their strength in the last Diet: Conservative Right, 152 [144]; Free Conservatives, 60 [64]; National Liberals, 64 [76]; Radical Left, 28 [34]; Moderate Radicals, 8 [9]; Catholic Centre, 105 [96]; Poles, 15 [15]; Social Democrats, 7 [0]; Unattached, 2 [5]; Danes, 2 [2].

To the student of politics Germany does not, at the present time, offer a very edifying spectacle. Numerous parties exist, and it is to be presumed that each has for its *raison d'être* some principle to be defended supposed to be of importance for the well-being of the country. But now all efforts are being devoted to the suppression of principle for the attainment of power. Hostility to the Catholic Centre is the only bond of union. The *bloc* system of co-operation between opposite factions, which existed so long in France, has been transferred to Germany. Prince Bülow's power rests upon no loftier a foundation.

A further step in the development of Germany's influence throughout the world has been taken through the concession just given by Turkey enabling the railway to Baghdad to be extended further. It was some time ago made for a long distance through Asia Minor, but did not make progress for various reasons. The main obstacle has now been removed, and it will not be long before the Euphrates witnesses the railway locomotive. Medina very soon, and Mecca in a couple of years, will be subjected to the same civilizing influence; and if England and Russia can come to terms and secure the Amir of Afghanistan's consent, it will not be long before it will be possible to travel by rail from Calais to Calcutta.

The Navy League has held its annual meeting this year at Danzig. It has resulted in the definite supersession of General Keim, who had rendered himself so obnoxious to the Catholic members of the League. His place has been taken by a more moderate man, with the hope that the dissensions which threatened the existence of the League may be healed. Catholic members of the League are still hesitating, however, before committing themselves to energetic action, and are waiting to see whether the change of officers will result in a change of attitude with respect to Catholic interests. The Catholics of Germany have always been models of the right way to act in defense of the rights of Catholic citizens.

"Now it looks quite as if there were an intention of penning us in and bringing us to bay. We shall be able to stand it. The German has never fought better than when he had to defend himself on all sides. Let them come on! We are ready!" The Emperor William is reported to have addressed these words to his officers at the camp of Döberitz shortly after the meeting of King Edward and the Tsar. That he did so is, however, denied; but the belief in the authenticity of the report was so widespread that grave apprehensions were entertained of the possibility of the outbreak of war. The Bourse, that most sensitive but not always sensible barometer, felt the effect in a notable depression of stocks. The sincerity of the desire for peace of the two monarchs as well as of their ally and friend, the French Republic, seems soon to have been realized and to have removed the apprehension which was felt.

Austria-Hungary.

The precocity of university students in European countries, manifested by their premature interference in political questions which they cannot by any possibility understand, is a fact which it is hard to explain. Universities at Vienna, Prague, Gratz, Innsbruck, Czernowitz, besides various technical high schools, all went upon a strike to manifest their high approval of the Professor who wished at once to teach Canon Law and to inculcate irreligion. The firmness of the government brought the strike to an end after a few weeks; the Professor, too, has disappeared into the obscurity from which it is a pity he ever emerged.

The Diamond Jubilee of the Emperor is calling forth from his subjects repeated manifestations of their good will and affection. He is one of the few monarchs who has learned to place confidence in his people and to recognize spontaneously their ability to share in the government of themselves and he has the reward of his sound judgment and of his abnegation of self. One of the most remarkable of the demonstrations which have taken place is described in the following way by an eyewitness: "Some 12,000 of his subjects of all races and tongues, in costumes of all the historical periods his house has known, passed before him, shouting their loyal greetings. The Germans of Bohemia, Upper and Lower Austria, Salzburg, Styria, Carinthia, Silesia, and the Tyrol, with their deep cries of 'Hoch!' the Serbo-Croats from Dalmatia, and the Slovenes from Carniola with their long drawn-out 'Zivio!' the Czechs and Slovaks from Moravia, the Ruthenes and Rumanes from Eastern Galicia, and the Bukovina; the dashing Polish peasants, with their 'Vivat!' the Magyars with their sharp 'Eljen!' the Italians of the Trentino with their ringing 'Evviva!'" all passed before him, standing to welcome them, wishing for him yet many a long year of a life which has proved such a blessing for them. Of the nineteen costumed groups, representing various historical epochs of Austrian history, which formed part of the procession, the opening group was perhaps the most remarkable, for it represented Rudolph of Hapsburg with his train of German knights, and was largely composed of the living descendants of families whose nobility dates at least from the thirteenth century. It is hard for us to realize the feelings such a sight must have caused.

Russia.

The difficulty with Persia on account of certain frontier incidents has been settled, but great self-restraint will have to be exercised to withhold interference in the internal affairs on account of the events which are now taking place there. The troops whom the Shah is using for the breaking up of the National Assembly are called Cossacks and their commander is a Russian officer. Some represent this as a *de facto* interference, but this is an exaggeration. It is, of course, presumptuous to say what would have been; but to assert that a conflict between England and Russia would have taken place had it not been for the recent Agreement would not be very rash. Another good result of this Agreement has been the demand made upon Turkey by the two Powers that she should withdraw her troops from the Persian territory which they have so long unjustly occupied. To this demand Turkey has felt it necessary to yield.

The union of the numerous Slav nationalities which are now found in Russia, Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Turkey has been promoted in times not far distant by a distinct organization which caused no little disquietude to the ruling powers, and in fact led to the last war between Russia and Turkey. For various reasons the idea has been in abeyance for some time, but has been recently revived. A meeting of delegates has lately been held at St. Petersburg, which was honored by Imperial, Ministerial, and municipal patronage, and in which representatives of Czechs, Slavonians, Ruthenians, Poles, Slovaks, and other branches took part. Every warlike purpose is disclaimed in this new revival of the old movement. Its leader says: "The mission of the new Panslavism implies nothing militant against other nations. We merely seek the moral and spiritual union of the Slav races." Politics too are renounced, and the hegemony of Russia forms no part of the plan. The Poles, therefore, it is said, have given it their unreserved adhesion. This is taken as a new departure in the history of Slavdom. But when a Polish speaker declared it to be the intention of his countrymen to bury the hatchet, to make frankly and unreservedly common cause with Russia, when he affirmed that the interests of Poland lay in working for the strength and greatness of Russia, we may be pardoned if we doubt whether he represents a large number of Poles. In fact, the subsequent visit of delegates to Warsaw makes it clear that many Poles do not favor co-operation. Resistance to Pan-Germanism is an avowed object, and may explain the adhesion of the Poles; it makes one fear, however, that the peaceful objects of the union may be jeopardized, for although Slavs may not be militant, the same cannot be said of Germans. For fostering union use is to be made of the now common method—expositions. One is to be held at Prague this year, another at Moscow three years hence.

Temperance advocates of the most extreme type cannot help becoming well-wishers of the *Duma* in view of one of its recent measures. The sale of liquor in Russia is under the control of the government, and every bottle of vodka is adorned with the Imperial eagle. The *Duma* wishes to substitute a skull and cross-bones, together with some wholesome admonitions about the bad effects of over-indulgence.

The *Duma's* refusal to grant the number of ships asked for by the government has not met with the approbation of the Upper House—the Council of State. It will be interesting as an indication of the strength of constitutional ideas in Russia to see which will prevail. That the *Duma* possesses some little power, nay, even that this power seems to be growing and likely to become permanent, is believed by many who are fitted to form a reliable opinion ; but how limited this power is can be seen from the fact that any governor is still able to send into exile, without trial, any one whom he imagines to be dangerous to the State. Since the amnesty of November 2, 1905, no fewer than 78,000 exiles have in this way been sent to Siberia ; in the year 1907 30,000 were sent eastward ; and many thousands are still going every month. These exiles are not revolutionaries, but educated men of moderate views, banished without a trial to unspeakable horrors. It is scarcely to be wondered at that Mr. O'Grady, in the English Parliament, and M. Vaillant, in the French, should deprecate too close an association with a monarch under whose rule such awful oppression still exists. But politics makes strange bed-fellows. It may be hoped that the less violent course adopted by the French and English governments may lead to good results, even for the Russian people.

The Near East.

Massacres, if not of daily occurrence, happen at least every week. Greek bands have, until lately, been most prominent in inflicting this penalty for the unwillingness of the other races to be converted ; but Servian bands are now more active than before in the work of extermination. It is hard to see any other outcome, unless an agreement can be reached by the Powers to exercise pressure of some kind upon Turkey. The action of the Servian bands has caused a great deal of irritation in Bulgaria ; for the latter country had resolved no longer to tolerate the bands of her own subjects which had been acting in Macedonia. The resentment of Bulgaria was so keen that an outbreak of hostilities was apprehended. This is not very likely, but there is reason to fear that the joint proposals of England and Russia for a new control of the country may be delayed. That an agreement has been reached is generally believed, but so far its terms are not known. So many have been the disappointments hitherto met with, and it would be a mere pretense to express great hopefulness about the future.

Morocco.

The situation in Morocco has not materially changed. Mulai Hafid seems to have succeeded in acquiring the rule over the interior of the country, not of the seaports, for these are under the control of the French. He has entered Fez, and has destroyed the evidences of civilization of which Abdul Aziz was the importer. These evidences consisted in a houseful of broken motor-cars, damaged bicycles, a large quantity of photographic materials, pianos, harmoniums, and hand-organs, miles of wall papers, and other like objects too numerous to mention. These articles had been accumulated by Abdul Aziz. They were not of the least use to him, while he left his subjects to die of hunger under his windows. He still poses as the defender of progress, and has issued an appeal to the Powers making that claim, whereas his brother has proclaimed a holy war and has called upon the Moors to rid the country of Christians.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

THE Saturday review of books in the New York *Times* gives the information, over the signature A. F. S., that one of M. Bazin's daughters belongs to a religious sisterhood. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that his novel, *L'Isolée* (translated by Mrs. Meynell, and published in America by the Scribners, under the title, *The Nun*) was based upon the most reliable sort of knowledge, and was written from the heart. M. Bazin's preoccupation with religion is not a literary pose. His religious novels, *L'Isolée* and *Le Blé qui Lève* (which are being read to the Paris sewing girls while they work), are not mere *tours de force.* It is impossible to be in the company of M. Bazin for any length of time and not be impressed by the fervor and sincerity of his piety and by his confidence in the religious soundness of the French people. He believes that the success of *Le Blé qui Lève* (nearly 100,000 copies in a few months) is due very largely to a reawakening of the religious spirit in France. In a talk I had with him the other day he related the following incident in confirmation of this belief: "Last year in the course of a lecture I gave at the religious retreat in Belgium described in *Le Blé qui Lève* I invited my auditors, who seemed to have but a poor opinion of my country, to attend the Congress of the Jeunesse Catholique de France, to be held at Angers in March, 1908. Four young men accepted the invitation. They found assembled at Angers 8,000 young men (delegates from 1,800 groups), principally peasants and laborers. They saw 4,000 of these partake of Holy Communion in the Cathedral at eight o'clock of a Sunday morning. They listened to lectures upon the social and religious development of the working classes. They were astounded by what they saw and heard, and they carried word back to Belgium that Christian France still possesses many active and valiant soldiers, and that those who despair of her do not know her. It is this earnest, devout France I aspire to reveal to herself and to the world."

* * *

If demand at the Ann Street book stalls and similar down-town depots of quick literature be accepted as evidence, the literary taste of the American boy of to-day differs in no degree from that of the boy of twenty-five and thirty years ago. This is to say that, with certain exterior modifications, the dime novel sells as briskly to-day as it ever did, and that as regards style and general motive no change at all is to be observed.

In fact, publishers hardly see the necessity of having new thrillers written, the old ones going down from generation to generation.

* * *

The Troy *Record* has the following on *Life Sketches of Father Walworth*, by Ellen H. Walworth:

Father Walworth was a man much before the public eye half a century ago. At one time he was the priest at St. Peter's Church in this city. Afterwards he went to St. Mary's, in Albany, where he was greatly beloved.

He was a man of wonderful ability, and socially he was one of the most popular men in this section of the state. His conversion from Protestantism to Catholicism was well known by a former generation. He was, indeed, the American Newman. The Oxford movement made little progress on this side of the water, and what effect it did have went no further than to awaken a sacerdotal spirit in the hearts of a few clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Father Walworth was the son of a chancellor of this state, and he was the one great example of the movement in this country who followed the arguments of Newman to their logical conclusion. This book, written by his niece, gives a little of the broad-minded Christianity of the man, drawn from the experiences of his most intimate companion and from his correspondence.

* * *

The following appreciation of a book which, in spite of its defects from a Catholic point of view, has awakened much discussion, was presented at a meeting of the D'Youville Reading Circle, at Ottawa:

The Great Refusal, by Maxwell Gray, is decidedly a novel of modern times and a book with a reason for its existence. It is a powerful book too, though not breathlessly clever nor sparkling with wit and epigram like many other products ot present-day pens. It is strong and sane rather than exciting, and leaves the reader, at the close, with deep and serious impressions.

We are all familiar with the story of the rich young man in the Bible who, having done all that was necessary to attain salvation, hesitated and turned away in sorrow from the Divine invitation to seek the highest perfection—a perfection that meant a complete surrender of all material goods. Many believe that he returned, repenting of his hesitation, and the story has given Maxwell Gray her idea for this novel of the twentieth century. Her hero does, indeed, return and, having made the all-important sacrifice, goes bravely on and never once looks back. Adrian Bassett, son and heir to the stately Bassett Towers, with all the doubtfully gotten wealth contained therein, has, for a father, a perfect type of the bloated millionaire of to-day, who measures happiness by the length of his bank account and loses sight of life's truly best things in an unrelenting search after whatever has money in it Adrian is a strong, sweet character, who realizes that he is his brother's keeper in the holiest sense, and possesses a delicacy of conscience and a fineness of sentiment utterly beyond his sordid parent's comprehension. His one mistake, happily rectified before it was too late, consisted in loving the wrong woman, and it was this woman who, in truth, made the great refusal—she realized it bitterly when she declined a place beside the man of high ideals—to wed herself to materialistic greatness. The reader rejoices when Adrian finds, at last, his level in the strengthening love of Blanche Ingram, so loyal, so tender, and helpful through all the dark days.

The book is a good portrait of society's opposite elements, and describes, in language that cannot fail to reach our sympathies, the condition of the unhappy East side, with its swarming, submerged tenth, for whom it seems so hopeless to work, almost as hopeless it seemed to Adrian, in his first days of trial, as trying to hold back the everlasting sea. One can readily understand the heartbroken cry of Adrian, uttered in the deliruim that followed those first days in the slums—"after 2,000 years!" After twenty centuries of Christianity so much remains to be done among the darkened minds to whom God means just "Him who sends blokes to 'ell!" No wonder Adrian felt like despair till Blanche Ingram's brave spirit taught him courage and cheerfulness—always cheerfulness.

The West End element is no less faithfully drawn, with its vices and follies and unworthy ambitions, its unceasing hunt for excitements that mean but vexation of spirit and emptiness of heart, and the picture calls forth pitying contempt for the deluded mortals who play so mean a part in life's great drama. M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Redemption. By René Bazin. Pp. 296.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:
The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D., Editor-in-chief. Complete in twelve volumes. Price $60; per volume, cloth, $5.

THE GLOBE MUSIC COMPANY, 1155 Broadway, New York:
Centennial Celebration Chimes. By Adin Rupp. Pp. 8. Price 38 cents.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:
Sydney Carrington's Contumacy. By X. Lawson. Pp. 350. Price $1.25.

C. O. FARWELL, P. O. Box 1526, New York:
An Essay on the Distribution of Livelihood. By Rossington Stanton. Pp. 125. Price $1.50.

CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:
Priestly Vocation and Tonsure. By L. Bacuez, S.S. Pp. xiv.-314.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Boston, Mass.:
Fate's A Fiddler. By George Pinkham. Pp. 417. Price $1.50.

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, Cambridge, Mass:
Souvenir in Honor of the Triple Anniversary of the Rev. John O'Brien, East Cambridge, Mass., 1908. Pp. iii.-133. Paper. Price 50 cents.

H. L. KILNER & CO., Philadelphia:
Spiritual Flowerets. By Father L. Palladino, S.J. Pp. 240.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
A Study in American Freemasonry. By Arthur Preuss. Pp. xii.-433. Price $1.50 net. *The True Rationalism.* By the Rev. M. Power, S.J. Pp. 68. Paper. Price 10 cents.

H. D. HEMINWAY, Hartford, Conn.:
Hints and Helps for Young Gardeners. By H. D. Hemenway. Pp. 59. Price 35 cents.

ELKIN MATHEWS, London, England:
Spirit and Dust. Poems. By Rosa Mulholland. Pp. 94. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

GEORGE BELL & SONS, London, England:
The Old English Bible: and Other Essays. By Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D. Pp. 329. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne, Australia:
Spiritism. By Father S. M. Hogan, O.P. *The Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar.* By Rev. M. Watson, S.J. *Third French Republic and the Church.* By Rev. P. Delany, D.D. *Discovery of Australia, by De Quiros, 1906.* By Cardinal Moran. *Father Burke, O.P.* By Father S. M. Hogan. *Wattle Branches: A Story for Boys.* By Rosario. Pamphlets. Price one penny.

BLOUD ET CIE, Paris, France:
Saint Ambroise. Par P. de Labriolle. Pp. 328. Price 3 *fr.* 50.

P. LETHELLIEUX, Paris, France:
Manuel de Philosophie. Par Gaston Sortais. Pp. xxx.-984. Price 9 *fr.*

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE ET CIE, Paris, France:
Psychologie de l'Incroyant. Par Xavier Moisant. Pp. 339. Price 3 *fr.* 50. *Vie de la Bienheureuse Marguerite Marie.* Par Auguste Hamon. Pp. xii.-520 Price 4 *fr.*

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris, France:
Mon Mari. By Jules Pravieux. Pp. 308. Price 3 *fr.* 50.

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SCIENCE—OR SUPERSTITION?

BY THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

WRITING in the *Atlantic Monthly* of November, 1907, Henry S. Pritchett had the following to say regarding the "effect of modern scientific research on the religious faith and the philosophy of life of the civilized world":

> The chief effect, however, of the advance of science during these fifty years upon religious belief and the philosophy of life has come not so much from the acceptance of the theory of evolution or the conservation of energy or other scientific deductions, but rather from the development of what is commonly called the "scientific spirit." To-day a thousand men are working in the investigations of science where ten were working fifty years ago. These men form a far larger proportion of the whole community of intelligent men than they did a half century ago and their influence upon the thought of the race is greatly increased. They have been trained in a generation taught to question all processes, to hold fast only to those things that will bear proof, and to seek for the truth as the one thing worth having. It is this attitude of mind which makes the scientific spirit, and it is the widespread dissemination of this spirit which has affected the attitude of the great mass of civilized men toward formal theology and toward a general philosophy of life. The ability to believe, and even the disposition to believe, is one of the oldest ac-

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> quirements of the human mind. On the other hand, the capacity for estimating evidence in cases of physical causation has been a recent acquisition. The last fifty years has added enormously to the power of the race in this capacity and in the consequent demand on the part of all men for trustworthy evidence, not only in the case of physical phenomena, but in all other matters. This spirit is to-day the dominant note of the twentieth century. It is a serious spirit and a reverent one, but it demands to know, and it will be satisfied with no answer which does not squarely face the facts. This intellectual gain is the most noteworthy fruitage of the last fifty years of science and of scientific freedom. . . .
>
> The general effect of the whole evolutionary development of the last fifty years upon the philosophy of life of civilized man has been a hopeful one. The old theology pointed man to a race history in which he was represented as having fallen from a high estate to a low one. The philosophy of evolution encourages him to believe that, notwithstanding the limitations which come from a brute ancestry, his course has been upward and he looks forward to-day hopefully and confidently to a like development in the future.

Dr. Pritchett is the head of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, having served as President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from 1900 to 1906, and is described by the *Atlantic Monthly* as "an American scientist of great distinction"—a characterization which is, doubtless, entirely correct, even in a strict use of the words. Is his picture of the progress of human thought in the last fifty years correct?

When this article came under the eye of the present writer he bethought himself of two pieces of evidence rather directly bearing on the case. One was a book—*Der Kampf um das Entwicklungs Problem in Berlin,** and the other a collection of newspaper clippings. And it occurred to him that possibly these things might offer matter for a little meditation that would not be entirely unfruitful—hence the present article.

First as to the book: In 1906 an invitation was extended to Father Erich Wasmann, S.J., to deliver a course of three public lectures on the evolutionary hypothesis in Berlin, the lectures to be followed by a public disputation on a fourth evening. This invitation grew out of the fact that Father Wasmann had in that year published the third and enlarged edition of his book *Die Moderne Biologie und die Entwicklungs Theorie*,* in which he very roughly handled Professor Ernst Haeckel, and after vainly trying to induce the author to enter on a direct controversy with Haeckel, the impresario managed to arrange with him for the lectures aforesaid, which were held on February 13, 14, and 17, 1907, the public disputation being held on February 18. The programme was arranged by a committee of six leading German scientists, including the president of the Deutschen Entomologischen Gesellschaft, the Kustos am Museum für Naturkunde, two professors of the Landwirthschaftlichen Hochschule, the president of the Oberlandeskultengerichts, and the secretary of the Akademie der Wissenschaften—a sufficiently representative body of German scientific thought. Tickets for these lectures were placed on public sale in the ordinary way, and eight days before the first lecture every seat for the course was sold out.

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* By Erich Wasmann, S.J. Herdersche Verlagshandlung. Freiburg im Breisgau, 1907.

The first lecture dealt with the questions: What is the doctrine of evolution regarded as a scientific hypothesis and theory? Is it founded on fact and if so to what extent? Does it contradict the Christian cosmogony or not?

The second lecture concerned itself with the questions: Is the claim of monists true that the scientific theory of evolution can be reconciled only with monism and not with theism? Which of the two rival cosmogonies commends itself to the scientist who also can think as a philosopher? What about the popular identification of Darwinism with evolution—is it scientific and what follows therefrom?

In the third lecture Wasmann asked: Where does man stand in the problem of evolution? Must we consider this question from a purely zoölogic standpoint or must we take a higher point of view? What are the zoölogic and palæontologic proofs for the animal origin of man?

It was intended that the public discussion should concern itself entirely with the scientific aspects of the matter. Such was the announcement of the president, Professor Waldeyer, in opening the session. Eleven persons spoke—all opposed to Father Wasmann—and Father Wasmann closed the discussion.

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* Herdersche Verlagshandlung. Frieburg im Breisgau, 1906.

In the first lecture Father Wasmann made it clear that as a scientist he rather favored the theory of a polyphyletic evolution which, as a philosopher, he found to be entirely in harmony with the Christian cosmogony. "Personally," he said, "I am entirely convinced that the evolutionary doctrine, regarded as a scientific hypothesis and theory, contains not the slightest contradiction of the Christian cosmogony, no matter how often the contrary be asserted." In the second lecture he showed that, while the evolutionary theory as a purely scientific theory directly affirmed neither Christian nor monist cosmogony, man as a reasoning being was compelled to argue from it to a theistic point of view. He also showed that to regard Darwinism and "evolution" as synonymous was entirely unscientific. In the third lecture he demonstrated, first, that it was unscientific to consider the question of man's origin purely from a zoölogic point of view; and, second, that even if the question be approached from a purely zoölogic and palæontologic standpoint the evidence of his purely animal origin was quite insufficient. Among other things, he recalled Professor Branco's famous utterance at the fifth International Zoölogical Congress at Berlin, in 1901, in closing a notable lecture on fossil man: "The fact is that we know of no ancestor for man." And Wasmann closed his third lecture with the words: "And so I am fully convinced that between Christian faith and science no real quarrel can arise."

For the benefit of the reader who may not be specially interested in matters biologic, it should here be stated that Father Wasmann has attained to world-wide fame, and to the front rank of present-day biologists, by reason of his studies of ants and their "hosts." His book *Die Moderne Biologie* is admitted to be a classic of its kind, and its writer's standing as a scientist may not be disputed.

The limitations of space will not permit the present writer to do more than select a few of the exhibits which bear upon the central thought of Dr. Pritchett's remarks quoted at the outset of this article. This central thought is the effect of scientific discovery upon men's views of religion and their philosophy of life, most particularly so far as regards the evolutionary theory; in other words, men's philosophic deductions from scientifically ascertained facts. And first it should be noted that Father Wasmann makes it quite clear that he as a scientist accepts in large measure the moderate theory of a (probably) polyphyletic evolution, and as a Catholic finds it in accord with his religion. He denies the monistic doctrine of matter, because it is unphilosophic and unscientific; he denies the animal origin of man as to his soul, because it is unphilosophic and unscientific; and he refuses as a scientist to admit the bodily origin of man by descent from the ape, because it is entirely unproven.

Now the first and principal of his opponents in the public disputation was Professor Plate (of the Landwirthschaftlichen Hochschule), who delivered himself, early in his address, of the following syllogism:

> As to the existence of matter we scientists say: "Here is matter; nothing can come of nothing; therefore matter is eternal."

A little later he said:

> These are absolute facts which cannot be denied, and on the strength of these facts we allow ourselves the hypothesis that at some time or other in the past a living thing arose from inorganic matter.

Also, further:

> Natural laws are the only things that we (scientists) can establish. As to what lies behind them, one thinks one way, another another; and even we monists are not unanimous on the point. Personally, I always take the position that where one finds laws of nature it is entirely logical to say "behind the laws there lies a Law-giver." But we can say nothing definite as to the Law-giver without falling into unrestrained speculation; this is where faith begins, and many of us have nothing to do with faith.

To which Wasmann points out that the *scientist as such* can erect no syllogism at all as to matter; he can but admit that he does not know of its beginning. And the "philosopher" cannot argue that it is necessarily eternal, for only an infinite, perfect being—which matter is not—can be self-existent. Also that the question of life arising from non-living matter is not whether it arose in previously existing inorganic matter, but whether it did so *of itself* by "spontaneous generation" or *abiogenesis.* And inasmuch as all the known facts of science show that the law of *omne vivum e vivo* has, for all that men so far know to the contrary, admitted of no exception, the *scientist* must reject the hypothesis favored by Plate as a *scientist*, nor can he adopt it as a philosopher without committing the *post hoc propter hoc* fallacy in his logic. As to Professor Plate's admission of a Law-giver, Wasmann points out that this utterly shatters the central theory of monism, which identifies the Law-giver with the Law, and is surely a remarkable admission for a prominent monist to make. Further be it noted that to argue from law to a lawgiver is not in any sense a matter of faith, but a plain matter of reason, faith not being dominant in the domain of natural knowledge, or the metaphysics connected therewith.

This will suffice to demonstrate the philosophic absurdities in which the man chosen as the chief exponent of anti-theistic science on this occasion involved himself as a *scientist*. There were others in the course of his address, but we must move on to Prosessor Dahl, the third disputant. He made this point against Father Wasmann:

> Father Wasmann has stated that the assumption of an eternal existence for matter is contrary to scientific *thinking*. I fancy there is here a confusion of terms. Father Wasmann should have said "impossible of scientific *imagining*." We can *think* a good many things that we cannot *imagine*. . . . And just as we cannot *imagine* the infinity of space and the eternity of matter, neither can we *imagine* the arising of matter out of nothing, so we progress no further along this road.

Professor Dahl's distinction is good in itself, and is one not very commonly made by mankind, but, as Wasmann reminded him, it had nothing to do with the case, for reasons apparent from the answer to Plate given above. Apparently it was hard to drive into these gentlemen's heads the philosophic concept of a necessary being of infinite perfections—an *ens a se*—as the origin of all finite and limited things. And in the case of the ninth disputant, Dr. Plötz, it looks as if the attempt failed. For this good man gravely propounded the following remarkable argument on the subject of a Creator.

> If one once admits such a thing, then one must logically, of course, say: If the Creator is an Organism (*sic*) so far

> superior to the universe that the universe can obtain its creation from Him, then one must assume another creator for Him. So could one demand yet another creator for this creation, and so on to an infinite series.

Confronted with this, Wasmann can but throw up his hands and invite people to note that this argument is made in the very center of German culture, in the course of a scientific discussion before two thousand thinking people! "*Das gibt zu denken!*" he says—and it ought! Moreover, lest it be thought that Dr. Plötz was at all singular in his views on this matter, Father Wasmann quotes an article from the *Vossische Zeitung*, written by Dr. Salinger, lamenting that so little philosophy entered into the lectures and the discussion thereupon. In this article Dr. Salinger told of a six-year-old child walking with her mother in the fields and asking her mother who made this and that, the clouds, the flowers, the beasts, and so on; the mother always answering: "The good God made them." Finally the child asked: "And who made the good God?" On which Dr. Salinger says: "It seems to us that the little child showed more brains in this question than did Father Wasmann and his learned opponents." Which, as Wasmann observes, does Dr. Plötz cruel injustice, as he had used the same argument exactly as the six-year-old girl did!

Dr. Thesing was the last of the eleven disputants against Wasmann. Speaking on the subject of the creation of matter by God, he said:

> Father Wasmann has stated that matter could not have existed of itself from all eternity, and he postulated for it an act of divine creation. Consequently God created matter, and God is eternal. Then comes the question: What *is* this God? Is He a point, a cipher, or what is He? We can only say that if we try to bring the idea of God into relation with something, we must think of Him as a mentally *imaginable* God.

The confusion of thought need only be noted. But Wasmann, in connection with it, quotes from a letter received by him on the subject which is too good to omit, and here follows:

> It is simply impossible to imagine a Personal Creator as the first Being. The question naturally arises, Whence comes all

> at once this highly developed Being. It must consist, as such, of an organic mass composed of cells. But according to Virchow's maxim—which you, Professor, agree with—*omnis cellula e cellula*—it must have developed from an original cell. The postulate that the first being was a simple body, such as a cell, is much more likely to be true than is your postulate of a highly organized Creator in the beginning.

"And this," says Wasmann, "was once the thinking race!" In his address closing the disputation he made a remark which, considering the occasion, the audience, and the speakers, may be considered a somewhat scathing comment. He said:

> I have noticed during the speeches of my honored opponents this evening, that I have been entirely misunderstood on very many points; this might have been avoided, perhaps, by a more thorough philosophic training on their part. By philosophic training I particularly mean that rigorous, logical training which is particularly inculcated in our system, and which is frequently lacking elsewhere.

And a little further on he said:

> As regards the existence of matter, and the idea of creation, much was said by Professor Plate and others, which clearly showed that they did not understand the philosophic statements made in my second lecture.

One who wishes to realize to the full the extraordinary philosophical and logical shortcomings of these disputants should read the whole report of the discussion as given by Wasmann. Two things will inevitably strike him as a result of this reading—one the mass of scientific uncertainties that still surround the entire doctrine of evolution and the almost wholly unsupported condition of the theory as commonly understood, and the other the curious combination of anti-religious bias with ignorance of metaphysics on the side of the so-called *scientific* disputants who attacked Wasmann. Yet a third will, moreover, suggest itself, which is fully as significant as the other two, and that is the entire readiness of Father Wasmann to accept as a Catholic what his science has taught him—and it is only fair to say that as a scientist he demonstrated himself to be the equal, at least, of any of his opponents, while immeasurably their superior as a philosopher.

Turn we now to our newspaper clippings. Last summer one of the afternoon newspapers in New York contrived to start a controversy in its correspondence columns on the matter of religion in general, and for some months the caption "Church and Unbeliever" headed its columns of "Letters to the Editor" almost every day. Of course there is nothing *per se* remarkable in a newspaper correspondence of this kind. Many years ago the *Sun* discovered that such things were good journalism, and it may be said that for at least ten years there has been a more or less continuous discussion of these matters in its columns. The late F. P. Church—one of the *Sun's* accomplished editorial writers for many years—was a perfect adept in the art of stirring up the arguments. Sometimes it would be done by an article in the "candid-friend" vein, lamenting the general decay of religious faith in the world at large, resulting from the onward march of science; sometimes by a sorrowfully destructive comment on the effects of the Higher Criticism on Protestant Christianity; sometimes by an article on religious teaching in the schools; and sometimes by an elaborately impartial discussion as to whether or not ministers could avoid hypocrisy. A running fire of little encyclicals and allocutions by Professor Goldwin Smith on Hildebrand, St. Bartholomew, Giordano Bruno, the Index, the Inquisition, the Curia, St. Januarius, the Albigenses, the Immaculate Conception, Lourdes, Obscurantism, Alva, the Dragonnades, "Jesuitism with its political intrigues and its dark plottings," etc., printed on the editorial page, with the honor of "double leads," also helped very much at times to keep things moving. But the *Sun* is more or less *sui generis*. The newspaper from which the clippings already referred to were taken, is an altogether different thing. It may accurately be described as a plain, respectable, one-cent, "family" newspaper, aiming at nothing strikingly intellectual, absolutely "safe and sane," and decorously dull; in every sense of the word, an honest *bourgeois* sheet—which the *Sun*, at all events, never was. For while, in a sense, the recent utterances of Mr. Goldwin Smith seem to prove him a worthy and distinguished citizen of the intellectual *bourgeoisie* in these matters, the *Sun* and its readers are more or less eclectic and one can prove no general propositions from either. Now the best way to describe the character of the clippings extracted from the paper referred to is to produce specimens, and accordingly some are here offered—it being premised that selection is made so as fairly to exhibit the general average character of the contributions without wearying the reader too much.

> Religion, so far as we can trace it, has served two purposes—first to keep the populace ignorant in order to subjugate them; and, second, to furnish a livelihood to those chiefly concerned in it.
>
> Christ was a wonderful man and a great reformer, but when it comes to crediting Him with performing miracles which are absolutely unnatural *(sic)* it is time for thinking people to use common judgment and not believe blindly.
>
> Probably the best reason why ministers and preachers do not care to enter into debate with unbelievers is because they are afraid to lose their positions and to hear the truth.
>
> Science is slowly unfolding a more excellent way of discerning truth, and if the Church shall ever win the world to God, it will only be as it allies itself with science and marches onward along the broadening pathway of comprehensible truth.
>
> My historical reading has pointed out to me that education flourishes despite the Church. The tortures of Bruno and Galileo, the ostracism of Thomas Paine and the ridicule of Charles Darwin and Ernst Haeckel, are a few signs of how the Church has educated. . . . I behold before me to-day a populace that is getting wiser and more intelligent, intellectual and irreligious.
>
> Darwin shows us, through processes of logical illustrations, how man was not created by a God, as explained in the Bible, but has evoluted *(sic)* from a lower species.

There is more than an abundance of this sort of thing in the possession of the present writer, but enough has been shown. Let us view it in the light of Dr. Pritchett's words printed at the outset of this paper, and in connection with the exhibits of modern German science and philosophy furnished by the report of the Wasmann lectures and the discussion thereupon. Can we regard either of these batches of evidence as favoring the view taken by Dr. Pritchett? Can we regard them as the offspring of the *scientific* spirit of which he speaks so reverently?

Can we form a mental picture of mankind generally—scientist and *bourgeois*—regretfully abandoning the fair and benign forms of religious belief one by one at the stern command of reason, influenced by deep and conscientious studies in science pursued with patient care and rigid accuracy, step by step, nothing old being let go until the last cords were severed, nothing new being embraced until the last doubts were resolved—can we?

Or must we not rather admit that the process has been quite otherwise, that religious beliefs have been jettisoned *en masse* and the grossest forms of material superstition eagerly embraced in their stead, not merely by people who by their training, by their mental equipment, by their habits of life, are utterly incapable of apprehending the nature of the problems of which they chatter, but also by people who, speaking in the name of "science," have neglected to learn the very alphabet of the mother of all sciences; and are thus doubly at fault, for they should have known better.

It is easy to ridicule the letters from which the foregoing extracts have been made, on the ground that they display an enormous amount of ignorance on matters scientific, philosophic, and religious—indeed, the ignorance displayed is of that hopeless type which is unaware of its own massiveness! But this is to overlook the tragedy in them. They are all apparently written by people who have barely tasted the Pierian spring, but who are entirely self-complacent in the thought that they are mentally free and enlightened, the intellectual salt of the modern earth. Can we truly say that it is the dissemination of a "scientific spirit" which has dictated their attitude toward "formal theology and toward a general philosophy of life"?

The spectacle of leading German "scientific" professors publicly rebuked by a German Jesuit, in the course of a scientific discussion, for their lack of philosophic knowledge in the interpretation of scientific facts, is something that is well worthy of Dr. Pritchett's attention and the attention of all those who are seeking to understand and account for the spirit of the age. If men like Professor Plate, Professor Dahl, Dr. Plötz, Dr. Thesing, and Dr. Salinger reason thus from their *science*—to say nothing of Haeckel (whom Wasmann convicts of preaching one doctrine to *scientists* and another to the public—see *Der Kampf um das Entwicklungs Problem*, 1907, pp. 141 and 142)—is it their "scientific spirit" that makes them opponents of "formal theology" and dictates their "philosophy of life"; or is it their bad philosophic methods?

And as for the people who wrote the letters above quoted —from where did they get their *science?* Some weeks ago the *Evening Post* said editorially:

> Columbia University must be careful. In spite of her radical action on football and simplified spelling, she is in danger of being branded as reactionary if her professors persist in their absurd refusal to keep up with the march of popular science. A little while ago the professor of astronomy declared that he believed neither in the superior intelligence of the inhabitants of Mars, as attested by their celebrated canals, nor in the inhabitants of Mars on their own account, nor even in the canals on *their* account. He flippantly summed up our knowledge of the Martian canals as consisting in the observation of certain dark lines on the planet by certain people. Now comes the head of Columbia's department of biology who, not without due reflection, states that "the simple fact to-day is, that we are absolutely without evidence of any kind of the origin of any living thing save from any other living thing." What, in that case, is to become of the famous unfertilized egg of the sea-urchin which has shown such marvelous powers of reproduction, if not in salt water, at least in the despatches of the Associated Press? What, above all, is to become of the Yellow Sunday Supplement, where only last week we remember seeing a sort of cross between a Magian sage and the late John Alexander Dowie shaking wierd new life-forms out of a little vial?

Recently a New York newspaper printed a letter from "a young attorney," asking whether "a majority of the best minds, at the present time, believe in the theory of evolution. The meaning of the word evolution is here restricted to the development of physical man from a lower zoölogical class into his present position." And in its answer to this (editorially) said:

> Certainty with regard to prevailing opinion in such a matter is impossible. But if our correspondent asks for the best of our knowledge and belief, but one answer can be given. The hypothesis of evolution is generally accepted by the best minds of the time; and we use the term "best minds" as the athlete employs the phrase "the best man" as signifying

> power, capability, and training. . . . Our correspondent has not asked about the connection of the Darwinian theory with religion, or the belief in God and the hereafter. He is wise. These things transcend physical science. But we rather like the saying of Beecher about evolution that "religion can trail its ivy on that trellis as well as on any other."

No doubt this saying of Beecher's is quite true with regard to religion as he understood it, and as Dr. Pritchett seems to understand it when he says, as he does elsewhere in the course of the article from which our text is taken: "True religion is a life, not a belief"; but, as Lincoln truly observed, "calling a sheep's tail a leg don't make it a leg"; and meanwhile it may be noted that the *Mail* considers the evolution of "physical man" from a lower order to be generally accepted as true by the "best minds" of to-day. If a distinction be meant between man's body and man's soul, so much the better for the *Mail* and its correspondent; but what chance is there of one per cent of the *Mail's* readers making or noting the distinction? Those who want to know how the question stands to-day as to the known facts of man and his origin—body and spirit—will find the eleventh chapter of Wasmann's *Die Moderne Biologie* (1906) highly instructive on the point—even if it tends to shake one's belief in the *Mail's* statement as to the "best minds" to-day. Meanwhile, we may note that the *Evening Post*, in reviewing Verdon L. Kellogg's book, *Darwinism To-day*, quotes the author with respect to the "unknown factors" in evolution thus:

> Let us begin our motto with *Ignoramus*, but never follow it with *Ignorabimus*. We are ignorant; terribly, immensely ignorant. And our work is to learn, to question life by new methods, from new angles, on closer terms, under more precise conditions of control; this is the requirement and the opportunity of the biologist of to-day.

Ignorant with Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe* in every public library? Ignorant with alleged ministers of the Gospel, such as John L. Scudder, of Newark, proudly telling the Woman's Press Club that "the Zoölogical Garden has been substituted for the Garden of Eden as the home of our ancestors" (see report in New York *Times*, Sunday, January

26), and that "the doctrine of evolution is playing the mischief with the theology of our forefathers?" Ignorant with practically everybody able to read these things? Perish the thought! For the "Rev." Mr. Scudder also says in the address quoted—"Free thought has come to stay." The shackles of the dark ages have been broken. In any large city nowadays one meets those who can with easy contempt work off the allusion to the needle's point and the angels as the sole topic of debate in the Middle Ages. In suburbs where "culture" prevails, one can readily collect (among the reading circles) more or less elaborate sneers at the "logic-chopping schoolmen" and their "syllogistic methods"; and in certain university towns there is reason to believe that the *chimera bombilans in vacuo* could be started with a little patient beating of the covers. As for "dogma" in religion, the very word has become, as it were, a hissing and a reproach! To ask a man to "define" something nowadays usually means a wrangle. Thought is truly free—free from all restraint, including law. Is it any wonder that it is disorderly? This is the "scientific spirit"; this is the "dominant note of the twentieth century." This is the "intellectual gain" which Dr. Pritchett welcomes as the most noteworthy fruitage of the last fifty years of "science and scientific freedom."

To the present writer it rather seems as if it is not so much a matter of a new "science" as it is of a new "superstition"; and that modern "civilized men" (as Dr. Pritchett calls them) would be none the worse for a little less knowledge of things that are not so, and a little more knowledge of the use of reason—also a little more intellectual humility. They could not then perhaps be—as to a large number—contentedly wallowing in a morass of ignorance, all the while under the impression that they are standing on the mountain tops irradiated by the noonday sun of all truth, for the first time in the world's history.

WEST-COUNTRY IDYLLS.

BY H. E. P.

V.

CLOVELLY.*

IT was washing day when I reached Clovelly. I came to this conclusion because of the great number of sheets, as well as minor clothes, hung out to dry. The geography of the place is such, that nothing stands in the way of anything, so every article that had been to the wash hung out alone with a perfect individuality. Perhaps this helped to exaggerate the quantity of the drying stuff.

One gets at Clovelly by a road, up to a certain point—for the rest he does not. I had pushed my bicycle up hills, hotly and patiently, and had held on to it tenaciously and savagely going down them. I had ridden it in the course of sixteen miles infrequently and fearfully. Now I was at the end.

"You had better leave it here, sir. You can't take it down no further." The suggestion smacked of self-interest and the information was unnecessary. Any further! I should think not. A path made of pebbles set on edge, and about four feet in width, went down at the angle of a toboggan slide, to the houses below. It is such a slant, that it is just as much as one could do to stand on it, and at times one makes clutches at the fuchsia hedge which runs along the side. After a while the path turns at a right angle, becomes still more steep, and forms the "High Street" of the fantastic village of Clovelly.

Fantastic is perhaps not the right word. I feel more inclined to write "mad," for were it not for the artistic merits of the place, its geography is so eccentric as to suggest insanity somewhere.

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* Clovelly is one of the "show" places in the west of England. It is situated on the Devonshire coast, about sixteen miles from Barnstaple.

Clovelly is really only a crack in the face of a sheer cliff, that is washed at its foot by the sea, which forms part of Barnstaple Bay. The crack spreads out a little at its mouth and makes a tiny harbor. To shelter the fishing boats and to help steamboats to disgorge at low tides, a wall, which is half pier, half breakwater, starts from the shore and ends quickly when it has made a feeble curve. The crevice narrows at once from the beach and runs to land and upland. There seems scarcely foothold for the two rows of houses and the toboggan path which separates them. I am sure if a couple of persons joined hands anywhere in this quaint High Street, they could, with their other hands, buy picture post-cards in the shops at either side. Well, that is if the shops were opposite one another—only nothing in Clovelly is opposite or straight—and, also, if the said persons could keep on their feet, for the pitch of the street is terrific. Every yard and a half the little pebble stones are stopped off with a row of large ones, which stick up three or four inches above the level. Hence the street is really only a stairway made of "petrified kidneys" which, as it follows the crevice in the rocks, bends this way and that.

No two houses stand on the same level, and I doubt if any two keep the frontage line. There are tall houses with modern gables added, and short houses with thatched roofs and little windows that haven't opened once ever since they were set in, perhaps a hundred years ago. There are houses with steps up to them, and some with steps down. Some overhang the street. Some stand back a couple of feet and plant gay flowers in the space they have gained. Red roofs, gray roofs, black roofs, thatched roofs, roofs scarlet to the chimney tops with Virginia creeper; and chimneys that emit pearly blue smoke through trees of luxuriant fuchsias in full bloom. House fronts of gleaming whitewash, or else washed green or pink, and all smothered in flowers and creepers which the late autumn hasn't touched. Here is a cottage with golden nasturtium reaching to the upper windows and shining like pennies new from the mint. A bower of sweet-scented verbena makes a porch to another, and a third has a grapevine that has embraced it, windows and all. I saw an artist making a water-color picture of the street; but, gay as were his colors, he gave only a feeble idea of its blaze of splendor. Unnatural and un-English—whether you looked up the crooked lane and had the green and gold cliff as a background, or down it and had the gray sea in the distance as a foil.

There is nothing commonplace or obvious about Clovelly. You can no more say what the next cottage is going to be like, because you have just seen this one, than you can tell for certain that you won't slip down on the treacherous cobble stones and thus never reach the next cottage at all.

An abundant lack of symmetry is the place's ruling characteristic. A house will face down to the sea and have an end on to the High Street, and perhaps the next one will face three-quarters of the way round, looking up to the cliff. Yet they don't block one another in the least, for every house just stands on tiptoe and peeps over the one below it. Clinging to the sides of the cliff, as the limpets below cling to the old harbor wall, are little houses scattered about in the trees. How you reach them, whether from above or below, I could not make up my mind, but they are shot about here and there, with the same disregard to any position or order, as are the houses in the street. White with square black windows, they suggest dice, and look as if they might have been jerked out of a dice box for a joke.

A railing on the harbor wall ends the High Street at the bottom. A group of variously clad boatmen hung on the rail and all of them wanted to take me out in a boat for eighteen pence. They came at me in the same fashion as the flies, for I was nearly the only visitor in the place that day; and the flies were hungry, and the boats were idle.

I shook the boatmen off by saying that eighteen pence was too much; that I could make myself sick with the right stuff for three half pence. The grinding of the pebbles on the beach stopped my hearing the discussion as to what I meant.

Close beside me, and perched upon the top of the low harbor wall, was a young artist, who had evidently heard my remark and who was laughing at it. I had not noticed him before, for he was half hidden by a buttress. The position he had chosen looked perilous. Straight below was the beach, with its sea lapping almost up to the wall, while the said buttress made a somewhat uncertain support for his back. The artist looked about twenty or so, and he might have made a picture himself, as he sat there. His light curly hair was against the great stone block that held the stanchion for the railings behind, and the woolen jersey he wore, which fitted as closely as did his rough gray knickerbockers, showed his well-shaped body to perfection. On his knees which were drawn up, rested the drawing-board which served him for an easel.

"Are you not afraid you will roll off into the sea?" I asked, by way of beginning a conversation, for there was something about the youth which attracted me.

"I've sat here every day this week, and I've got some practice now in hanging on," he answered laughing. "The worst of it is, it's a very hard seat and rather cold."

"You had better—" At that moment my eye fell upon the water-color sketch on his board, and I stopped in amazement. There was nothing much in the picture, but its truthfulness was so striking that I looked from the reality to the paper—looked and looked again. A boat bottom-upwards on the beach, an old gray-haired man leaning over it, applying a coat of black, and one of the golden rocks behind—this was all. The artist evidently enjoyed my surprise.

"Are you doing this for amusement or is it a necessity?" I asked, as gently as I could put the question. I felt I was safe in venturing the remark, for his clothes were shabby and it was ages since his shoes were new.

"I am afraid I am obliged to make pictures just at present"; and he laughed with such a merry laugh that the obligation hardly seemed to weigh very heavily. "The tourists come to see what I am doing, and then we talk; and after a bit, if they've any money, why they buy something. You'd be amused at the remarks they make! 'Chawles, it's jist like them post-cards we saw hup there'; or, 'I don't like them colors, they be so smudgy.'"

He was painting away fast, all the time he was talking. "Studies from life are the most fatal things. Once get a child to stand somewhere in a picture, and all the children in the place come round and worry to have a look in, too. Last week, an excursion steamer brought a very rough lot. One woman with a small child made me a magnificent offer. 'Do thou paint our Jane, there's a nice gentleman, and I'll give thee a tanner.' This is the kind of thing one has to put up with," he said in his cheery way. "I wish I could paint what I like, instead of what these wretched tourists want, but it wouldn't pay." The overflowing happiness of the youth, his charming simplicity, and the extraordinary skill he seemed to possess, absorbed me.

Suddenly his tone changed. "Who's that?" he said in a quiet voice. Ten or twelve yards away, along the low wall, stood a man gazing out to sea. "Where on earth did the old buffer come from—did he pass us?"

"He might easily have done so," I replied, "for we were talking so busily we shouldn't have noticed him.

"Looks like an old Jew pedlar; did you ever see such a hat; look at his coat!"

The same gay laugh, but quiet and subdued, for fear the newcomer might hear. The figure turned a little, and was in full profile. "What a glorious face," the youth exclaimed; "I'll have him in two shakes, if he'll only keep still."

Taking the sketchbook, at which I was then looking, he turned to a blank page, and in a moment there on the paper stood this long, lank man—hat, coat, the curious stoop, and the head and face which were so wonderfully striking. But the pencil, while it gave the true portrait, had delicately exaggerated it—the vein of humor in the artist had produced a caricature. I was shaking with laughter at the absurdity of the picture, and was on the point of asking if I might have it, when suddenly the old gentleman wheeled round and strode up to us.

"I hope I stood quite still," he said in a voice that was almost fierce.

"Stood still?"

"Yes, stood still. You were sketching me. I've been sketched before. It's only when those"—the noise on the beach, I think, drowned the next word—"cameras are on me that I won't stand still; let me see what you've made of me, young man."

"I really—it was only scribble; and I'm not a—"

I don't know what else he would have said, but the wild-looking, gruff man came a step nearer and saw the water-color resting on the lad's knee. He snatched at the little drawing board, and held it out at arm's length. He looked first at the picture, then at the old boat away on the beach, and then straight into the artist's face with a sharp, piercing stare.

"Have you just done this, boy?" he asked in the same rough and abrupt manner. "Do you often do these? You're a fool to waste your time."

The poor lad blushed crimson to his curls. "I do as many as I can sell, I'm sorry to say, for, for—"

"For what?"

"For I don't like selling them, sir; indeed I don't."

"The last words were said as if he were excusing himself, and there was the ring of real pain in his voice.

"Then why do you sell them?"

"I'm obliged to—to live."

"Fool!"

I wonder to myself why the lad does not put that incriminating sketchbook out of sight, now that he has the opportunity, instead of letting it lie there in his lap. I feel sure the cruel old ruffian will pounce upon it in a minute and see his own portrait. Then I hope he will, and wish the portrait had been made ten times worse than it is!

"What can you get for that thing?" he asks, pointing at the sketch contemptuously.

"Five shillings, or perhaps fifteen if I'm lucky, but I have to take it home and finish it. My class of customers wouldn't understand it as it is."

At this there seems to me the faintest trace of a smile on the stranger's face, but perhaps it is my fancy. "Do you do any other style than that?"

"I like those gray rocks over there, sir, and the gray sea at that bend. I made a picture of it the day before yesterday. There was ever so slight a mist on the sea, and—I think I caught it." The artist's face was alive with enthusiasm as he spoke quickly and seemed to forget the grim old monster in front of him.

"What have you done with it; where is it; I want to see it; have you got it there?" he said, pointing to the sketchbook.

"No, sir; I was sitting here yesterday finishing it off—I wanted a gray sky, too, and there was a good one yesterday —and a party of tourists came—"

"And you sold it?"

Not exactly. One of them took it up and showed it to his—I mean to the person who was with him, and said: 'Looks like soup, don't it, Sarah?' and as he threw it down again, I suppose I was not quick enough—but it's somewhere out there now," he said sadly, pointing to the sea.

There was the same queer gleam in the old man's face again.

"He paid you?"

"No; he only said: 'Sorry,' and then, turning to the lot he was with, remarked something about it being 'a real water-color, now!'"

"I want to see my portrait—it's here?" he asked, taking up the fatal sketchbook. His finger was between the leaves, when he said abruptly, in a more human tone than he had yet spoken in: "But perhaps this is hardly fair!"

"You may look at it if you like, sir—if you'll forgive me."

It was said with that bright smile and that simple freedom which had struck me so much at first, and I wondered what its effect would be on this strange old person. For a single moment he looked fierce and terrific, then the rugged face wrinkled into as near a smile as I suppose it could manage, and he merely said: "Boy, I told you you were a fool, a"—and again the scrunching on the beach seemed to block out a word—"a —— fool. Tear that page out; now put your name down in the corner—there," and as he took the sketch from the youth, he quietly dropped a sovereign into his hand. "I'm going to have that picture, too, only don't finish it tourist style—I hate tourists, they always have cameras—do it your own way. You can do one of the gray rocks—'like soup,' as they called it—and you can send them both here." He gave the artist a card and then strode away at a great pace with out another word.

The youth never moved. He stared blankly at the card, and then handed it to me: Sir ——, R.A.—one of our greatest Royal Academicians. My friend swung his legs off the wall, and leant against it, wringing his hands.

"I might have known he knew something about painting, I might have known it by the way he looked at my poor little picture; what shall I do; oh, do tell me what I ought to do?" he said, appealing to me. But in a moment he saw the full absurdity of the situation and broke into his happy laugh.

I left him trying to push his color box and brushes into his breeches pocket, for he said he was too excited to paint another stroke that day.

Slowly I began to climb backwards, up the ridiculous High Street, turning now and again to look at this strange English village from different points of view. English? I believe any one who had never heard of Clovelly would—if set down suddenly in its midst, among its colors and its angles and its slopes, with the blue sea below and the golden cliff behind—wager a large sum that he stood in an Italian fishing village.

Up, up, up, I am nearly at the top, one last look at Clovelly. How do they ever get coffins out of such a place? is a thought that comes to my mind; and another more terrible—fire! Huddled together, shouldering one another, crowded one on top of the other, a fire at the lower end, a stiff breeze from the sea, and the houses of Clovelly would be an artist's memory—nothing more. Nothing could save them, and this little old-world place would be blotted out in a few hours.

What chain of thought brought anything so horrible to my mind? Perhaps the red sparks flying out of the chimney of a cottage down there on the left, and falling freely on the thatch of the dwelling just below. I am at the top. A motor-car has this moment landed a party. The petrol stinks. Clovelly High Street and a motor seem to have centuries between them.

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

II.

IF a concrete definition of neighbor should be found in the intellectual equipment of every mature Christian, and if the impulse to service of him as circumstances invite, belongs to the integrity of Christian character, it would seem that the Christian teacher ought to take care that the definitions be made, that the impulse be trained, and that right methods be employed. The poor do not exist in order that the rich may exercise certain virtues of generous condescension, though the contrary is asserted in a recent economic treatise. The essential consideration is that men have right understanding of one another and of their relations; that accidental differences among them, such as those of power, wealth, culture, race, be not allowed to separate men in imagination to a point where brotherly love perishes. It seems, at times, that we look upon the poor as a separate race or class. Deeds, bonds, and mortgages appear to act like inherent human traits by which we classify men. Lord Lytton describes some of his characters as "very good to the poor, whom they looked upon as a different order of creation and treated with that sort of benevolence which humane people bestow on dumb animals." It is true that the process of life has huddled the weak in masses and has congregated the strong into every form of alliance, but it is the mission of Christianity to correct many of the consequences of this division by showing the essential unity among men and by exalting the privilege and the claim of charity as its basis.

In answering the lawyer's question, "Who is my neighbor?" we must recognize the social facts before us and understand the orderly process by which human sympathy and interest affect intercourse. It is useless to expect natural and easy relations of companionship among the cultured and the uncultured, among the learned and the ignorant, among the refined and the vulgar. Such relations would be wholesome to neither, nor would they be welcome. Nature works along lines in which sympathy flows easily, and sympathy acts only among those who are like-minded. Every grade of culture has its own spirit of fellowship, its own code, understanding, and secrets. Hence it is that the imagination has a supreme rôle in the neighborly relations of men. As social processes unite men in imagination, they supply the basis of concord, service, and trust. As social processes separate men in imagination, they divide them into non-communicating groups which readily misunderstand one another, as readily neglect one another, and as reluctantly serve one another. The most significant social antagonisms which split society to-day, and threaten our institutions, are, in last analysis, due to imagination and not to reason.

Reason may talk of social solidarity, and economic or sociological analysis may show us how intimately all men are united; the catechism may appeal to intellect, and tell us that mankind of every description is our neighbor. But only they have entrance to our hearts to whom imagination gives the passport; only they are neighbors whom imagination accepts and embraces. The work of reconstructing human brotherhood must be directed toward the imagination. We know much and imagine little of it. Not more knowledge but more imagining, more realizing, is the sociological need of the time. This may be seen more clearly if we pass in review some of the bonds of imagination in which heretofore men have been united—bonds which held sympathy and fostered understanding in spite of differences which might have sundered them. Within these social groups, neighbor was defined automatically. The strong within them were one in imagination with the weak; the more favored felt union with the less favored much more acutely than they felt separation. A study of these social unities will throw light on the disintegration under which society now suffers.

I.

The first of the social bonds to which reference is made is that of the family. In it, common blood is the basis of union; common interest, long-enduring interdependence of members, sustained association, constitute the basis of domestic affection, and the high sanction of every revered authority is the final source of its strength. Within the group, the knitting together of lives, of imagination, of sympathy, goes on unceasingly, until the good home has such hold on life and such command over the ideals and aspirations of the good child, that the latter sees in his home the final sacredness of human association, the most appealing grace that comes into his life. And outside the home group, all of this is seen and approved; public opinion sanctions it, laws enforce it, churches preach it. Strong and weak are one. By the action of a beautiful law of sympathy, strong are ranged around weak in the quiet and happy service of enduring love. And this is done not by reasoning, but by instinct; not by argument, but by imagination. Reasoning sanctions and approves it all, but it neither creates the bond nor protects it. Attraction within the family group and the memory of happy experience; pressure from outside the group and quick enforcement of its claims, have made the family bond powerful throughout history. When neglect of duty toward those of one's blood invites sure odium, when careless fulfilment of it meets quick censure, when faithful and loving compliance is expected as the first proof and the final glory of manhood, then the family is the great source of moral and spiritual power in society.

The family circle varies in historical epochs. It may extend backwards to remotest living ancestor, and it may go beyond to the memory of those departed. It may project itself into the future, so that children yet unborn modify the liberty and shape the aspirations of the living. It may extend to collateral lines many degrees, including all of a name or of a blood. Ancestor worship, the patriarchal family, entailment, inheritance laws, primogeniture, suggest at once the varied character that the family has taken on. The wider the family circle, the deeper its hold on the imagination, the stronger the sense of pride in one's name or of responsibility to it, the larger, presumably, is the number of strong and weak, united in imagination, sympathy, and understanding. In such a circle, then, the weak invite neighborly service from the strong and these gladly give it. Orphans are jealously kept within the family; the aged and delicate are lovingly cared for; the wayward are patiently sought out; the young receive means of education. Whatever the forms of weakness found in the family group, the strength allied to them is placed at their service. They that can show mercy are neighbors to them that have need of it. It is indeed true that charity begins at home.

In our day the effective, recognized family circle has been reduced to its lowest limits, and its stability, even in its most narrowed form, has been seriously affected. The result is that large numbers of weak and helpless, who really have strong relatives able to care for them, are thrown out into the indiscriminate mass of uncharted poor.

To a great extent, the family consists only of parents and children. Collateral lines are largely excluded. In the large city, the family tends to lose its social self-consciousness; it is merged into the mass and scarcely recognized, as, in itself, an integral thing. It moves from city to city, and in the city from neighborhood to neighborhood. Hence it fails very often to be organized into a neighborhood with clearly recognized standing.

Not only that. The average city family tends to break up early. Children of one home are found in half a dozen cities. They become wage earners and assert independence at an early age. Association and attachment tend to cease. Brothers and sisters, parents and children, will be found among whom correspondence and visiting have totally ceased. Uncles and nieces indifferent to one another's existence; first cousins who do not dream of being interested in one another, are found every day. If we add to these slow social processes, all cases of estrangement and quarreling among relatives, all cases of desertion of family by fathers, and of divorce, and finally all cases of worthless or careless parents from whom dependent children must be taken—we meet a picture of the decay of family unity which is literally appalling.

It would be difficult to state in numbers, the extent to which all of this disintegration goes on. But that is not now necessary, since an impression and not an argument is aimed at. As regards the bearing of the condition on charity, this may be said: The process is probably more marked in those social circles in which the largest number of weak and helpless appear. Each one of a number of experienced charity workers, whom it was possible to consult concerning the problem, confirmed the thought that underlies this whole exposition. Every day there are found among the helpless, young and old, blameless and guilty, those who have near relatives who might give aid but refuse to do so. The poor-house offers shelter to helpless parents who have children in a position to care for them. The orphan asylum harbors children whose near relatives might easily give them a home. Wretched hovels give shelter to mothers and children in actual want, while near relatives hold high and careless revel in stately houses.

A moment's reflection reveals many-sided meaning in this condition. It argues striking decay in the family as a strong and sacred social unity. It shows a low sense of Christian duty in the strong who neglect the weak of their own name and blood, and creates the presumption that, as those are unwilling to be neighbors to their own kin who are in want, they will be neighbors to no one at all, and will ignore Christ's law. It is the source of injustice to the poor who have none of their own to care for them, since it adds new drains on the resources of charity, and taxes with added burdens the energies of those who work among the poor for the sake of humanity and God. This condition shows too that public opinion seems more or less indifferent to the family bond. Men are taken for what they as individuals are. The strong man who has power, recognition, wealth, is visited by no disgrace and punished by no shame if he is indifferent to the claim of dependent relatives. They are in distant cities, or in different social circles, and are removed from view. They have nothing in common with him. He, not his family, is dealt with socially. The world is too busy and too careless to think out such problems unless forced to do so.

When a man of means dies intestate, anxious relatives, out to remote degrees, make legal claim to a relationship which might insure a share in the property of the deceased. But when the hand of affliction or want lays low the timid and shrinking mother or orphans, we do not always see the strong among their relatives rush to aid and claim the privilege of giving the relief which would honor wealth and adorn a Christian heart.

A question of minor yet considerable importance should be mentioned. Historically servants have been held to be, in some way, members of a family. The practice of many loyal virtues, the intimacy of association and trust, the attachment that results from such relations, incorporate, in a manner, the servant into the family. But modern conditions have caused revolution. Servants are changed so frequently, relations are so formal and unsympathetic, that no real human attachment is formed. Whereas in other times and conditions, the old age or illness and incapacity of servants were occasions when the family showed real attachment and provided lovingly for them, rarely is such the case now, and the helpless servant, man or woman, too often to-day finds asylum in some home for the anonymous poor.

The appeal of family name and blood is, then, no longer as powerful over imagination as it once was. Even where it remains strong, it does not serve to develop the sense of charity. Strong and weak are classified, separated in society. Families are usually built up within those class lines, and hence, we find the mass of poor and weak, with no family alliances which can offer dignified and loving relief.

II.

Another bond which, throughout history, has played its rôle in the making and unmaking of institutions, is that of the social class. Common culture, identical interests, political or social power and privileges may serve as the basis. In any case, if the imagination is seized—if the members feel and realize their nearness to one another—the social bond is developed and an instinct leads strong to admit claims of weak. Caste and aristocracy show the power to which this class consciousness may develop. Recent civilization has destroyed privileged social classes; society has attempted to get down to the basis of the individual. Yet nature is a class builder, and she is ever busy. In present-day conditions, when any considerable number are affected by similar circumstances, devoted to the same pursuits, and more or less regularly associated, a beginning of what we may call class consciousness appears. We find this development among laborers giving rise to associations for mutual benefit and constituting an important part of our social constitution. In this way provision is made for large numbers of persons. But the very efficiency of this class sense in these circles serves to emphasize its absence in other very large groups of helpless poor, who in the vicissitudes of life find themselves unallied except to others as miserable as themselves. Down among the very poor, among orphans to whom none claim relationship, among the aged poor, the sick, the forlorn, one finds what it means to belong nowhere, to fit nowhere, to be allied by no tie of social consciousness to the vast social world of which they are part. A man is indeed lonely when no family and no social class will own him.

It is interesting to note how the so-called weaker economic classes understand this matter of class consciousness. The real immediate aim of the labor movement and of socialism, each in a different way, is to awaken class consciousness among laborers; to fire imagination with the sense of common injury, to arouse ambitions toward the supremacy of laborers as a class, and to establish a brotherhood among the exploited which will equalize opportunity, make man his brother's keeper, and emancipate the weak. These millions, brought into one condition of economic dependence in the organization of industry, driven into a common attitude toward government, law, employers, find their experience of life identical. They understand one another, imagine one another, realize one another. The supreme aim of the leadership is to extend that consciousness, control it, and secure, through its power, emancipation.

A strong sense of class consciousness leads many among the well-to-do to be neighbors to the less fortunate in the class; but, on the whole, this does not prevent many millions from going down to dependence with no neighborly hand outstretched to save them.

III.

Another social bond which has united men closely, and brought their sympathies into a common current, is that of religion. Fellowship in faith, like understanding of the mysteries of life and death, worship at a common altar, have always tended to draw men together in understanding. Christianity, as representing the positive teaching of Christ, has always insisted on the duty of service, has created institutions and organizations to serve the weak, and has carried on effective propaganda in their interests. Even to-day, in the time of broader tone, non-sectarian co-operation, and the marked emergence of the civic or humane point of view in social service, it is still true that the bond of religion is a noticeable factor. The strong in one church are led to be neighbors toward the weak; and the organized workers of any faith seek out mainly those of their own persuasion, more possibly out of a sense of responsibility toward them than out of any other. On the other hand, if we go down among the weak poor, or up among the strong rich, we find abundant evidence that even this bond of faith is somewhat weakened. If we compare the amount of spontaneous and generous charity, shown in any religion toward its own very poor, with the mass of poverty to be found, we discover how far from complete is the unselfish victory of Christ's spirit over selfishness. The volume of money administered by any church is scarcely an index of its genuine Christian spirit, because of the means employed to raise money and of the varied motives that prompt those who give it. On the whole, religion tends to be less and less a factor in governing the associations and sympathies of men. The causes of separation in imagination which are at work in society, separate those of one creed as widely as any others. Hence not always, even in religion, do we find that those who can show mercy are willingly neighbors to those who have need of it.

IV.

Another social bond, which is in circumstances strong, is that of neighborhood or locality. When nearness means companionship, and marked social distinctions do not intervene, friendly service is always readily extended. In the village, in the country, the poor are known personally and seen by the well-to-do. The spirit of service is strong, the problems of relief are simple. But, in the main, the modern problems of charity are city problems; and in the city locality has no meaning at all to the Christian. Hence the social bond resulting from residence in a neighborhood has practically no meaning. With strong and weak massed in different sections of the city, no neighborhood offers the heterogeneous contact which makes service necessary. Exception might be made concerning the poor themselves. For their readiness to aid one another, to take into their own scant quarters the poorer family that has been evicted; their quick dividing of all that they have, to go to the relief of those who have less, are proverbial.

V.

Another bond which unites strong and weak, in fact if not in imagination, is that resting on industrial relationship between employer and employed; consumer and producer.

Since the union between employer and employed is close, at least in the economic sense, it might naturally be supposed that they would be one in sympathy and understanding, and that consequently neighborly relations would exist among them. In the Middle Ages, the employer felt moral and spiritual responsibility toward those who worked for him. We find in fact, however, that the relation of employer and employed not only does not serve as the basis of Christian neighborly union, but in fact serves as a basis of organized antagonism much of the time, and of established indifference.

The economic bond is intimate. Skill, loyalty, industry in laborers are necessary, as are the foresight, management, capital of the employer. But production of every kind is now carried on in such a massive way, and the industrial organization is such, that there are hundreds and thousands of employees to one employer. No personal contact ensues; immediate direction is placed in the hands of hired superintendents. The employer is one of a competing group, compelled to assume the risks of business. He is driven to careful calculation and to such concentration that his larger sympathies have little chance for action. He might in a hundred ways be neighbor to his employees. He might act and work against premature employment of children and the work of mothers; he might take good care of the sanitary arrangements in his factory. He could reduce risks to life and health to a minimum; and might encourage every law which was aimed at these humane ends. Some do this. But it is not a conspicuous habit of employers. The force of development has been such that not even a rudimentary sense of this responsibility is found in many employers.

This indifference of the strong employer toward the relatively weak laborer is transformed into dislike, distrust, and antagonism, when laborers organize into unions for self-protection. They constitute an economic class, a social class, and their political consciousness is slowly awakening. Thus to-day organized employers face organized employees in a relation of organized war. Misunderstanding, suspicion, dislike, are found very widely. The employer fights to maintain his industrial authority and to reduce his responsibility to the economic order alone. Laborers fight to acquire authority and widen the responsibility of the employer.

As far as neighborly service is concerned, it is, of course, to be noted that the majority of laborers are not objects of charity. But there are the superannuated, the delicate who have outlived vigor and destroyed health while working for employers; there are widows made so by accident, orphans bereaved, cripples maimed in the course of occupation. Employers, on the whole, have not felt any moral and spiritual responsibility toward such, though processes are at work which promise much progress. The demand for employers liability laws, old age pensions, service pensions, industrial insurance, toward which employers contribute, are institutions which show an awakening. It may be said, however, that the industrial relation of employer and employed, intimate, and even vital as it is, has failed to develop a Christian neighborly relation among them, and the modern employer finds no answer to the lawyer's question, "Who is my neighbor?" in his relation to those who work for him and out of whose labors his own property is accumulated.

Another economic bond, equally definite and equally useless for purposes of defining neighbor, is that of consumer and producer. The consumer is technically supreme in industry. Producers must obey him, for if he refuses to buy, the producer must cease to produce. If no one will buy tan shoes, or red neckties, or ride on excursion boats, we shall have none of these. There are sweatshops, because consumers are willing to be careless in what they purchase and to be ignorant of the conditions in which commodities are produced. Children work in factories at an early age, because it pays the employer, and no one who buys the product of child labor cares whether or not children are employed.

Whenever consumers wish to assume their supreme authority, they may do so. And when they do so, they will revolutionize industry. When they feel that they have power, and that in Christ's Name they ought to use it, they will become neighbors to those who have need of mercy. On the whole, consumers feel no responsibility to producers for what they buy. Even those whose social conscience is acute, and who do noble work among the poor, usually fail to see that as consumers they have opportunity for neighborly service.

Clear as is the theory, its practical realization is extremely difficult. The history of a suit of clothes, or of a straw hat, or of a bottle of wine, would be as difficult to write as the biography of a president. To hunt out the raw material, its cultivation, its manufacture and transportation; to find the jobber and the drummer through whose hands a commodity passed; to learn how the employees in every stage were treated; and then to assume responsibility all along this line as Christian neighbor to the laborers involved, is, of course, simply impossible. A beginning of an awakening is to be seen, however. The labor unions have devised the union label, and many societies of consumers exist which have created the Consumers League label with the hope of meeting some of these difficulties in a small way.

VI.

Reference has been made to the family, the social class, religion, neighborhood, and industrial organization, as sources of unity among men. In such groups, it would be presumed that members become one in imagination; that they are more real to one another, are apt to understand and trust one another more than others. If the strong fail in neighborly service toward the weak, it is usually because the former do not imagine the latter, do not feel at one with them. In cases of close alliance, this bond is felt and neighborly service is readily performed. The social groups referred to have lost much of their power. If they do not, in fact, furnish men with a concrete definition of neighbor, by what process are we going to perform the service, so exalted by Christ and so pathetically called for by the widespread misery, helplessness, and doubt seen in modern life? Speculative views are of no avail. The catechism has not sent us far ahead when it has told us that mankind of every description is our neighbor. Not until imagination is reached; not until some of the men and women and children who are pinched by want, harassed by sickness, baffled by doubt, confused by weakness, are singled out and in some way identified, individualized to us, do we reach a true understanding of service as Christ asks it. He depended on no generalization in speaking to the lawyer. The wounded man was before the eyes of the priest and of the levite as well as before the good Samaritan. He who needed mercy needed a neighbor; he who showed mercy was a neighbor.

The circumstances of life have removed the poor and helpless from the pathway of the strong. Never before were men held together in such complex organization; never before did so many enter the life of each; never before did the many mean so much to the individual or did one mean so much to so many. And yet this has failed to socialize men's imaginations. In heart and hope, in aims and views, men are separated as much as ever. It is natural then that we hear so much about humanity, the rights of man, and such generalizations. But this does not usually convert itself, in the imaginations of men, into the source of concrete sympathy and loving service. From a large standpoint, it is not to be denied that the whole volume of social service is enormous and the amount of money spent in charity is colossal. But it is from the standpoint of the individual that these observations are made. Charles Reade says in one of his stories that a misanthrope is a man who hates humanity but loves his wife and children; while a philanthropist is one who loves humanity and is mean to his wife and children. And he adds in the passage in question that he prefers to read the philanthropist's book while he would rather fall into the hands of the misanthrope. The difference, then, is largely in the imagination, which, in the case of the philanthropist, is too much dominated by the generalization called humanity. The problem of charity as of Christianity is to win not reason but imagination to the work; to reunite, in effective relations of some kind, strong and weak. Lecky says, in his *History of European Morals*, that all uncharitable judgments are due to lack of imagination; that none would be uttered if men could but imagine those whom they condemn. The case is similar with social service. Unite men in imagination and sympathy, the service is assured. Separate them in imagination, the service is forgotten. Further discussion of the problem will be undertaken in a subsequent article.

ARNOUL THE ENGLISHMAN

*AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**

BY FRANCIS AVELING, D.D.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"AND so," spoke Vipont, "knowing who I am and what I am, you will allow me to come? You will let a murderer be one of your company, tread the same road, embark in the same ship, journey with you back to Paris?"

Thomas of Aquin stopped and looked his companion full in the eyes. They were pacing together the cloister of the Dominican house at Anagni.

"My brother," he answered gently, "why should I say you nay? Is there not joy in heaven over the repentant sinner? And shall there not be joy upon earth? Did the Master refuse converse with those whom He came to save? Besides, has not His earthly Vicar already loosed the fetters of your sin?"

"True, true," muttered the knight. "Yet I am a murderer and an outcast. The blood of God's priest stains my hands. And even if the guilt be forgiven, the fact remains. Accursed being that I am, what penance shall I do to work a life's atonement?"

"The penitentiary—what penance did he enjoin?" asked the friar, anxious to draw him from too morbid a contemplation of his sin; for the man's remorse was pitiful to see.

"I am to build a church at home in Devon and found there perpetual Masses in expiation of my crime. Alas! my crime, my crime, that yet cries to heaven for vengeance! Will it ever be atoned? Unhappy man that I am! The anguish gnaws my soul! I have no tears left in my eyes to deepen the furrows on my cheeks! I am—"

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"Peace!" broke in the friar. "That which is loosed on earth is loosed also in heaven. You will accomplish this penance. You will build a stately church and endow a priest to celebrate the mysteries there. That is your part. For the rest, your sin is forgiven you. Dwell not upon it!"

"I cannot but dwell upon it. It is too awful, too hideous; and the burden of my guilt is more than I can bear."

The unhappy man stood and rocked backwards and forwards in the vehemence of his grief.

"What shall I do? A lifetime spent in penitential exercise is not too much. The scourge and the castigation of the flesh, fasting and silence, penance and prayer. You, my brother, I heard your discourse on the religious life at the cathedral—even you friars, on whose souls the talons of sin are not set fast, live penitent and mortified. I, who am torn and scored with evil, I—"

"You mistake," the friar interrupted gently. "You mistake. We are all prone to evil. No man is exempt. Even among the friars there are those whose lives belie their calling. We are not all—though we may try to be—saints. Already there is the clash of the contemplative and the active life in the orders. Already there are relaxations creeping in. There are those who do not keep their holy rule."

"And you say this?" said Vipont, looking up with a gleam of hope in his sunken eyes. "You say this who defended the religious life before Pope and cardinals? You, whose profession is one so high, so holy, give hope to such as I?"

"There is no soul created by God for whom there is not hope," answered Brother Thomas solemnly.

"And even such as I might become a religious?"

"Undoubtedly."

"My brother, what a load you lift from my heart! Even I could embrace the religious life?"

"But certainly, if no natural ties stand between you and the vows."

"If?"

"You have a daughter?"

"Yes"; Vipont replied wonderingly. "I have a daughter. But what of her? How know you that I have a daughter? She can enter her aunt's convent. She can become a nun. There is no difficulty on that score."

"You would force her into religion against her will—with no manifest vocation?"

"Force her—? No; I should not force her into a convent against her wish. But she will go. She will wish it. If only for her father's sake, she will do it."

"You are certain? How can you know? Has she shown signs of vocation? Is her heart set upon serving God in the life of the cloister?"

"Truly, brother, these are questions beside the point. She will become a nun if I but speak a word to her. She is an obedient daughter. And her portion will secure for her some post of honor in her convent. She will succeed her aunt, perhaps, as Mother Abbess. She will—"

"Sir," Brother Thomas interrupted the knight's reasoning, "I have no desire to recall your mind to that remorse that preys upon it. If I speak of the murder of the priest, Guy de Valletort, I speak without passion and without censure. Who am I that I should blame whom God's Vicar has absolved? But bethink you! Is it not more awful to place a soul in jeopardy than to slay a man? Is it not a greater crime to force—even though it be through obedience and by paternal love—your daughter into a high and holy state to which she is not called, than to send the soul of the priest, de Valletort, before his Maker? Understand me! If your daughter is called by God to serve Him in religion, rejoice indeed, and give Him thanks. Put from you the thought of honor, and give her to serve Him in the lowest place. But, if she be not called, beware how you tamper with the designs of the Almighty! Better for you and for her—"

"But, my brother, how can you speak thus if you believe what you said before the Consistory? How can you place a bar between souls and the religious life?"

Vipont flared up, almost as of old, impetuous and masterful. The Dominican replied gently:

"I place no barrier. 'Tis the barrier of nature that a supernatural hand must remove. If your daughter be called, thank God, and prosper her going. If she be not called, thank God again, and force her not. But to the point: has she the signs of vocation?"

"Nay"; replied the knight, bending his eyes upon the flagged paving of the cloister. "She is obedient and dutiful;

but, on this one point, she is—she is— A child's fancy, my brother; the passing fancy of a maid. She thinks she is in love. On this one point she has crossed us. She is unmaidenly and froward. She has confessed her love—alas! alas! that I should say it!—for the brother of Sir Guy de Valletort. A poor clerk, forsooth! A beggarly clerk; though, I confess it, of good lineage. But a man of no estate or position. And, my God! my God! 'tis his own brother for whom I am to do my penance!"

The friar started as he heard the broken confession of Sibilla's love for Arnoul. He laid his hand upon the knight's sleeve, as, speaking with a singular tenderness, he said:

"Sir, let me tell you a story. There was once a young man—a boy—whose desire it was to enter the religious state. Every obstacle was placed in his way. His brothers took him prisoner, and held him close to prevent him. He escaped. His mother wept. He made his heart stone. The Holy Father himself argued with him. He pleaded. Threats and temptations, imprisonment and bribes, his mother's tears, the Pope's intervention—yet he is now a friar. The ways of God are wonderful and past comprehension. If there is a vocation, it will be manifest. If there is none, leave the issue to God."

The friar spoke with intense feeling. It was the first—the only—time that he had ever spoken of his own entrance into religion. Yet it was his own tale he told so briefly and so baldly. His words gripped the knight. He straightened his bowed form.

"And what would you have me do?" he cried. "Would you have me publish my Sibilla's unmaidenly love to the world? Who is this Valletort? An upstart, a clerk, a beggar! He would listen and spurn her—the daughter of a murderer. My sword rusts with his brother's blood. Nay; I am accursed and lost, but I still have my pride. This Arnoul de Valletort—I shall give him the half of my possessions. But I shall not —no, never shall I—publish my daughter's madness. Brother! Brother! Have you no pity for me? Are the hearts of the friars adamant? Cannot you understand a father's pride?"

"I understand," said Brother Thomas quietly. "Yes, I understand; but God's ways are not our ways. What if this youth should love your daughter and sue honorably for her hand?"

"But he is naught but a poor clerk."

"Yet, I have heard, of noble blood."

"He is a beggar."

"We are all beggars in the sight of God."

"An ecclesiastic."

"Not yet in sacred orders."

"And he hates the name of Vipont."

"Your daughter—?"

"Sibilla is a fool, distraught, bewitched. That she should bestow her heart unasked—and on a beggarly clerk. Besides, it is clearly impossible."

The knight's head sunk forward again and his voice changed: "Between them flows an ocean of blood. You forget, my brother, that I am a murderer."

"I forget nothing," replied the friar. "And what is more, I know the young man of whom you speak. He is a youth both upright and honorable. If your daughter loves him, he loves her no less, with an affection true and deep. You ask my counsel. Let them love, and leave the issue to God."

"But, brother, it cannot be. I stand between them and the spirit of Sir Guy. How could Arnoul de Valletort marry the daughter of his brother's murderer?"

"It would heal a feud," answered Brother Thomas. "'Twould be better than to force your daughter into a nunnery. Leave the matter to providence. It will come right in the end."

The knight bowed his head and covered his eyes with his hand. A light wind stirred his gray hair and the threadbare cloak that he wore. He was altogether pitiful—so different from the old Knight of Moreleigh. Even the momentary flashes of the old pride that made him forget his misery when talking to Brother Thomas of Sibilla and Arnoul were the last flickerings of a pride that was spent. His sunken eyes expressed, in those rare moments when they were raised, none of the fierce and haughty spirit that once characterized him. He was an aged and a broken man, with no hope or wish to do more than take refuge in some austere house of penance in atonement for his crime. If there was one interest left to him in life, it was his daughter Sibilla. Around her person he centered all the ancient glories of his house. He was an outcast; but the Viponts were not dead. In her the pride that he had lost should live again. She should be mistress of Moreleigh. She should rule as Mother Abbess in the great Benedictine house at Exeter. The love that she had confessed to him was a wayward fancy, a hideous mistake. She should conquer it, and rise above so low a passion to the true greatness of her position. If he were to disappear in some obscure cloister, she at least would shine worthy of the Viponts' name and station.

The unhappy knight had learned but half his lesson. He looked upon his crime morbidly—but as an isolated factor in his own life, not as affecting others. That it could have consequences, other than the definite separation of Sibilla and Arnoul, he did not seem to realize. He was not selfish, perhaps, in the ordinary sense; yet, in this one point, he thought of himself alone.

The Dominican watched him sympathetically. He seemed to understand the struggle that was going on in his heart. He read the man better than Vipont knew himself; and he knew that his appeal to providence would have the effect of calming his distracted passions.

"Will you be ready by two days from now?" he asked. "We travel at daybreak to the sea, and thence by boat to France."

"So soon!" exclaimed the knight, forgetting grief and daughter in his surprise. "I had thought your business here not settled. The doctors, it is said, are still instant at the court for a reversal of the judgment on the condemned book."

"Ah!" said Brother Thomas slowly. "But I have nought to do with that. My work here is done, and I return to my post at Paris, leaving the whole question to those to whom it belongs to settle it. Christian of Beauvais and Odo of Douai and Nicholas of Bar have submitted. Only St. Amour stands aloof. Please God, his heart, too, will be touched!"

"But have the three really submitted? I understood that they were trying to have the Bull revoked, and the condemnation of the *Perils* removed."

"They will not succeed," Brother Thomas answered softly. "The future of the mendicant orders is in God's keeping, and in that of His Vicar, Alexander."

"But they have approached Brother Humbert, the General."

"With no success. What hope could they have had in that quarter?"

"And they have made suit to the cardinals who judged the book. They have besought Brother Bonaventure to listen to them."

"Vainly," replied the Dominican.

"They have produced the instrument drawn up last July between the religious and the University."

"Without effect," said Brother Thomas. The subject was evidently distasteful to him. "These things I know. They have sued and pleaded and argued in vain. The three I tell you of have given way. They have sworn to obey the Supreme Pontiff in all things. The Bull *Quasi Lignum* they have promised to observe to the letter. They are ready to receive the friars mendicant into the fellowship of the University and never to transfer the schools from Paris. Moreover, when they return, they will publicly retract the false and wrongful preaching that they have made against the friars and their rule, and publish in every quarter the condemnation of *The Perils of the Last Times.*"

Thomas of Aquin spoke like a child speaking by rote. The humiliation of the University emissaries was for him no cause for congratulation. Their scheming and plotting, even their outspoken denunciation and defamation of the friars, left him unmoved. He was tranquil and calm, because he was above it all. Gossip, too, and the tattle that circulated so freely, he detested; and so he recounted for Vipont's benefit, and to draw him from his sad and remorseful contemplation of himself, just what had taken place, no more. And this he told as simply as the matter stood, without color or animation.

The knight raised his head abruptly, with a trace of his old intolerance. He had heard the measured terms of Brother Thomas' discourse in the cathedral with wonder. Now, he was amazed; for he had looked for some expression of rancor in a private conversation upon the subject, even if it had been sedulously kept out of the public address. But, no; the friar was unmoved and impassable. He only opened his eyes in a kind of mild surprise as Vipont pursued the subject.

"Aye! They have given in, the caitiff cowards—slinking back from their master the Pope like beaten hounds that they are! Leaving their leader to fight his cause alone! They eat their words, these great doctors! They promise everything and swear all oaths. But St. Amour—"

"Enough of this unhappy dispute, Sir Englishman! Let us rather rejoice that the Lord hath touched the hearts and opened the eyes of three, at least, of the seculars. And let us pray for the fourth, that he may find peace and a good conscience. Enough! Enough!"

"But let me speak! It eases me to speak. I feel a certain fellowship with the order in pouring out my spleen and hatred upon its enemies."

"And yet, my friend," Brother Thomas replied sadly, "if you were of the order, such a word would show how little you were of its spirit. Alas, that it should be so! For there are such among us."

"Then, not being of you, shall I hate as proxy for you all. This son of Satan, St. Amour, this proud and puffēd up doctor, this persecutor of the elect—whom may God curse—"

"Silence!" broke in the friar, his voice trembling with emotion. "Curse not the man, but his errors! Bless him, and pray for his misguided soul. You do not know his heart, nor can you read his conscience."

"Yet he presumes to defend his teaching and to argue that it is true," said Vipont, half abashed at the brother's rebuke.

"Have you heard his words?"

"No; but 'tis said—"

"'Tis said. 'Tis said"—for Brother Thomas the voice was almost petulant— "Listen, I shall tell you all. I do not defend St. Amour. Indeed, I think, I fear, he cannot be defended. But neither do I curse. I reprobate and anathematize his errors; but the man—I would win him to the truth. Hearken! Thus the matter stands. A copy of his libel was delivered into his own hands. Glancing at its contents, he took up his defence.

"'The book,' he said, 'has not always had this form. It has been written and rewritten, with the greatest care, at least five times. I have corrected it and made additions. I have cut out and altered and given a more precise sense to all herein advanced. I believe this copy that you show to me is one of the third compilation that I made. I am not certain, but I think it is the third. Perhaps some defect, some fault, some error, has slid into it. The copyist may have altered my original sense. If the Pope has found cause to condemn it, it must be for an error of this nature; for I am assured that he does not wish to impair or touch in any point the witness of the

Holy Scriptures that I have gathered together. If the case be thus, far from contradicting his judgment, I adhere to it with all obedience. But, if he had seen the fifth, or even the fourth compilation of these witnesses, he would have found nothing in it to offend any Christian soul. He could have discovered nothing worthy of censure, nothing to condemn. Rather would he have praised me for my labors and approved of the doctrine that I teach!'"

"That was his line of argument?" asked Vipont brusquely.

"So he defended himself," replied the friar.

"Wounded pride, cowardly shuffling, despicable lying! If his doctrine was judged false, how could he prove it true? Let him bring all the texts of the Gospels together, and it avails him nothing. It is the interpretation that counts."

The brother made a gesture of assent; and Vipont continued. "Such men are a danger to the world. They twist the truth itself to suit their errors. What is to be done to him? Will he be adjudged heretic? And the punishment—what punishment will he have?"

"He will be deprived—indeed, he is already deprived—and banished from the kingdom of France. God send that he be brought to the truth in his banishment! He will go, doubtless, to his estates at St. Amour, in Burgundy."

"And live there honored and unpunished!"

"His doctrine is condemned, his chair taken from him, his voice silenced—what more could his worst enemy desire? But, sir, neither of us has a right to judge him. I have spoken with some heat and at more length than I ought. Forgive me, and let us both pray for this poor, misguided man. You will be ready to depart with us?" he asked, abruptly changing the subject.

"Yes, my brother, I shall be ready."

"And you will leave the whole matter of which we spoke to the providence of God?"

A shade crossed the knight's face and he sank into his brooding melancholy once more.

"You will let God dispose of your daughter's future?"

"Yes, my brother." Vipont's voice came low and trembling.

"And you will put aside your late uncharitable thoughts of the young man, Arnoul de Valletort?"

"I have no uncharitable feelings, brother. Indeed, I crave his forgiveness for the great wrong I have done him. I shall do my best to make him some amends."

"Of that we shall speak again. It is a long journey to Paris. And forgive me for that word 'uncharitable.'"

"There is nothing to forgive, brother, I bear the youth no grudge. Still, it is hard to think of him as beloved by Sibilla, the last of the Viponts of Moreleigh. When I think of it my wrath returns. I burn with shame and hatred. It is your pardon I must crave, brother, not you, mine."

"We shall pray for one another, all of us, that divine charity and peace may come down from on high and take possession of our souls."

Brother Thomas stood transfigured, as it were, in the sanctity of his thought.

A slant October ray fell upon his forehead and kissed his eyes, that gazed, seemingly, out and through the world of visible things to the realities beyond. Vipont looked up at him involuntarily; and, caught in the strange influence of this wonderful personality, he fell upon his knees.

"Your blessing, my brother, and may we in very deed be knit together in the bond of love and peace!"

The young brother laid his outstretched hands upon the old man's bowed head.

The liquid syllables of the ancient tongue flowed richly from his lips. "*Benedicat tibi Dominus, et custodiat te. Ostendat Dominus faciem suam tibi et misereatur tui. Convertat Dominus vultum suum ad te, et det tibi pacem. Amen.* God be with you; and two days from this, we journey to Paris together."

CHAPTER XXXII.

On the morning of November the nineteenth—a bitterly cold morning, by the way, for the heavy gray clouds that the north-east wind sent scurrying, low and ragged, across the sky, effectually prevented any warmth penetrating into the narrow streets of the city—Arnoul set out from St. Victor's and made his way towards the Petit Pont. He walked rapidly, muffling himself in his cloak, stamping his feet upon the stone cobbles of the pavement to warm himself. He was, thus early, on his way to the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Few persons were abroad. Those whose business forced them to be out of bed at such an inclement hour hastened along as he, wrapped to eyes and ears in capuce or cloak, looking neither to right nor left, intent upon the affairs that condemned them to so early and so cold an outing.

Arnoul passed into the University by the Porte St. Victor, crossed the Bièvre, near the house of the Cistercians, and made at once for the Rue St. Jacques. Turning to the left, he hastened towards the bridge leading to the Island of the City; and, crossing it, he turned again, this time to the right, towards the Hôtel Dieu. As he traversed the open space before the Cathedral Church he was aware of a little procession leaving it. It could hardly be called a procession, so small was it; for at most it was composed of six or seven persons hastening like himself, though in a contrary direction, through the bitter, gray morning. He would not have noticed it at all had he not caught sight of the somber robes of the archbishop's official. That he should be walking with one of the cathedral priests at such an hour—and this latter clad in simple surplice and black stole—arrested his attention. They were doubtless on their way to the execution of some poor criminal. Such scenes were frequent enough at times, heaven knows—the black-stoled priest and the bishop's official, or the king's official, as the case might be. These meant a burning or a hanging—something worse, possibly.

The melancholy procession turned out of the square towards the right as he entered it, evidently making for the Grand Chatelet, and disappeared in the street that leads past the Priory of St. Eloy. Arnoul made his way into the cathedral and, kneeling in the nave not far from the door, waited for the Capitular Mass. He had not been long occupied in his devotions before he felt a touch upon his shoulder. Some one had followed him into the church. It was Roger, his face beaming with good news, his breath coming quick from running.

"Yes?" queried Arnoul, as he turned to see the honest eyes looking into his.

"Dear lad!" the man panted. "Who, think you, is arrived in Paris? I have run all the way from St. Victor's with the news, and"—ruefully—"without leave or license of the subprior, too, to be the first to tell you."

"Who?" asked Arnoul vaguely. "Surely not the abbot? It is too early for him to be voyaging to Citeaux. Who is it, Roger?"

"Ah! That's the news!" the man exclaimed. "Whom, think you, but your Brother Thomas, of whom you are always speaking?" The boy's face lit up with pleasure as Roger went on. "And who, think you, is with him—has come from Italy in his company? You will never guess, I warrant you!"

"Who, then, Roger? Who, indeed? Good things never come singly. Is it Brother Bonaventure of the Cordeliers?"

"No, lad; guess again."

"St. Amour in chains, with his libel dangling about his neck?"

"No; neither a friar nor a doctor; but—you will never guess!—no less than Sigar Vipont himself, on his way from Rome to Moreleigh!"

"Ah!" A shiver shook the lad's frame. He rose unsteadily to his feet.

"How do you know this?" he asked.

"I saw them both with these two eyes of mine," the man made answer. "I knew you were looking for the home-coming of your friar, and I made friends with the guards at the gates. He came by the Porte Papale. As soon as Pierre le Louche told me, I made what haste I could to follow them; and I saw both knight and friar before they reached the convent of St. Jacques. Then I came on here, running all the way, to tell you."

"Thank you, Roger," said the young man earnestly. "You are a true, good friend to me; and, God knows, I need friends now, if ever I did. With Vipont here in Paris, and Barthelemy plotting to ensnare us both—"

"Barthelemy!" exclaimed Roger, turning pale under his tan. "Barthelemy, the alchemist, the astrologer?"

"Yes"; Arnoul answered, wondering at the man's demeanor. "What of him?"

"And have you not heard? Did I not tell you? I had thought every soul in University, town, and city knew by this time! Barthelemy the sorcerer—my God! he was a friend of yours?—he is to be burnt within an hour at the stake in the Place de Grève."

"Burnt!" cried the lad, horrified at the thought. "Burnt!

What has he done? Bad as he is— Oh, blessed saints! To be burnt alive!"

He started back in dismay, forgetful of the place and time. In the far distance the choir of canons was singing the *in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis* of the Gloria.

"Burnt! Just heaven! What has he done that he should be tied to the stake?"

"Done," answered Roger drily. "What has he not done? From all one can hear this morning—and the whole place rings with it—he is guilty of every imaginable offence. He is a wizard and a sorcerer who holds communion with the devil. At least that's what every one is saying. He is a poisoner, too, and a friend of Michael Scot. He's been in hiding for the last twenty years at the court of the Emperor Frederick. In hiding—for he was condemned twenty years ago for the crime of heresy. But come out into the square, lad, and I shall tell you what I know, and if you listen you shall hear all, for everybody is talking."

They left the cathedral and found themselves at once in a sort of backwater of the stream of people pouring across the island on their way from the University to the town. The square, almost deserted when Arnoul had passed through it an hour before, was alive now with hurrying forms. Arnoul plied the man with questions. His brain began to recover from the sudden shock caused by the two facts so unexpectedly thrust into it. He strove to piece together a coherent story from the scraps of information that Roger could give.

"When was Maitre Barthelemy taken?" he asked.

"A week agone, at least," said Roger.

"And where?"

"In his dwelling behind the haunted château. 'Tis there he sold himself to the devil, they say."

"Was any one taken with him?" The question came sharp and anxious.

"No one that I have heard of"; replied Roger. "At least —that is—there was some mention of a clerk being apprehended; but after the trial he was set at liberty."

"Great saints, how awful! How terrible!" exclaimed the lad. And then: "What was the accusation? Where was he tried? Who sentenced him? How know you he is condemned?" The words came with a rush from the quivering lips.

"One question at a time, dear master," protested Roger. "God wot, I am not the official, to know everything. That he is condemned is clear; for, if you hasten, you will see him burnt. Therefore, he must have been condemned. And for what? And by whom? By whom but by the two officials, severally and jointly. The proof, they say, was positive, his identity, his evil-doing, his witchcraft. He bore marks of the trial by fire. His right hand was burnt to a cinder. Maitre Jehan, canon of the cathedral, recognized him and swore, with others, to his person. He was accused of heresy, of sorcery. Some say that he is not human, but a vampire, and will not burn."

"And Vipont?" asked Arnoul suddenly.

They were being whirled along in the thick of the crowd now, over the Pont au Change and through the Chatelet towards the Grève. Had they wished to go back it would have been impossible, for a great concourse of townspeople filled the Chatelet Square, and surged forward to the entrance of the street that led to the Grève. All the narrow streets were pouring forth their streams of people, the two bridges providing scant passage for those who were coming from University and city,—clerks and students, ecclesiastics and civilians, with women everywhere. Paris had not had such an interesting burning to look forward to for many a long day.

"Vipont," ejaculated Roger, striving to keep his place by Arnoul's side; "you would not know him, he is so changed. But you will assuredly see him yourself. He is certain to rest awhile here after his long voyage. Saints! what a press! Make towards the left, over there, where the Grève is freer."

They stood at the outskirts of the throng in the Place de Grève. A dull sort of humming rose from the crowd. It was good-humored and expectant, discussing the taking and trial of the sorcerer. In the center of the place, but nearer the river than the houses of the town, a low platform or scaffold of rough, unhewn wood was raised. It consisted merely of lengths of timber lately cut, and stood on low supports driven into the ground. In the center one stake protruded from the unsightly mass, rising to a height of some five or six feet above the platform. A layer of faggots was heaped about its base, while a pile of dry wood was stacked upon the ground close by. The gray clouds were still racing across the sky.

Suddenly a trumpet sounded from the Chatelet, and the people shivered.

The crowd opened right and left as with a brisk step a detachment of the king's guard crossed the square and stationed itself around the place of execution. It was followed closely by the two officials, one of whom Arnoul had seen in the morning, several notaries, and the black-stoled priest.

In the tense silence that followed the blare of the trumpet his low voice could be heard monotoning the psalms of the office of the dead. Then, pinioned by soldiers, came the black form of the magician, Barthelemy. He walked with a slouching gait, his great head sawing up and down, and a frightened look in his shifty eyes. His lower lip hung loosely and he mumbled incoherently to himself as he walked.

Whatever official formality was necessary had apparently already taken place, for he was led straight to the stake and hurriedly chained to it. He had been handed over to the king's justice.

Every eye was fixed upon him as he stood, or rather, leaned, hanging forward over the chain that encircled his waist. His head was yet free, and the executioner was fumbling with the iron collar that was to fix his neck to the stake. The priest stood close by him, upon the pile itself, whispering into his ear. Suddenly he raised his head and held himself erect, his face twisted, his eyes glaring, and poured out a stream of blasphemies so terrible that even the crowd shrank in horror. The priest made a gesture of despair, and strove to speak to him. The executioner, seizing his opportunity, slipped the chain about his throat and, passing it behind the stake, fixed it there. He drew the two ends of a thin rawhide cord, that seemed twisted in and out of the links at the back together and tied them in a loose running knot. Then he made a sign to the priest to descend. The soldiers drew up close. The condemned man raved and cursed, growing purple in the face with his impotent fury. The chains prevented him from falling forward, but every now and then his head slipped down sideways as far as the iron links permitted, and he mowed and gibbered vacantly. Then he would pull his head up again with a jerk and, the light of madness in his eyes, scream out his blasphemy and cursing once more.

The executioner crawled beneath the low scaffold, and in a moment the curling blue smoke showed that the pile was lighted. His assistants heaped the dry wood upon the faggots up to the malefactor's knees. He blasphemed on unheeding.

A piercing shriek rent the air, and a girl struggled forward from the crowd.

"Father!" she cried, "Father!" And she strove to break through the ring of soldiers.

Barthelemy turned his head and cursed her, as she fell fainting to the earth.

A tongue of flame ran up through the crackling faggots and licked his feet. A wreath of pungent smoke was driven across the packed throng. It wrapped him round like a winding sheet, and trailed off, torn by the wind, above his head. The flames were rising to his knees. Yet he blasphemed.

Then the executioner jumped up suddenly behind him upon the scaffold. Seizing the ends of the cord that he had been so careful to tie, he drew them tight with a quick jerk and fixed them to the stake. This was mercy—the mercy of the fire. Barthelemy's eyes started from his head. His blasphemies were silenced forever. His lips went black. For an instant his hands worked spasmodically and then were still. The licking tongue of fire mounted to his breast. Thick curling masses of smoke wrapped him round. But he was already dead. The fire wreaked its vengeance upon a corpse. The gusts of wind wafted the sickening odor of charred flesh towards the crowd.

Arnoul turned, sickened, from the hideous spectacle. He had covered his face with his hands long before, but, wedged in by the crowd, had not been able to leave the spot. Now he staggered and would have fallen had not Roger supported him and half dragged, half pushed him away. How they managed to win clear of the throng Roger never knew, but by dint of dogged pushing and elbowing at last they were free. They did not look back to see the people pressing forward to get a closer sight of the execution, but they heard the hoarse clamor that heralded the end; and, even where they stood, the reek of the burning came to them.

So, having fought their way out, sick and faint, and in utter silence, they regained the deserted University.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In the afternoon a messenger came to the abbey from the Convent of St. Jacques. Brother Thomas of Aquin desired to see Maitre Arnoul, if possible, at once.

Of course it was possible, and he returned with the messenger, his mind yet reeling with the events of the morning, apprehensive of a meeting with Vipont.

It was as he expected. Both Brother Thomas and Sir Sigar awaited him. But there was not, at the first, at any rate, the abrupt awkwardness that might have been looked for in the meeting of the three men. The personality of the friar, the friend and confidant of both the others, robbed the situation of most of its difficulty and embarrassment. He came forward with a kindly smile upon his usually impassive face, and grasped the young man's hand in his.

"So!" he exclaimed, and his voice was richer and more magnetic than ever. "So! we are back in Paris once more. We have come safely, by God's grace, through perils of sea and land, and have reached home again at last. And how has it fared with you, Maitre Arnoul, in the meantime? Nay, tell me not, lad; for I already know. I can see that you have kept your promises and"—he nodded his head slowly two or three times—"I can see that you have won safe through the straits to which you have been put in keeping them."

His searching eyes seemed to read the boy's very soul and to discover there the story of his struggles and temptations.

"See!" Brother Thomas continued. "We have had a companion on our voyage—one you know, or knew, in your Devon home. Arnoul, are you ready to forgive him as you yourself would be forgiven?"

The young man bent his eyes to the ground and a dull flush crept slowly over his face. He thought of his brother lying far away in Woodleigh churchyard. He thought of Sibilla alone in her cell at Exeter. It was a hard, sharp struggle, brought thus face to face with the murderer, and asked to forgive him freely, but it was a short one. Still keeping his eyes averted, he answered in a scarcely audible voice: "My brother, as far as in me lies, I forgive all my enemies as I would—"

The friar uttered a sigh of relief. This was the one point that he had not quite been able to foresee when he brought the two men together and committed the issue to God. Vipont sprang forward, interrupting him.

"De Valletort, I have most grievously wronged you. I have wronged you above measure and beyond repair. Can you —have you forgiven even me?"

Arnoul faltered. Raising his face for an instant, he caught the burning gaze of Sir Sigar fixed upon him, the almost troubled eyes of Brother Thomas watching him. He looked away again.

"As far as I can forgive, I have forgiven," he said, the color ebbing, leaving him deathly pale.

The knight stretched out his hand, but, catching sight of the revulsion stamped upon the lad's features, dropped it again with a sigh.

Brother Thomas intervened. "Arnoul, if you say that you forgive, you must forgive freely and wholly."

Again the dull flush crept into the lad's cheek.

"You must forgive as God forgives—without reserve."

His breath seemed to catch in his throat, a sensation of oppression to come about his heart. The brother's voice, the brother's personality, was making itself felt.

"You must not grudge charity in your forgiveness, nor stifle it with self-love."

Something like a tear glistened for a moment on the lad's cheek. Slowly he raised his eyes and held out a trembling hand to Vipont. Brother Thomas had conquered the first citadel.

But there was another to storm and subdue, and to this Arnoul must lay siege for himself.

Vipont's demeanor had changed on the instant. He seemed to throw off the weight of years in the relief of the reconciliation. What the Papal absolution from censure had not done, what the certain fulfilment of his penance could not do for him, the touch of de Valletort's hand had accomplished. He was suddenly younger and less bent. The very lines seemed softened upon his brow, and around the hollows of his eyes. He almost smiled, though he could hardly speak for his emotion. At length he regained command over himself and thanked de Valletort brokenly and humbly for his forgiveness. And as he spoke his tones grew vibrant and strong as of yore. He became the old Sir Sigar at his best, polished and courteous, without a trace of the violent intolerance that had been the cause of all his misfortunes.

Before him stood Arnoul, grown, since he had last looked upon him, into manhood. What a strong, fine fellow he was, to be sure! The knight ran over his points, as one would run over the good points of a horse, summing him up—the swell of the muscles in the neck that spoke of healthy strength, the clear, bronzed complexion, the frank gray eyes, the set and poise of the head. The lad was tall—almost as tall as Sigar himself—and developed in proportion.

What a girth of chest he had, this clerk of Paris! And the pity of it was that he was a clerk, with an ambition bounded, probably, by a canon's stall, an aim no higher than a church lawyer's task.

His heart warmed to this brother of the man whom he had slain; and, as he thanked him, he pondered how he could best offer him some substantial token of his repentance without offending the lad's pride of feeling.

At last it came, brusquely enough, it seemed to the poor knight, who tripped and stumbled in his words as he made it. And yet there was a certain delicacy in his offer of one of the richest manors of Moreleigh. The proffered gift, with all the rents, revenues, and manorial rights it implied, was certainly no mean one; and, what is more, the fields and forests and moorland tracts that it included had anciently belonged to the house of Valletort. Arnoul knew the manor well. Sir Guy had pointed it out to him many times as part of the ancient heritage that should have been his.

But he would not hear of accepting it at the hands of Vipont. Gently as he might, but firmly, he refused the knight's offer. It was blood-money! How could he take it?

Sir Sigar hesitated; but he was not silenced. Thinking that other fields and forests might prove a greater temptation to the clerk, he made offer, one after another, of parcels of his vast lordship. But Arnoul steadily refused any gift soever, and at last poor Sir Sigar, perplexed and distressed, broke out:

"Is there nothing I can give to you, de Valletort, to prove the sincerity of my sorrow? Have I no possession worthy of you that I can offer? Or will you stop short in your forgiveness, and spoil all by not letting me make such poor reparation as I can?"

Thus addressed, Arnoul looked Sir Sigar full in the face and spoke.

"Sir, I have no desire for your pasture lands or forests, though I recognize the kindness that prompts your noble offers. I could accept no rich gifts, even did I need them, at your hand in recompense for my brother. You have nothing with which to atone for his death. I have forgiven you, Sir Sigar. Thank Brother Thomas there that I have been able to do so. But one thing will I ask of you, neither gold, nor lands, nor lordship. Sir, I love your daughter, Sibilla. Give her me to wife."

The Lord of Moreleigh started back, the smile gone from his lips. It was his turn to raise the old barrier of his pride against the newly-made reconciliation. The fierce opposition stilled by Brother Thomas at Anagni, when the possibility seemed so far off, surged anew in his heart now that de Valletort actually sued for Sibilla's hand.

"It may not be," he said sharply. "It cannot be."

But Arnoul, once he had burst through the gates of reserve went on.

"Sir, believe me, I love your daughter truly. I know I have nothing to offer but an ancient name, but I can carve a fortune for her with my own arms. Give me but time and I shall prove myself no unworthy suitor. Or, if you cannot betroth her to me, give me at least leave to win her for myself—"

"You are a clerk," said Vipont bitterly. "Take the manor I offer you and go your way while I go mine. I cannot give my only daughter to you. You ask too much. Anything else —to the half of what I possess—but not this."

"Sir, I ask nothing but leave to win your daughter's heart."

"You cannot ask it, being what you are."

"Yet I ask, and ask again."

"You are a clerk and not a knight."

"A clerk, truly, but I can win my spurs."

"And how?"

"I shall become squire to some good knight and do battle for my honor that I may prove myself worthy of the Lady Sibilla."

"But your vows!"

De Valletort laughed aloud. "I have taken none. I am as free to go from the University as you to leave Paris. Give me but one word of hope, and I shall prove it to you."

"Lad," said Vipont, his heart going out to the boy and his old traditions of knighthood glowing in his breast, "I believe you. But where will you find a knight to take you as his squire?"

"I know not," Arnoul replied. "But surely in this land of France there are knights and lords in plenty. I shall find one, never fear, if you do but give me hope."

"Is it possible?" Vipont muttered to himself. He turned to the friar standing silently by. "Brother," he said, so low that de Valletort could not hear him. "Brother, think you, might I become his knight? I like this boy. His spirit goes straight to my heart. I shall commission an architect to begin my church, and ere it is finished in the building, he will have won his spurs. If he can do this, and prove his valor, he shall have my Sibilla. Then will the church be built, the penance done, my girl provided for, and I can go at last into a peaceful refuge where I may atone for my crime."

The old knight began valiantly enough, but his speech ended with a ring of sadness. It seemed impossible to him that Brother Thomas would approve his so suddenly matured scheme. But the friar was a mystery. For a few moments he bent his head in thought. Then he said slowly: "There is no reason why you should not do this thing. The lad will, without doubt, prove himself worthy. He has no vocation. Let him win the maid. But, bethink you, can you take the field? Where will you lead him? What cause will you espouse?"

"Those are simple questions to answer," the knight made reply. "I am not so old but I have strength enough to teach him the courtesies of chivalry. He will find his lord and win his spurs here in France. He has a stout heart and daring. Mark how he spoke! And he will always fight on the side of the right. Come, brother, already I love the boy, whose life I have so far spoiled. Give me the word and I shall teach him how to win Sibilla. Afterwards I shall persevere in my intention and seek some cell where I may purge my sin by penance, and die at last in peace."

Then he turned to Arnoul again, asking: "How old are you, de Valletort?"

"Twenty," answered Arnoul, wondering.

"You have never been a page?"

"No; you know I was brought up at Buckfast with the monks."

"A pity! A thousand pities! You should have been a page when you were eight; at fifteen or sixteen squire to a knight. You would have learned all chivalry by this time. Still, it might be done," he muttered to himself. "Such things have been done before. It shall not fail for lack of trying."

"You can ride?" he questioned aloud.

Arnoul laughed, a frank, ringing laugh.

"Ride? I should think so. What lad from the moorlands of Brent or Holne but can ride?"

"And you are strong. Your clerkly life has not turned your muscle into fat. And well-knit, too. Yes, it might be done; it might be done. Listen to me, de Valletort. You have lost full twelve years of training for the accolade; though, even with the monks, you doubtless learnt something. They have taught you gentleness and reverence, at least, in the cloister, such as befits a good knight no less than a true religious. What you have not learned you can learn apace now. What say you to becoming my squire for a year? I shall teach you all the knightly lore that I know. A murrain upon the king that he has stopped the tourneys! But you shall ride with me and learn. There are no near wars afoot where we could serve; besides this old carcass would be in but sorry plight in warfare now. But, war or no war, I shall train you; and when the time comes, if you are an apt pupil, I myself shall stand sponsor for you at your knightly consecration. Then—when you stand a knight proved and dubbed—you have my leave to lay siege to my daughter's heart."

"Sir," said Arnoul, thoroughly mystified by the knight's sudden change of front—for his eyes now sparkled with eagerness and excitement, and he seemed as anxious to remove all obstacles to the suit by getting the boy knighted as a moment before he had violently opposed it—"Sir, what you propose justifies any fair means of attaining it. I love Sibilla and will shrink at nothing to win her. I would be your squire without a second thought—I would bear your arms with joy—but you—you are old, too old to take the field again. Your age forbids it. I shall find some good knight, be sure, who will take me as his squire and—"

But Vipont interrupted him. "There is no necessity to take the field, de Valletort," he said. "Indeed you are right. I could not, if I would. But I can instruct you in knightly bearing and in all the practices of chivalry. And thus, tutored by me, and sponsored by me, you will come in the ordinary course to your consecration. No; it is not necessary to protest. I am an old man and a knight whose days of deeds are passed; but who better than her father, failing others of your own blood, could fit you for knighthood and my daughter?"

The words rang like clarions in the young man's brain. Should he accept this offer, at least, with all its attendant train of favors, or refuse? He looked towards the friar. Perhaps he would help him to decide. But Brother Thomas was dreaming, seemingly, or wrapped in contemplation. His expression was placid and spiritual. If he had heard what the knight was saying to the young man, he had apparently paid no attention to it.

"You mean," said Arnoul to Sir Sigar, "that you will teach me all that befits a knight to know, so that I may come to that estate without deeds of prowess?"

"Yes, that is it"; Vipont made reply. "But it is an honorable service. Now that the Crusades hang slack, and jousting is not as it was, there is scarce another way. Come, de Valletort, do you accept my offer?"

"Where, then, should we ride?"

"Time enough to think of that. Here to begin with. Later, perchance, to Burgundy or even back to Devon. It may be that I shall have to overlook the building of the church." And the old knight sighed.

"You promise me that, when once I stand before you as a knight, you will listen to my suit?"

"You make no suit to me, de Valletort, that I should hearken."

"You will give consent to my making suit to"—the name came softly from his lips—"Sibilla?"

"You have my consent."

"'Tis well! Sir, I accept your offer. For a year I am your man. I will be obedient and attentive to your instruction. Brother, Brother Thomas!" he cried. "You who have counseled me and heartened me, have you heard? I am Sir Sigar's squire! He takes me as his squire to train me for knighthood. Do you approve? Do you bless this resolve? Or am I wrong—faithless to Guy?"

"Oh Blessed Mary!" groaned Vipont. "And am I wrong? It might have been Nunant. Old Nunant would have taken him. Is it wrong for me, an accursed man and his brother's slayer, to stand sponsor for him before the king?"

The Dominican turned towards the young man, the pupils of his eyes contracting as though focussed to an unusual object.

"I approve," he said briefly. "And I bless. You have forgiven all, Arnoul?"

"I have forgiven all."

"And you, Sir Knight, you accept the lad as suitor for your daughter's hand?"

"Provided he be dubbed a knight, I accept him."

"'Tis well, indeed," said the friar, "Remember, Master Squire, the meaning of the office that you seek. There are true knights and false, just as there are true clerks and false, good religious and bad. In this world light and shadows intermingle. As it is the office of the friar to be poor and humble, a man given to prayer and penance, austere, zealous, and, above all, obedient, so it is that of the true knight to be a Christian worthy of the arms he bears. His to be valiant in his service, faithful to his lord, a succorer of the poor and the oppressed, defender of the wronged, upholder of virtue, and, above all, true to his God, his king, and his own knighthood.

"And you, Sir Knight," he added, turning to Vipont, "methinks you have a call to other and to higher service. This work is permitted you for a season. Look to it that you do not lose, but rather gain, in teaching this young man his knightly craft. Close not the ears of your heart to the voice that speaks to you. Let not the din and clamor of the world drown its whisper. Be faithful—faithful both. And may God have you in His keeping!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The new squire had much to learn. All that he would have come to know as a page, waiting upon his lord and lady in their baronial hall—gentleness, faithfulness, obedience—Vipont drilled into him from morning until night. The Lord of Moreleigh was never tired of recounting tales of his own boyhood; and his early Cistercian training had already formed Arnoul on lines that made it easy to practise all that Sir Sigar taught him. All—save for one thing; and that his love for Sibilla supplied.

The older man was evidently living in the past, and took an almost childish pleasure in teaching the novice whom he had adopted. But he never alluded, not by so much as a single word, to his daughter. He spoke of the high ideal, the chivalrous devotion, that a true knight ought to have for his lady. But his speech was of a lady that was not of flesh and blood. And the young man, sharp-witted and quick to understand, throned his heart's image in the niche that Vipont decked with high and noble sentiments, and silenced the word that was ever on his tongue.

He was taught to tilt with a blunted lance at a target, a shield swinging from a fixed post—first on foot, as he ran past it, then mounted upon the charger that had been provided for him. It was dull work, especially at first; but the interest grew as he learned to rush full gallop at the swaying blazon and, with one straight thrust breaking its leathern supports, bear it away from the post and hurl it to the ground.

Proficient in lance play, he was initiated into the mysteries of the sword. Sir Sigar, feeling himself too old to teach him, engaged a master skilled in the use of long glaive and stabbing sword. But he was ever present at the young man's lessons, applauding and shouting out encouragement as he thrust and parried and hewed at the opposing blade of his master. Lance and cross hilt and pointed sword and faussar—one by one he mastered them all. His quick eye and youthful strength helped him, and before long he knew as much as his tutor could teach.

Clad in a suit of closely woven hemp, to which steel rings were sewed in overlapping rows, so that the surface turned the sharpest sword, protected at elbow and knee and shoulder with polayns, vambraces, and shoulder-plates, and wearing a low steel helmet over the conical mailed hood that protected forehead and chin, he parried the thrusts and blows that the quick sword of Master Alain rained upon him. A great pad of quilted cotton protected the lower part of his hauberk; and, even in the practice, he wore the steel alcato beneath the helmet. Altogether he was weighted with the unaccustomed burden of full armor. But, little by little, he became used to the heavy mail, and more and more dexterous in his fence. The stiffness of the hauberk and the vambraces impeded him somewhat, until he learned to strike wide from the shoulder, guarding his body the while with the circular buckler that hung on his left arm.

In the horse exercise he was more at home from the first. One had but to sit straight and hold the lance well aimed, and ride hard; and Arnoul, mailed coat and chausses and all, sat his beast as though he were one piece with it. Old Vipont shouted approval: and Roger, who was nearly always present at these warlike exercises, grinned and chuckled as, with a sound of tearing leather, the wooden shields came tumbling to the ground, and de Valletort reined his horse upon its haunches not a spear's length from the post. He made a fine picture, too, sitting on his sleek and glossy mount, whose silken housings were dispensed with in lance practice. Lithe and graceful, notwithstanding the thickness of the mail, every steel ring on hauberk and hood and chausses glittering like silver in the sun, the long, straight shaft of the blunted lance poised easily with its pennon fluttering, and beneath the helmet and above the collarium, where the square opening of the hood was, ruddy cheeks and bright eyes looking out—he made a fine picture, indeed, for Sir Sigar and Roger and Master Alain to look on.

And thus they waited in Paris through the winter, until the soft, green buds of springtide began to break on tree and hedgerow, Vipont giving advice and applause, and Master Alain the practice, while honest Roger looked on and chuckled as he saw his own Master Arnoul develop into so great and so doughty a warrior.

And when the spring had fairly come, and the birds began to build their nests in the leafy branches, Sir Sigar bade his squire and Roger prepare to ride abroad. They were to take road to the sea, and cross over into England once more; for the knight was anxious about the building of his church, and wished to see its walls rising with his own eyes.

There were three thoughts now that occupied him—Sibilla, the fulfilment of his penance, and Arnoul. He was quite ready to betroth the two when Moreleigh Church was built, and before he found his rest in the abbey cloister. But first de Valletort must be dubbed knight, and that, he thought, would be as easy of accomplishment in England as in France. Baldwin de Redvers would surely give him the accolade, or even Henry himself, if he could be got at.

Before they left Paris and France, to ride through Normandy to the sea, they were to have audience with that greatest of all monarchs, King Louis IX.

Arnoul had seen Brother Thomas from time to time during the winter. Twice he had spoken with him. He was to meet him for the last time in the king's palace. It was only a few days before their departure that he and Vipont rode from their hostelry near the temple to the city. Leaving their steeds with the pages in the great courtyard, they were admitted to the throne chamber of the king. He was seated, not upon the throne under its dais, but upon a low settle or couch covered with cushions and brocades. His dress was of the finest and richest materials, but plain in the extreme and unrelieved by any ornament. A short cloak of black figured silk hung back from his shoulders, while his sleeveless vest and undervest of dark grayish-brown were guiltless of either gold or jewels. His long, flowing hair fell to the shoulders from under a little cap.

The king was not alone. The major-domo of the palace, a group of lords and king's knights, a pair of court chaplains, were in the room, and seated near the king himself was the prior of St. Jacques with another friar, whose head was bent so low that his face was invisible.

Louis received them kindly and spoke to them of England and the king.

"Not so long," he said," since our brother of England was with us, and his queen, our sister. You have not forgotten, I warrant me!"—this with a side look at Arnoul.

"Our good students of Paris," he continued, "had a gay time while that same brother of England lodged at the temple."

Arnoul colored under the king's gaze. How did Louis know that he had been a student, he wondered. The king meanwhile toyed with a little metal cross that he held in his hand.

"And now he is back in his kingdom. He is a good king

—a good king," he murmured. "But his barons— Who knows? Who knows?"

Suddenly the friar raised his head and brought his closed hand down with a bang on the low table before him. Arnoul recognized the face. It was that of Brother Thomas. King Louis started slightly, and the prior looked dismayed.

"I have it! I have it! came the rich, full tones of the brother's voice, half dreamily, half triumphantly. "This argument is conclusive against the Manicheans!"

The prior pulled at his habit. "My Brother Thomas! Brother Thomas! Remember where you are!" he whispered. "The king—! The palace!

But Louis only smiled as the friar, recalled to himself by the voice of his superior, began an apology for his distraction, and the king, calling one of the chaplains to his side, bade him then and there commit the argument to writing, lest it should be lost.

"The words of our Brother Thomas," he said, "are words of gold—too precious to lose, too weighty to carry in the memory. Write them down, write them fair and clear, Maitre Robert, as though you copied a page of Holy Writ itself."

And while the scribe made ready his materials and took down the words of the argument from the lips of Brother Thomas, the king turned again to Arnoul. "So! You are the young squire who aspires for the honor of knighthood! 'Tis a noble calling and one of which princes and even kings are proud. To fight for justice's sake, to deliver the blessed sepulchre from painim hands— You have thought of this?"

"Yes, sire"; de Valletort answered modestly. "But there is no fighting in the Holy Land."

"True! true!" King Louis sighed. "The Lord of Hosts has not blessed our arms. We bore too many sins with us to the conquest of the infidel. But we shall make the attempt, please God, again, when our forced truce is over." Then he added abruptly: "You are a strong fellow, Master Squire. You will make a strong knight. See that you be a worthy one. Do you seek knighthood of us?"

But Vipont interposed. "No, sire; he has been squire but a few months, and there is more for him to learn ere he can lay claim to his knightly spurs. We ride for England in a day or so. Perchance King Henry may raise him to knight's estate."

By this time the king's amanuensis had taken down the reasoning of the friar, and Louis turned towards him.

"Well, my Brother Thomas, what think you of our young squire—your young squire, perhaps I ought to say? Here is a sturdy recruit lost to the Friars Preachers! Bethink you, is it better to be a friar or a knight?"

"It is as God wills, sire. There are some He wishes to be knights of the Lady Poverty, others knights of the sword; for there are many gifts. This youth has no vocation to a friar's life; but, if God so wills, he will make a good knight. Whate'er or where'er he be, he can serve God truly."

"I am a knight," the king exclaimed, "and I am a friar! A knight to fight the battles of the Cross, but a friar in my love for the two orders! Could I tear myself in twain, and give one-half to my brothers the Preachers, the other to my brothers the Minors, I would be content."

Brother Thomas smiled. "Sire, you are a knight indeed, and you are a friar indeed, if love for Christ can make you both. And you are a king as well. But knight or friar or king, 'tis all one, so long as you serve God and fear Him."

King Louis rose from the settle and pushed his long hair back from his brow. "You say truly, my brother. It is the spirit that quickeneth; and, by the spirit, verily I am both knight and friar. Your blessing, my brothers!" And the king inclined his head as Brother Thomas knelt humbly beside him, giving place to the prior, his superior, who traced the sign of the cross above them both. It was the sign that their audience was over. Together knight and squire left the chamber with the two Dominicans.

But before they mounted and rode away, Arnoul had a word with the brother alone.

"You have heard," he asked, "that we depart shortly for England?"

"I heard it; and may peace ride with you!"

"It may be, brother, that I never return to France."

"That is as God wills."

"And never see you again."

"On earth—possibly. God grant that we may meet in heaven!"

"I can never thank you enough, brother, for all that you have done for me."

"No thanks, my son, are due to the servant. Thank the Master for His loving kindness. You do not praise the chisel that cuts the stone, but the hand that points it."

"Still I would thank you for your goodness. I have never thanked you,—and you have done so much for me. But for you, brother, and your helping hand where should I be now?"

"Thank me then, my child, by loving God. Be a good Christian in a world of evil, a true knight where there are many false."

"That, with God's help, will I. But, my brother, before I go— The king asked you for your blessing, but the prior blessed. You will not refuse to bless me and my new life? A blessing that will go with me in all my undertakings. A blessing that will strengthen me in every trial—the blessing of the hand that raised me when I was in the mire—"

De Valletort fell upon his knees and caught the friar's hand in his, raising it reverently to his lips. Vipont's voice called to him from the courtyard. Brother Thomas drew his hand away and laid it gently upon the lad's head. With eyes upraised to heaven he called down the blessings of the Almighty upon the young squire's every undertaking. The accents of his musical voice struck on the lad's ears and the words sank deep into his heart: "*Benedicat te omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus.*"

De Valletort rose to his feet. Vipont was calling him again. With a hasty gesture of farewell, his eyes met those of Brother Thomas and read nought but peace in their depths. He hurried out across the courtyard to the knight.

The Dominican rejoined the prior who was walking slowly on; and, as Arnoul sprang into the saddle, he looked back to see the two religious. The younger friar's gaze was bent upon the earth, and with his hand he was telling the beads of the rosary that hung at his side.

That was the last Arnoul saw of Brother Thomas of Aquin, as he rode northward with the Lord of Moreleigh towards the fortress of the Templars.

Two days later he left Paris.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE MORAL IDEAS OF IBSEN.

BY CHARLES BAUSSAN.

THE fame of Ibsen has not grown. Contrary to what happened in the case of great dramatists like Corneille, Shakespeare, or Schiller, whose renown was consecrated by death, it seems that a part of the Norwegian's celebrity was interred with his bones.

Perhaps the revolutionary acclamation, which exalted him to the skies, had no longer the same motives to sing after his death. Henrik Ibsen was a marvelous destroyer; but he was a worker who wrought for his own hand; and his contempt of democracy, a contempt which he did not dissemble, did not serve to win for this aristocratic anarchist the sympathy of his occasional allies.

We must be just towards all, towards even our adversaries: if Ibsen's admirers have been somewhat precipitate in awarding him the title of genius, it would, on the other hand, be unjust to deny his genuine talent and the profound and persistent interest of his work.

Certainly the characters of his theater are not beings of flesh and blood, they are rather moral ideas who walk about, talk, discuss; who even push the language of their theories beyond the limits of plausibility and the boundaries of human nature. But the dramas which unfold amid the realistic surroundings of these middle-class or peasant homes, are the daily social problems of modern life.

We feel a natural attraction towards this more or less exact reproduction of the combats that take place in our own souls; the royal tragedies of the antique theater would move us less, because in them we recognize ourselves less easily. And, withal, these immortal tragedies are not so aloof from us as we commonly think; they are not—who would believe it?—so far removed from Ibsen's theater.

Just as in the classic drama two personages dominate the entire scene, man and destiny, so, under all the various masks which are assigned to them, only two personages, likewise, appear in all Ibsen's plays, the individual and society. For Ibsen, the individual is truth, liberty, progress towards the ideal; society is lying, slavery, the full bloom of all the vices, and a fall into all the depths. It is the struggle between these two forces, between these two principles, which is the warp and woof of Ibsen's work, as it is, also, the entire base of his morality. He himself has declared:

> It is because I was very strongly impressed by the contradiction which we have introduced between human nature and societies founded by men, that I have written what I have written. It was my vocation.

The moral system of Ibsen is an absolute autonomy, with no exterior restraint. If we believe him, every principle of authority is criminal, because it strikes at individual liberty. As he admits no truth except that which one can demonstrate for oneself, so, likewise, duty is what appears such to each one, and this duty is strictly limited to the individual.

Duty, then, is to follow one's nature, one's vocation, to cultivate self-hood. And this we must will strenuously in spite of everything, or, rather, to the exclusion of every other preoccupation; nothing exists except duty to self. Beyond this everything that passes by the name of duty, duties to others, duties to one's family, is but convention and falsehood.

Within us daily arises the conflict between our duties towards ourselves and those others which society presents as such, but which, in truth, are only counterfeits. We must choose, and we ought to choose the real, the only duties, those towards ourselves.

The theories of Ibsen might apply to a man living alone on a desert island, on which he had fallen from the moon. He might then be at liberty to cultivate his "self." Yet, even then, he would owe duties to God.

At any rate, man is in society. He has a father, a mother, neighbors, fellow-countrymen. He receives something from them; he owes them something also; here, then, we are face to face with duties towards others. Besides, if he has individual rights, individual duties, his neighbors are in a similar position towards him. He cultivates his "self"; they cultivate theirs; will he cultivate his "self" in his neighbor's field?

Certainly not; yet every day these two beings come face to face, and cross each other. They must not, however, obstruct each other. Here, again, we are in presence of duties towards others.

The truth is that our duties towards ourselves cannot be, in life, isolated from our duties towards others; both kinds touch, interlace, and both come in contact with our duties towards God. All three kinds constitute a unity, just as the human person is a unity. The distinction between the duties we owe to others and those we owe to ourselves is legitimate, logical, and philosophical; but to consider only the latter in the practice of life is an absurdity. On this absurdity, precisely, Ibsen founds his entire moral thesis.

This individualism—which has its philosophic roots deep in the theories of Kant and Kjerkegaard—is the moral truth which Ibsen opposes perpetually to all the falsehoods of society, the family, the state, and religion. The family is the social group which may least reasonably be assailed as a mere convention; in family life, naturally, arise the greatest number of problems. Have we here the reason why Ibsen's most frequent assaults are directed against the family?

In his eyes, the family is a slavery, regulated by conventions, by the parents, and by law, while love, no longer enjoying liberty, ceases to exist. Love can exist only between two beings who, possessing like individualities, are able to aid each other to attain the same individualist end.

Husband or wife, children, are but so many obstacles between the individual and his vocation; hence he has the right to quit them in order to follow his own road. Thus does Ibsen preach, unceasingly, the emancipation of woman, whom he considers a victim of marriage. This emancipation he holds to be an essential condition to the regeneration of humanity.

In "A Doll's House," Nora, feeling herself enlightened on the purpose of life, prepares, after eight years of happy marriage, to leave her husband and her three children in order to pursue her education alone. The following dialogue takes place:

> *Helmer:* So, you are going to betray your most sacred duties?
>
> *Nora:* What do you mean by my most sacred duties?
>
> *Helmer:* Is it necessary to tell you? Are they not your duties to your husband and your children?

> *Nora:* I have other duties quite as sacred.
> *Helmer:* You have not; what are they?
> *Nora:* My duties towards myself.
> *Helmer:* Before all else, you are a wife and mother.
> *Nora:* I no longer believe that. I believe that, before all else, I am a human being.

Filial love, if we are to believe Ibsen, is no less a mistake than conjugal or maternal love. Hear Oswald speak to his mother in the "Ghosts":

> *Oswald:* My father! my father! I never knew him. I remember nothing about him, except that one day he made me vomit.
> *Madame Alving:* Horrible! To think of it! Does not a child owe his father love in spite of everything?
> *Oswald:* Even if this father has no title to his child's love? Even if the child has not known his father? And you, who are so enlightened on every other point, do you still really entertain this ancient prejudice?
> *Madame Alving:* It is nothing more, then, than an ancient prejudice?
> *Oswald:* No more, be assured. It is one of these current ideas which the world accepts without challenge.
> *Madame Alving* (startled): Ghosts!
> *Oswald:* Yes; you may call them so.

The typical hero of Ibsen, then, has no moral ties to anybody; he has neither relatives nor friends. Ibsen wrote once to Brandes:

> Friends are a costly luxury. When you devote all your capital to your vocation, there is none left wherewith to treat yourself to friends.

His hero, like himself, economizes every sentiment. He walks solitary through life, from a sense of duty, towards the goal which he himself has created and imposed on himself. Without a companion, he is equally without a guide. No one has indicated to him the goal, and no one shows the way. His vocation has nothing in common with the vocation of the Christian. The voice which calls him, to which he hearkens, is not the voice of God, but his own; it is the uncontrolled suggestion of his own individual conscience. The truth, though he, perhaps, never suspects it, is that the natural bent and modernism of the Norwegian dramatist revert to the easy theories of the antique "*Sequere Naturam.*" His system is organized moral anarchy.

Peer Gynt and Brand follow their respective paths; the one passing from debauch to debauch, the other losing himself in the clouds.

Ibsen constructs an *apologia* of the will, of individual effort. "One must will; will the impossible; will unto death." But the will needs direction; and Ibsen offers no direction. We must will—yes; but will what we ought to will, not will what we wish. Hedda Gabler wills, to be sure; but can we admire her as she points her pistol at Loevborg, in order that he may die "beautifully"; or when, *enciente*, she takes her own life with a jest upon her lips—a fearful symbol, in her revolt and perversity, of the end of the family and the end of the race?

Like the family, the state, in Ibsen's eyes, is the enemy of the individual, his liberty, and his efforts. Ibsen even believes that the enslavement of the individual grows with civilization, notwithstanding the pretended liberal forms of modern governments, and the falsehoods of democratic institutions.

For this reason, in his plays, personages in power, surrounded by the consideration of their fellow-citizens, even those who live according to the ordinary standards, have always some hidden blemish, some criminal or shameful past, in contrast with their fictitious respectability. On the contrary, those who refuse to bow before social conventions are characters of unalloyed honor, heroism, and charity. This easy method, which recalls the theories of J. J. Rousseau, is manifest in "The Pillars of Society."

The consul, Bervick, the foremost citizen of the town, has built up all his fortune on deceit, having thrown upon another the responsibility of faults of which he himself had been guilty; he does not hesitate, in order to secure some petty gain, to send hundreds of men to death in an unseaworthy ship. The virtuous characters are Tœnnesen, the man who was thought to be the culprit, who expatriated himself, and Lona Hessel, who sings in dance halls, and has written a book of scandals.

These last-mentioned characters, the rebels, are right, in Ibsen's plays, while the folk who stand for order are wrong. The latter, the rulers, the pastors, are always depicted as vulgar hypocrites, cloaking their infamous acts and purposes with fine maxims; or, as ridiculous ninnies whom circumstance holds up to ridicule every day.

> *Bervick:* Examine the inner life of the most esteemed men; you will discover in every one of them some dark spot which must be concealed.
>
> *Lona Hessel:* And these are the pillars of society.
>
> *Bervick:* There are none better.
>
> *Lona Hessel:* Then what matters it whether such a society be kept standing or not.

Death, Ibsen predicts, awaits the social structure and everything else that exists to-day. He writes to Brandes:

> Greater things than the state will fall. All forms of religion will fall; neither moral ideas nor ideals of art are eternal. How many principles must we hold as definitive? Who can guarantee to us that, in the planet Jupiter, 2 and 2 do not make 5?

And to introduce that blessed society where 2 and 2 will make 5, a society which will stand without aid, without the shadow of any authority, and with liberty and truth as its only pillars, Ibsen declares war against the society to which we belong. He wrote to a revolutionary orator:

> You say that I have become a conservative. I am what I was all my life. I decline to play if the purpose is merely to displace the pawns. Overturn the board, and I am your man.

This new society which Ibsen would form in so aggressive a fashion is hard to define. Ibsen despises the crowd. He says in one of his poems:

> The noise of the crowd frightens me. I do not wish to have my coat bespattered by the mud of the streets; I desire to await the future in stainless festive garments.

He is hostile to universal suffrage; he will not admit that all citizens are equal, since they differ enormously in intelligence and moral worth. He is equally hostile to parliamentary assemblies, because each individual feels his share of responsibility less keenly in the anonymity of collective responsibilities, and individual energy is annihilated by each one shifting on the other the duty of action. Ibsen's scheme is a revolutionary aristocracy. In the society that he dreams of power would be exercised by a minority of energetic, resolute men who would rule the masses and control instinct by intelligence and will.

We have heard Ibsen prophesy the fall of every form of religion. According to him, the Church, like the State, is a tyranny; it imposes a discipline, it enslaves the intellect, it suppresses individual activity. The religion of Ibsen is one which the individual creates for himself. In "A Doll's House," this conversation takes place between Helmer and Nora:

> *Helmer:* Have you not an infallible guide in moral questions? Have you not religion?
>
> *Nora:* Alas! I do not quite know what religion is.
>
> *Helmer:* You do not know what it is?
>
> *Nora:* On that subject I know what Pastor Hansen told me when preparing me for confirmation. Religion is this, and religion is that. When I am alone and emancipated I shall look into this question along with the others. I shall see if the pastor spoke the truth; or, at least, if what he told me is true with regard to me.

Religion, with Ibsen, then, is a relative, subjective truth, an individualist religion, without any universal element; and it is equally lacking in immutability, for it is constantly in course of transformation. The Christian religion, he holds, is but one phase of this transformation; just as the Christian doctrine of sacrifice succeeded to the pagan doctrine of enjoyment, a third phase will follow which will reconcile the two former religions. It is the new wine sung of by the mystic Maximos in "Emperor and Galilean." Alas! The new wine which Ibsen and his friends pour out for the world is neither new nor pure. It intoxicates; but it does not quench thirst. Ibsen says elsewhere:

> You know only two paths, the one which leads to the school, and the other to the church; but the third, which stretches towards Eleusis and beyond, is there, and you do not see it.

This road towards the clouds is taken by the priest of Ibsen's religion, Brand, who sets himself against all the other priests, while they accuse him of erecting a barrier between doctrine and life, between faith and practice, and cry out to him: "Your church is too small." His pitiless logic knows nothing of compromise. He makes not the slightest allowance for human weakness; and concedes nothing to the legitimate demands of the heart.

The wife of Brand, Agnes, has lost her only child. One day, as she looks over the clothes that remain to her as precious relics of her dead darling, a gypsy woman, carrying an almost naked child, asks for the good warm garments. Agnes hesitates; must she sacrifice the only treasures of her heart; which recall her child so that he plays and smiles to her once more?

> *Brand:* One must not become attached to idols. Give this woman everything. (Agnes obeys.)
>
> Have you given cheerfully? (he asks her, after the gypsy has gone.)
>
> No.
>
> Then your sacrifice was in vain.
>
> (He is about to go; Agnes recalls him): Brand!
>
> Well?
>
> I have lied. Listen; the wound is a deep one. I have been weak. You thought that I had given everything; but I retained something: this little cap which he wore at the last moment, which was wet with his tears, and soaked with his death-sweat. Oh! I am sure you would not grudge me that.
>
> Go where idols reign! (He is about to leave.)
>
> Wait a moment.
>
> What do you wish?
>
> You know well. (She reaches him the cap.)
>
> (Brand approaches, and, before accepting it, asks): Willingly and without regret?
>
> With a joyful heart.
>
> Good! Give it also for the poor child.

No wonder that in ascending towards the inaccessible summits, where he is to find his church, greater than all other churches, Brand loses his way in the clouds and is precipitated into empty space by one of those avalanches which beset the proud!

The poison of Ibsen's theories sometimes contained a bitter drop: it has not done as much evil as one might believe. The masses have refused to drink it. This moral anarchism which trampled on all the most natural sentiments was repugnant to good sense. The characters lacked vitality. One felt that they were not real, or else belonged to a special humanity, so pronouncedly special that a physician has been able to classify them all scientifically in the various categories of the degenerate. Who could believe that any reasonable woman could act as Nora, who, after eight years of married life, takes her departure, while her children are asleep nearby, for no other purpose than to develop her "self"? Mothers are not made like this, and they never will be.

Outside a little coterie, Ibsen attracted no followers. He felt this himself, and drew the conclusion that his doctrines were too high for the crowd. Society seemed incurable to him. The old house, "Romersholm" could no longer be restored. Towards the end of his life, even he himself had doubts about his own doctrines; and essayed to demonstrate the beneficent necessity for illusion, that *wild duck* which lives enclosed in our little human world? Has he not painted his own portrait in *Solness the Builder* feverishly asking himself whether it is better to listen to the suggestions of youth, or to the teachings of tradition; whether there does not exist an abler architect than he: the mother, "Who did not, like him, build houses and towers, but souls of children, strong, noble, beautiful, which may grow into souls of upright, high-minded men"?

Society is represented by Oswald in the "Ghosts"—a society diseased through the fault of its fathers. Madame Alving, the mother, is modern science, rationalistic philosophy. The world is athirst for light. "Mother," cries Oswald, "give me the sun." The sun! Atheistic science, like Madame Alving, has nothing to give but poison.

The sun is still where God has placed it—in the heavens. Light comes not from the north, nor from the south, nor from ourselves. It comes from on high; it comes from God. "The Word is the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." He is there; the Sun of justice and of truth. There is no other; and the faint glimmerings, which some would tell us are the rays of a new sun, are but the last flickerings of a dying conflagration.

WHEN THE WHIPPOORWILL SANG AMONG THE ABENAKI.

BY W. C. GAYNOR.

AGAIN we sat by the camp-fire, Peol and I, and looked out upon the placid waters of Baskahegan. Beyond us, limitless in the distance like the ocean, they shimmered in the moonlight. Far away, indeed, the black and purple shores rounded till they met, but the hazy murk of night was on them, and the lake was still endless.

That day I had picked up a specimen of the ancient handicraft of the Etchemins, and Peol was now examining it. Here, then, was a text eloquent with the possibilities of story and tradition. The great rampike at whose foot Nantloola, of virgin memory, had met her death still nodded in the moonlight; across the waters Abedegasset, with its mournful associations, was now a blaze of purple and silver from peak to curving base. Malpooga of the Strong Shoulders, himself, was buried there, and somehow my unspoken wish that night was to hear more of him. That he had taken part in the great battle between the Indians of the north and the Abenaki of Chenascot and Cape Cod, I knew; but I felt there was more to be told of this really great chief than was contained in the obscure allusion of the ancient chronicler. By the same fire with me now sat his lineal descendant, tribal depositary of tribal history, himself energized by the very memories he was chosen to perpetuate. Why should I not have the story?

Happily Peol met my unspoken wish half way. The stone age of his tribe was the beginning of history to him, and here was a message from that era. I give his story in my own words, with but a touch here and there of his quaint symbolism. Whither his tale would lead, he gave me no hint at the outset; and if I have given it a title it is not because romance offset sober history to him. His mind dwelt upon the fight; mine detected the glimmer of human affections in the din and turmoil of battle.

"Not long after the French had spent the winter on one of our islands," he began, "my family, with a part of the tribe, was on the St. Croix itself, not so very far from here as the crow flies. The spring had come, and they were loth to move, because the salmon and sea-trout were plentiful, and hunting had been good." Peol was ever a little tedious at the outset of a story. He liked to give reasons for things.

"One day the word came that Micmac war-canoes were on the river, not coming up but, to the general surprise, coming down. The Micmacs were ever friends of ours, and allies in time of war, but we usually met them in council on one of the islands beyond the mouth of the St. Croix. They were the sworn foes of the Abenaki of the Pentegoet, or Penobscot, and helped us when a fight was on with those tribes. Closer neighbors they had in our blood-kin, the Melicites of the Ouigoodi; but because we were further away, and were not afraid to spear porpoises in the open sea, this great salt-water tribe thought more of us and called us twin brothers. Moreover, we lay between them and their enemies at Chenacost, or Saco, like the fence around a bear trap. The Abenaki disliked the open sea, and could not reach their Micmac enemies except through our territory. So we were bound by treaty with these men from the salt water, and we now welcomed their messengers." Peol had a way of identifying himself with his tribe at all periods.

"The war-canoes contained a Micmac chief, Penoniac, his family, and some tribesmen. Penoniac was a favorite of the ancient sagamore of the Micmacs, Membertou; and that old warrior had sent him up the Ouigoodi, or St. John, to sound the Melicites and discover how many men they would be willing to contribute for a sudden descent on the common enemy of the south. Penoniac had followed the great trail across the country from the Ouigoodi, and it had brought him to us. When he had consulted with our chiefs, he was to continue his journey into the Abenaki country to spy upon them, and then return. To disarm suspicion he took his family with him, at least one wife and daughter. The Micmacs of those days were Mormons, you know"; Peol interjected with a laugh, "one old chief, Cacagous, had eight wives.

"Then followed a great *tabagie* or feast for the visitors, at which all our chiefs assembled, and already the war-song was sounding, for the Etchemin of the St. Croix were always ready for a fight with the Abenaki, and our young men welcomed the idea of a great battle.

"From the first, Guescha of the Panther Hunt, as they now called her, took to the young Micmac maiden who accompanied her father. Perhaps it was because they were both proud and of quick temper that Guescha liked the stranger. Madewes—Porcupine—her friends called her, and Malpooga liked the name. The visitors were lodged in the guest-house, and Malpooga hunted and fished for their entertainment, while Guescha companioned Madewes.

"In the sports that followed Malpooga distinguished himself and so did Guescha in the dance and in the canoe; but the feat which Madewes performed has lived ever after in our history. For Etchemin girl or woman, skilled as she was in handling our light canoe, never attempted before or dared do after what that Souriquois girl did in pure bravado, and because the honor of her tribe was at stake.

"Some distance below this winter encampment of our people the river fell to lower levels, and in its fall, as it tumbled over rocks and hidden ledges, it made a chain of rapids with here and there a heavy fall. The same falls are there yet, but my old folk say that the river is not so angry now, does not toss and moan, as it did when Madewes went through alone in her canoe. Many an Indian was drowned in those rapids since first my people came to the river; so that mothers and old women used to frighten the young people with the story of the awful demon of the falls. Not until a young man was fit to go on the warpath was he allowed to take a canoe through that angry water; and if he failed or refused the test, he was not worthy to be a warrior. As for the women, they were never allowed to pass through even under guidance, much less attempt to go down alone.

"Now that war was coming it was decided to give our young men the test of running the rapids as a feature of the sports in honor of our visitors. One by one they loitered in their canoes awaiting the young women's race, while the banks were lined with spectators; and in the distance, scattered along the river where danger lurked the worst among the rapids, men were posted to rescue those who might meet with accident. Penoniac and the great chiefs of our tribe watched the trial from an eminence near the falls.

"The maidens' race in canoes was straightaway without a turn, and was to end at a point where the current had not yet felt the draw of the falls. Down the young women came, with

Madewes and Guescha in the lead, while behind them in a string floated the canoes of the young men. Gradually the leaders drew away from the others, while the old men on the banks could not tell which would win. Guescha was the older of the two and looked the stronger, but Madewes had a quicker knack with the paddle. Now they have reached the finish but still the two keep on, bow and bow, and no man can tell which wins. A roar from the shore warns them to desist, but neither heeds it. Their canoes begin already to feel the suction of the rapids ahead, and Guescha misses a stroke. The law of the falls is on her. Madewes plies her paddle with double energy, and as the bow of her canoe darts past her competitor's she rises to her feet, and in a voice that stings every Etchemin within hearing cries out: 'Sons and daughters of the Etchemin, follow me if you dare!' Then deliberately she picks up a pole from the bottom of her bark and heeds no longer who follows.

"Guescha's temper was at the boiling point by this time, and she cried out: 'Lead, Souriquois, I follow.' But a heavy hand grasped her paddle, and Malpooga bade her turn. Turn she would not, but threw herself into his canoe, leaving her own to drift where it would. 'Follow her or I'll swim,' she cried: and he knew she would not be withstood.

"On the shore all was excitement. Penoniac, seeing his daughter enter the seething waters, ordered his men to follow and threw himself with them into his own great canoe. Then was seen such a sight as the demon of the falls never witnessed before: a young girl leading a long line of warriors, headed by this mighty bark of her father's, through the rush and roar of the rapids, while a whole tribe ran along the banks breathless with the novelty and danger of the sight.

"Onward she dashed, standing in the very center of her canoe, now throwing her weight towards the bow when she wished to make sure of her stroke, now towards the stern as she turned her light bark quickly in the very face of danger. Once she was lost to view altogether as she slid down a very hill of water, and a sigh went up from the running multitude on the bank. But the next wave showed her on its crest still poised erect and confident. Then she did the unexpected thing. Taking advantage of a lull in the anger of the flood, she cut across to the right shore, where the water creamed and thickened above the whirlpools. Her tribesmen shouted a warning cry, but her father saw her plan, and quieted them.

"'Madewes has been through the falls of the Ouigoodi,' he said. 'Beyond lies safety.' And sure enough so it was. One deft push with her pole at the right moment, and her canoe was floating in peaceful waters. In this stream of quiet eddies she calmly paddled onward, skirting the shore, while her father's deep canoe, with its crew of skillful polesmen, was buffeted from side to side in the snarl of breakers in midstream."

"But, Peol," I interrupted, "where was Guescha all this time?" I liked the girl, and I would fain have her in the front.

"Malpooga, with Guescha in the bow, was following the course which long experience had taught their fathers," Peol replied. "But their work was easier, two in a boat, and they ran faster than Madewes in the end. Guescha did not fail to tell her so as they waited for her at the foot of the rapids; but Malpooga sat and stared at the Souriquois girl, his dripping paddle on his knee. And then he landed and drained his canoe.

"'Twas thus the first and last Etchemin woman went through those falls in those early days, but a Micmac girl led the way. And ever afterward our men, when going through the rapids, followed Madewes' trail; it was easier; and, besides, it was lucky because a maiden had opened it.

"Penoniac, the Micmac, having received full assurance of help from our chiefs in case of a foray into the country of the Abenaki, departed in due time on his dangerous errand. Several of our young warriors accompanied him down the river, and some wanted to go with him; but whether it was because of the risk or because they would like to be near Madewes, I cannot say. Guescha was cross because Malpooga held aloof at the parting, and did not volunteer to go with Penoniac among the Abenaki. She did not know, however, that her brother had quarreled with the Micmac girl, and that Madewes had told him a Souriquois girl would not demean herself by marrying an Etchemin. Still she had taught him the cry of the whippoorwill, which is the lovers' trysting signal among the Micmacs; and when her father's canoe was in midstream, and he was making his farewell, the cry of a whippoorwill arose from his bark as Malpooga, relenting, came in sight on the bank. He answered, and then Penoniac knew that his daughter was leaving her heart behind her on the St. Croix. And he was troubled, for no daughter of his tribe had yet married an outsider."

Here Peol interrupted his story to prepare a second pipeful of tobacco and dried alder leaves, his favorite mixture.

"I have read," I said, "of Penoniac's fate in the ancient chronicles of Acadia, how he was captured by his enemies the Armouchiquois or Abenaki, and burned at the stake in their stronghold at Chenascot; but details were not given. Did Madewes escape?"

"No, she did not"; he resumed. "She might have escaped but she would rather stay with her father. Her mother was killed in the ambush when her father was taken and one or two of her tribesmen; but the others fought their way back to their canoes, and carried the tidings home to Membertou.

"Then the word went forth in the three tribes to dig up the hatchet and put on war paint. Our chiefs and warriors were delighted at the prospect of war, for they had many an outrage to avenge on the Abenaki; and now that their most powerful ally, the Souriquois tribe, was with them, they had no fears for the outcome. For the Micmacs were valiant warriors, and had fought the Excommiqui, those 'eaters of men,' in their rocky caverns and icy fastnesses.

"Our blood-brothers, the Melicites, came by the great Medoctic trail, the same that Penoniac followed, and joined forces with us on the St. Croix. The Micmacs, four hundred strong, breasted the waves of Fundy Bay in their great sea-canoes, and met the conjoined forces of their allies on the coast. The flotilla of canoes was marshaled into divisions, each tribe under its own leaders, and the whole commanded by the giant Membertou in the leading canoe. Never before or since in the history of those tribes did such a war party set forth. Men counted themselves fortunate in having lived to witness that sight and be of it. Malpooga used to tell his grandsons in his old age on this very ground that the sea in the morning sun was red and golden with the reflection of the canoes. The Souriquois took the outside where the seas were heavier, but we had the line of danger closer to shore.

"Thus they skirted the shores of Norembega, camping on the islands at night, and concealing their camp-fires as they came nearer the enemy. Then when they reached the mouth of the Pentegoet they slipped in under cover of night and landed where the forest crept down to the shore. Here they hid their canoes, and a war council was held. Malpooga, as the son of a sagamore, was permitted to sit in the outer ring of chiefs and listen to the wisdom of his elders. When the call for volunteers to act as scouts was made and the bundle of little sticks was thrown in the air, he picked one up and joined the advance party who were to do the scouting. The rest of the band began the erection of a temporary fort. No general movement was to be made until the scouts reported. They were to locate the position of the enemy, penetrate their camp if possible, and learn their numbers. They should search too for Madewes and convey to her some signal of their presence.

"'She's a scouting party herself,' old Membertou said, with a grin, 'if she's alive and free to look around her.'

"The darkness of midnight lay upon the sleeping Abenaki when Malpooga and his fellows crept softly among the lodges. Even the dogs were still. Slowly they circled, keeping in touch with one another, and ready for any alarm. They had reached the great circular council-lodge, near which the dark outline of a smaller lodge showed the customary home of the head chief. Here, Malpooga thought, if anywhere, Madewes might be found. Quick and sharp came the cry of a whippoorwill from the ground, and then silence with the darkness upon it. The scouts still moved, but he waited; again he gave the cry; and then almost at his ear came the reply, low and short, as if the bird were in flight.

"'I am here, O son of the Etchemin,' a low voice whispered to him. 'Speak quick, for I shall be missed.'

"Malpooga would have her fly with him back to safety among the warriors of her tribe, but she would not. 'Release Sonta the Micmac, who lies bound in yonder house,' she said. 'He stood by my father in the fight, and they burn him to-morrow.'

"Malpooga knew that Sonta was one of the oldest warriors of Penoniac's escort. Then she told him the number of the enemy, and that Barsheba, their war chief, was about to lead them on a foray against the Etchemin. Old Sonta had been reserved as a victim for the occasion, and at moonrise next evening would be sacrificed at the stake. As for herself she was free within certain bounds, and because the Abenaki held her tribe in great respect as warriors, they would likely marry her to some one of their young men. All this she told Malpooga and his fellows in the midnight darkness while her enemies slept. Then she left them, and the word was given to rescue Sonta, but he was guarded by two sleeping warriors, and their orders were strict to avoid all risk of alarm.

"All day the allied tribes lay inactive, and the waving forest gave no sign of their presence. Back and forth to the shore the women of the enemy labored in their daily toil, and chiefs and warriors lounged in the encampment, or whetted their knives and hatchets. Yet the circle of waiting enemies closed inexorably around them, and only Madewes and Sonta had foreknowledge of impending fate.

"'When the moon touches the top of the trees,' Madewes had insisted, 'then the song of the whippoorwill must again be heard.' And the scouts had given her their word.

"The dusk of evening rode slowly over woods and clearing, and the lines of watching warriors closed in and followed it. Wriggling like serpents they won their way close to the encampment. On all sides but one, where the hill sloped down to the shore, they filled the underwood with their numbers.

"Then life and movement began among the Abenaki. In the middle of the open space before the council-house a post was driven, and Sonta, erect and unquailing, was tied to it. Not by the quiver of a muscle or a single curious glance did he betray his knowledge of what the copse and woods contained. Madewes stood near him, defiant and scornful; but ever and anon she looked for the moon.

"Then Barsheba, the chief, at a bound was in the circle of clear space, and was chanting the story of his deeds. Waving his hatchet above his head, he threatened Sonta with instant death; but the Micmac, drawing himself to his great height, looked down upon him and called him 'rat.' A yell of anger went through the assembled multitude at this insult to their chief; but Barsheba, affecting self-control, stayed his hand.

"'Let the Souriquois talk,' he said. 'Let him sing his death song.'

"'What said my father,' Madewes broke in, as if to interrupt a tragedy, 'when he was dying on this ground? "When the whippoorwill sings among the Abenaki, let Barsheba chant his death song." Sing your own death song, then, rat of an Abenaki!' The moon was riding the tree-tops.

"Maddened by the cutting irony of her words, and superstitious withal, Barsheba turned on her with a yell of anger to brain her with his axe, when the low, quick cry of the whippoorwill rose almost from beneath his feet, and the next moment a strange warrior rose from out the ground and buried a long iron knife in his bosom. At the same instant the war cry of the Micmacs and Etchemin rang out, and the ground threw up its hosts of warriors.

"The battle was on. Malpooga wrenched his knife from the body of the dying Barsheba and, amid the onrush, cut the bonds of Sonta. Membertou, the bearded sagamore of the Micmacs, surrounded by a body of picked warriors, armed all with the iron axes of the French, cut his way to the front, with a quick order to Madewes to keep in the center of his warriors. Then man to man the fight ran through the night, for the Abenaki were already armed, as is the custom in a war dance. And every now and then Madewes gave the whippoorwill's cry, and Malpooga answered. Slowly but surely the allies closed in upon their enemies, and forced them down towards the sea. Then suddenly a band of Micmac warriors, sent round by order of their astute chief, attacked the enemy on the other flank. Thus completely surrounded, the Abenaki, seeing that the fight was lost, burst through our lines and fled into the forest.

"And thus the battle was won. And old Sonta rubbed his shins where the withes had chafed them, and Madewes prayed for mercy for the women and children who had not died in the fight; and the great Membertou called her his daughter and granted them mercy. Then he ordered that the young chief who had killed Barsheba be brought to him if still unscathed. And Malpooga, breathing hard from his chase of the enemy, stood before the great bearded Micmac as he towered head and shoulders above the tallest of his men,

"'You taught this son of the Etchemin,' he asked in the moonlight of the girl, 'you taught him the lovesong of our tribe? And to that love song he rescued you?' She bowed her head. 'Then, first wife to leave the lodges of your people for an outsider, you go with your husband who has won you.'

"And thus the whippoorwill's song won Malpooga a wife in the encampment of the Abenaki."

Peol laid the stone gouge reverently away, and I knew where the Micmac strain first entered the blood of my old Etchemin chief.

THE SAINTS AND ANIMALS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

IT is unfortunately a regrettable fact that in the distinctly Catholic countries of Europe there is a great amount of cruelty to animals, an almost universal absence of public conscience where animals are concerned. This fact was brought prominently to the English mind when an English princess became Queen of Spain, and people asked each other how she would act with regard to the bullfights. As a matter of fact, unthinking people have blamed a religion for what is a matter of race. The Latin races have little natural sympathy with and understanding of animals. It is the slower Northern races, with their greater thinking capacity and less impulsiveness, that are the natural lovers of animals. Does any one suppose, for example, that if Naples became Protestant to-morrow it would become animal-loving, or that London if it became Catholic to-morrow would begin to torture its horses?

As a matter of fact, the Catholic Church, speaking eloquently through her saints, has been in all the centuries the protectress and lover of animals. She is misrepresented for millions who do not know her by a misunderstood axiom of theologians that "animals have no rights"; an axiom which, if propounded to the professional theologian, would be explained to one's entire satisfaction. Some one had put into Cardinal Manning's mouth the same proposition in different terms, *i. e.*, "that, inasmuch as animals are not moral persons, we owe them no duties, and that therefore the infliction of pain is contrary to no obligation." This Manning denounced as a hideous and absurd doctrine, going on to say: "It is perfectly true that obligations and duties are between moral persons, and therefore the lower animals are not susceptible of those moral obligations which we owe to one another; but we owe a sevenfold obligation to the Creator of those animals. Our obligation and moral duty is to Him who made them; and if we wish to know the limit and broad outline of our obligation, I say at once it is His nature and His perfections and among those perfections one is most profoundly that of eternal mercy."

The theological axiom, it will be pointed out, covers the legitimate usage of animals; for if the animals had rights as against man, man would have no right to turn the animal to his uses either as a servant or as food. But it was never intended to cover cruelty to animals.

After all, one wonders how much the treatment accorded to animals is a matter of education. It is not so long ago since bull-baiting and cockfighting were the delight of the multitude in England. Close by where I write the very names of places bear witness to the prevalence of the former diversion, as the English-settled towns in Ireland may be known by their bull-rings. A hundred years ago it was the fashion for English fine ladies and gentlemen to attend the hangings at Newgate, and after breakfasting with the Governor, a breakfast at which brandy was much in demand, to witness "the cutting down." And a favorite diversion with the dandies a little earlier was to visit Bedlam and stir up the lunatics with red-hot pokers. So amazing has been the growth of English humanitarianism since those days of darkness that it is not extravagant to hope that another century, perhaps, may see the Spaniards, for example, as distant from the bullfights, as the English gentry of to-day from the misdeeds of their forefathers.

A very distinguished Irishwoman, now dead, said to me many years ago that the old Irish saints were always preaching by their example the love of animals, and that fact proved to her mind that the preaching was no less needed in their day than in ours. But I am inclined to believe that the Irish saints, like the saints of other countries, loved animals just because they were the elect souls of the world. In those days gentleness betook itself to hermitages and cloisters, leaving the rough and the violent to carry on the world. In their hermitages these simple and saintly souls made companions of the animals, and came to love them, simplicity leaning to simplicity. Indeed one imagines that in our own days there may be many such instances in monastic life of friendship between men and animals as are recorded in the *Acta Sanctorum*. One who knows anything of monasteries will know how the cloistered monk keeps a heart like a child.

Except in the *Acta Sanctorum* one hears little of gentleness to animals in those dark times, splendid in distance, which we call the Middle Ages. In those days, while denying the moral nature to animals, men occasionally tried an animal for its life for acting according to its natural impulses. It was also in those dark days that Pope Pius V., afterwards canonized, issued his bull against the Spanish bullfights.

"Pius, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, . . . concerning the safety of the flock of our Lord, entrusted to our care. According as we are constrained by what is due to our pastoral office, anxiously pondering over the matter, we are desirous of keeping all the faithful of the same flock, not only from imminent danger to the body, but also from everlasting destruction to the soul. . . . Even now, in many states and in divers places, very many men do not cease to assemble with bulls and other beasts, both in public and private exhibitions, for the purpose of displaying their own strength and daring; hence men meet with death, broken limbs, and danger to their souls. We, therefore, regarding these exhibitions, where bulls and other beasts are baited in the circus or forum, as being contrary to Christian duty and charity, and desiring that these bloody and disreputable exhibitions of devils rather than of men should be abolished, and that we should take measures for the saving of souls, as far as we can, under God's help, to all and individual Christian Princes who are honoured with any rank, whether ecclesiastical, civil, or even Imperial, Royal, or any other, by whatever name they are called, as well as to all people and states (desiring that these injunctions should be established by our decree forever under the threat of excommunication and anathema, on incurring the penalty), prohibit and forbid to allow in their provinces, states, lands, or towns and other places, exhibitions of this kind where there is baiting of bulls and other beasts. We forbid soldiers and all other persons, whether on foot or on horseback, to dare to contend with bulls or other beasts in the aforementioned exhibitions. And if any one of them meets with his death there, he shall be deprived of Christian burial. We likewise forbid the Clergy, whether regular or secular, who hold office in the Church, or who are in Holy Orders, to be present at such exhibitions under the penalty of excommunication. And all debts, obligations, and bets by whatever persons contracted, whether from universities or colleges, with reference to bull-baitings of this kind, even supposing they themselves wrongly imagine them to be held in honour of the Saints, or of any ecclesiastical anniversaries or festivals, which ought to be celebrated and honoured with godly praise, spiritual joy, and words of piety, all such, whether contracted in the past, present, or future, we altogether prohibit and annul, and we decree and declare in perpetuity that they are to be held void and of no effect. We issue our command to all Princes, Officers, Barons, and those who hold rank in the Holy Roman Church, under penalty of deprivation of the rank which they hold from the Roman Church, itself; but all other Christian Princes and Lords of land, to whom our commands have been given, we exhort in the Lord, and order, in virtue of our sacred right to obedience, that out of reverence and honour for the Divine Name, they most carefully honour and cause the foregoing to be observed in their dominions and lands, seeing that they will receive the richest reward from God Himself for such good works. And to our Venerable Brethren throughout the world, Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and other local officers, in virtue of our sacred right to obedience, under the solemn thought of the judgment of God, and the threat of eternal curse, we command that they cause our present letter to be published, as far as possible, in their own states and dioceses.

"*Given in Rome at St. Peter's in the Year of Our Lord, 1567, the Kalends of November, in the second year of our Pontificate.*"

To be sure the Spanish bullfights go on in our day despite this Papal bull; but at least Rome has spoken in the matter, and none of the shame and sin can be laid at her door.

The lives of the saints contain the most delicious innocencies of the friendship and affection between them and the animals. Every one knows St. Francis of Assisi and his little brothers and sisters. Not so many know St. Jerome and his lion, St. Anthony the hermit and his hog, St. Benedict and his raven, St. Macarius and his hyena, St. Kieran and his badger, St. Rose of Lima and her gnats. Indeed the *Acta Sanctorum* contain records of friendship between the saints and the most unlikely creatures, even to snakes and vipers.

In the Irish hagiology we find our father, St. Patrick, carrying a fawn in his breast after he had saved the little creature and its mother from death.

While St. Kevin prayed in his cell that looks upon the dark waters of Glendalough, he stretched his hand through the window-space, and a blackbird immediately laid an egg in his hand and sat upon it. The saint forbore to disturb the sitting mother till the little bird was hatched, keeping his hand so stretched forth till that was accomplished.

Another Irish saint, St. Kieran of Upper Ossory, worked his first miracle as a child when he saw a hawk swoop on and carry off a little bird. St. Kieran at this time did not know the true God, being the child of pagans, but he was moved to cry out to Him, and the hawk came back and laid the dead bird at his feet. Then Kieran said: "Arise and be made whole"; and so it was done, and the bird lived and gave praise to God.

The life of St. Kieran, in the Gaelic, says with delicious naïveté:

"When first Ciarán came to that place (*i. e.*, the wood where he built his monastery) he sat down in the shade of a tree. A fierce wild hog sprang up at the other side of the tree and as it eyed Ciarán it fled, but returned again as a gentle servant to Ciarán. That hog was the first disciple and first monk Ciarán had in that place. It used to go to the wood to cut rods for thatch, and bring them between its teeth to assist (the building of) the cell. At the time, then, there was no one at all along with Ciarán, for he came alone from his disciples to that hermitage. There came after that to Ciarán irrational brutes from every part of the wilds in which they were located, such as the fox, the badger, the wolf, and the doe, and they were submissive to Ciarán; and they humbled themselves to his teaching as monks, and used do all he bade them.

"On a day that the fox came, which was very ravenous, crafty, and malicious, to Ciarán's brogues, he stole them, and, shunning the community, went direct to his own den, and therein coveted to eat the brogues. When this was manifested to Ciarán he despatched another monk of his family, to wit, the badger, to head the fox and bring him to the same spot. The badger came to the fox's den and found him eating the shoes (or brogues), for he had eaten the ears and thongs off; and the badger coerced him to come with him to the monastery. They came about eventide to Ciarán, and the brogues with them. Ciarán said to the fox: 'O brother, why hast thou done that thievery which was not becoming a monk to do? And you had no occasion to do that; for we have water that is non-noxious in common, and food in like manner, and if thy nature constrained that thou shouldst prefer to use flesh, God would make it of the bark of the trees round thee.' Then the fox asked Ciarán for remission of his sins, and to lay upon him the obligations of the Penance Sentence; and it was so done, and the fox did not eat food without leave from Ciarán, and thenceforward he was righteous like the others."

Here is a story of a less well-known Irish saint, St. Gobnet—the little patroness of Ballyvourney, after whom so many County Cork girls are called, and which is Englished "Abby." She was the daughter of a sea-king, who was a shrine robber. She had no sisters, and used to keep to the ship with her father and his men. Once she was ashore in a wood and God sent his angel to her to tell her to fly from her father and give her life to Him. She was willing to do that, but she knew no place of security. The angel came again, and told her to go on and give no rest to her soles until she would find nine white deer asleep. She went on and she came to a place and found three. She fondled them a while and went on to Kilgobnet, where she found six. Here she stayed a long time until they were all good friends. Then she left her heart with them and went on to Ballyvourney. There, as God willed it, she found the nine, and she made her dwelling with them, and they became her sisters, and she died in their midst and is there buried.

We read of St. Bridget that the ducks from the lake came at her voice and flew into her arms, and that the saint gently caressed them against her breast. And again when she was a child, and in much terror of a very fierce stepmother, she was left to tend a dish of meat that was cooking for her father and his friends. But a dog which had just become the mother of puppies came and begged to be fed; and Bridget's heart was so compassionate that she could not refrain from feeding the dog with the meat her stepmother had given her in charge, although she anticipated nothing but a savage punishment. But when the time came to set the dish on the table, lo! and behold, the meat had increased instead of diminishing, and was of a most excellent flavor. So did God reward her charity to the hungry dog.

Here is a delightful story of St. Adamnan, Bishop of Iona:

"A Brother, by name Molua, grandson of Brennus, came to the Saint while he was writing, and said to him: 'Please bless this weapon in my hand.' So he raised his holy hand a little and blessed it, making the sign of the cross with his pen, his face meanwhile being turned towards the book upon which he was writing. As the aforesaid Brother was on the point of departing with the weapon which had been blessed, the Saint inquired: 'What kind of a weapon have I blessed for the Brother?' Diarmid, his faithful servant, replied: 'A dagger for cutting the throats of oxen and bulls.' But the Saint said in response: 'I trust in my God that the weapon which I blessed will injure neither man nor beast.' And the Saint's words proved true that very hour. For after the same Brother had left the monastery enclosure and wanted to kill an ox, he made the attempt with three strong blows and a vigorous thrust, but could not pierce its skin. And when the monks became acquainted with it, they melted the metal of the same dagger by the heat of the fire and anointed with it all the iron weapons of the monastery; and they were thereafter unable to inflict a wound on any flesh, in consequence of the abiding power of the Saint's blessing."

I need not refer here to the better known stories, such as the story of St. Columba and the gull and the same saint and the horse. But an extract from Giraldus Cambrensis shows how a nineteenth century thought for animals in England was anticipated by the Ulstermen of his day.

"In a remote district of Ulster are certain hills, on which cranes and other birds build their nests freely during the proper season. The inhabitants of that place allow not only men but even cattle and birds to be quiet and undisturbed, out of reverence for the holy Beanus, whose Church makes the spot famous. That renowned Saint, in a wonderful and strange manner, used to take care not only of birds but of their eggs.

"In the south of Momonia, between the hill of Brendan and the open sea which washes the coast of Spain and Ireland, is a large district which is shut in on one side by a river full of fish, and on the other by a small stream. And, out of reverence for the holy Brendan and other Saints of that locality, this affords a wonderful place of refuge, not only for men and cattle, but also for wild beasts, whether these are strangers or those which inhabit the district. Consequently stags, wild boars, hares, and other wild beasts, when they perceive that they can by no means escape from the dogs pursuing them, make their way as quickly as they can from remote parts to that spot. And when they have crossed the stream, they are at once safe from all danger; for the dogs in hunting are there brought to a standstill and unable to follow any further."

So much for the Irish saints. But their brethren of other lands were not behind them; and it may be said that there was no creature exempt from their pity and protection. Blessed Martin of Perres is called the rats' saint. The rats had gnawed the sacred vestments and the sacristan was about to destroy them with poison; but Martin forbade it. He called for a large basket, and then summoning the rats, that came hurry-scurry from every part, he commanded them to enter the basket, and they did so. Then he carried them into the garden and set them free, promising them that if they refrained from nibbling the convent property he would take care that they were well fed. And this was a pact which was well kept by both parties.

As the legend represents our Lord during the Forty Days fast in the desert surrounded by the wild beasts, that lay close to His seamless robe and adored Him with their loving eyes, so the anchorites and hermits who went out into the desert with Him seem, like Him, to have made lovers of the wild beasts. There are endless stories of the delightful companionship between the anchorites and lions, bears, buffaloes, panthers, and all the other great beasts of the forest. The wild beasts served the holy men and loved them; and in the day when the hunter came to the forest they were protected in the cell of the anchorite.

The Abbot Karilef while digging in his garden hung his monk's frock on an oak, and going to put it on at the end of the day he found that a little wren had made her nest in it and laid an egg there. So touched was he by the tender appeal of it that he praised God for it all night. The like happened to St. Malo's cloak, and he left it unworn till the bird had hatched out her eggs in it and the young birds were ready to fly. The raven ate every day out of St. Benedict's hand; and it was a raven who fed St. Paul in the desert.

Listen to this delicious story of St. Isidore:

"When he (Isidore) went into the field to his work, he not only distributed to the poor some of the wheat which he had taken with him to sow, but also gave some handfuls to the birds, saying: 'Take, birds of God—that which God gives, He gives for all.' The wheat-seed was diminished by this; but, miraculously, when he arrived at the farm, not a grain was wanting, and his baskets were as full as when he left home. The holy man recognized the miracle; he was confused, but not alarmed; he was silent and thankful, and with renewed confidence, when he again began to sow his seed, he said: 'In the name of God, this is for God, this is for us, and this is for the birds, and this is for the ants.' The labourers surrounding him heard this, and questioned as to why he said, 'And this is for the ants.' On this the Saint, thinking about the late miracle, answered simply: 'It is; for God gives to all.'"

As I read these stories I recall an Irish convent garden and a group of nuns at recreation, and I see, as I have seen many a time, small birds in a flight perched on the nuns' heads and shoulders and their outstretched hands, and swooping daintily to peck a crumb from a nun's tongue.

Some of the most innocently charming of these stories gather round St. Joseph of Cupertino.

"A linnet, to which he said often: 'Praise God!' praised Him with its song at a signal from the Saint, and ceased immediately when told to do so. In setting a goldfinch free: 'Go,' he said to it, 'enjoy that which God has given you. I desire nothing more of you than that you should return when I call you, that we may praise together your God and mine.'

"Obedient to his word, the little bird flew into the neighbouring orchard, and when recalled by St. Joseph, he at once returned to sing with him the greatness of the Creator.

"A kite, which had killed a goldfinch of which he was very fond, because it repeated what he had taught it: 'Jesu Maria. Brother Joseph, say the office,' turned at once at his voice, saw him, and hearing itself reproved by him thus: 'Oh, scoundrel, you have killed my goldfinch, and you deserve that I should kill you!' it seemed sorry for its crime, and went on to the top of the cage, and remained there, till St. Joseph, slapping it with his hand, said: 'Go; I pardon you.'

"A ram, bitten by mad dogs, became mad, and was shut up in a little orchard that it might not hurt any one. The servant of the Lord by chance entered into the enclosure, and when cautioned to be on his guard against the creature, he smiled, and said he had confidence in God. Then he turned to the ram, and touching it, said: 'Mad as thou art, what art thou doing here? Return to the flock.' He then let it go free, and it at once became sane and submissive to the shepherd."

As might have been expected St. Joseph of Cupertino was a spiritual son of St. Francis. Once he sent a little lamb as a present to the Poor Clares at Cupertino, whose adventures are told as follows:

"It seemed almost to follow exactly the observances of the monastery. It was always the first at all the functions, very sparing in its eating, quiet in the choir, and solely anxious to arouse with blows and shakings those who were drowsy, or to tear off with its feet and teeth any vain apparel which it saw. After the death of the lamb, the Saint said he would send the same holy virgins a little bird, that it might serve as an incitement to them to praise God; and thus it came to pass, during the time of divine service, a solitary bird flew in through the window of the choir, and began to sing gently there.

"The miracle did not end there, because, one day, seeing two novices in dispute, the bird came between them, doing all it could with outstretched wings and with its little claws to keep them apart and to calm them. But being ill-used by one of them, and driven away, it went off, and, notwithstanding its fixed habits of five years' standing, it did not return. The sisters, being very sorry for this, asked St. Joseph about it. He said: 'It is well; you have hurt it and driven it away? It will not return to you.' Then, touched by their prayers, he promised to send it back; and at the first sound of the choir the bird returned not only to sing at the window, but to become still more at home in the monastery. Their astonishment increased still more when the nuns having, for their amusement, tied a little bell to its leg, it did not appear on Holy Thursday and Good Friday. So they again had recourse to St. Joseph, who said: 'I sent it to you to sing, and not to ring a bell. It has not come, because it has been these two days watching the Sepulchre. But I will send it back to you.' And, in fact, the little creature returned, and remained with them a long time."

Also he preserved the timid hares from the hunters.

"Two hares in the vicinity of the Convent of the Grotto obeyed the voice of the Saint, who said to them: 'Do not leave the vicinity of the Church of the Madonna, because there are many hunters who come very near it.' They did well to obey him, because one of them, pursued by the huntsmen, fled into the church, and thence into the convent, and when it found St. Joseph, it jumped into his arms, and he said to it: 'Did I not tell you that you should not go far from the church, or that you would lose your skin?' And he saved it from its pursuers, who laid claim to it. Its companion was equally fortunate, for being pursued by hounds, it took refuge under Brother Joseph's tunic. Soon after, the Marquis of Cupertino, who was the principal huntsman, happened to ask Brother Joseph if he had seen the hare. 'Here it is!' he replied. 'Do not give yourself more trouble about it.' Then, 'Go!' he said to the animal, 'save yourself in these bushes; and you, do not move.' The hare obeyed him. The hounds stood stationary, and the Marquis and his companions remained overwhelmed with astonishment at the miracle."

St. Theonas the anchorite only left his cell at night, and then to give water of his fountain to the wild beasts of the desert, wherefore, "his cell was always surrounded by stout buffaloes, light-footed goats, and bounding wild asses, which seemed to form a guard of honor for the servant of God."

St. Colette was one of the daughters of St. Francis. She had a pet lark:

"Once a beautiful little lark was brought to her—called a lark (*alouette*), some say, because of the praise it sings to God, and also because it lives without stores, according to the poverty of the saints. She took such a great pleasure in it, and saw it so gladly, that when she took a meal the little lark took it with her; and ate and drank it with her, as if she were a bird like itself. Very often many pure and beautiful birds came near her oratory, and approached so close to her that she could take hold of them as they sang their sweet songs. They took their little meals more familiarly and peacefully with her than they would have done among birds of their own kind in the forest, and that because she resembled them in purity.

"Once a lovely little lamb was brought to her as an offering of piety, and she accepted it alike for its purity, and because it was an emblem of the Lamb without stain or sin. Many a time her spirit was consoled and comforted by it, so much the more, because every time it was present at the elevation of the Host it, without being told, went on its knees, and thus adored its Blessed Creator."

The great St. Bernard rescued hares from the hunters and little birds from birds of prey by making the Sign of the Cross over them in air.

St. Antony the hermit had his grave dug by two lions; and everywhere through the *Acta Sanctorum* we find the wild beasts and the saints friends and at peace. St. Macarius the hermit had his friend the hyena.

"While Macarius was one day sitting in his cell and addressing God, a hyæna caught up her cub, which was blind, and brought it to him. She knocked at the door of his cell with her head and entered while he was sitting there and laid her cub at his feet. Whereupon St. Macarius took up the cub, spat on its eyes and prayed to God; and immediately its sight was restored. Its mother then suckled it and carried it off. On the following day she brought Macarius the skin of a large sheep; but, when the Saint saw the skin, he addressed the hyæna as follows: 'How did you obtain this, if not by devouring somebody's sheep? and I refuse to accept the proceeds of wrong-doing as a present from you.' But the hyæna bent her head to the ground, and, kneeling before the feet of the Saint, laid the skin before him. But he said to her: 'I tell you I will not accept it, unless you swear you will never again injure the poor by eating their sheep.' The hyæna at this again inclined her head, as if in assent to the command of St. Macarius. Then he took the skin from the hyæna. But the blessed servant of God, Melania, told me she received that skin from Macarius, which used to be called 'The Hyæna's Gift.'"

There is no end to these tender and touching and delightful stories. A very store-house of them is *The Church and Kindness to Animals*, translated from the French of M. le Marquis de Rambures. St. Francis of Paula had a pet fish, Antonella, which he restored to life even after some one had cooked it. The Venerable Joseph of Anchieta had a pair of panthers for "his companions," and caressed snakes and vipers as well as protecting them from the cruelty of men. St. Rose of Lima's garden cell was alive with gnats who stung Rose's unwelcome visitors, but spared the saint. At dawn she used to wake them: "Come now, my friends; it is time to praise God." Upon which the gnats broke out in the most wonderful chorus of praise.

One story of St. Rose is so naïve that I must quote it and it shall be my last quotation:

"Mary of Oliva had in her chicken-yard a wonderfully beautiful young cock. On its back and wings were brightly interwoven variegated colours and a pleasing motley of striped feathers. Its neck was ringed with a purple collar, and its body, with the graceful arch of its tail feathers, seemed to end in the colours of the rainbow. In short, this handsome beast was a delight to the whole household, and all rejoiced that it was being brought up and kept by the lady of the house in hopes of rearing some descendants which would take after it. The young one grew, but it was so slothful in its fat body that it continually sat on the ground, and was hardly ever seen to rise on its feet, and was never heard to crow. The lady of the house was displeased with it, because she thought it was hopeless to expect any offspring from such a sire; so she made up her mind, as she sat at table with her husband and sons, to kill this unprofitable cockerel the same evening, and to serve it up next day for dinner.

"The young Rose, as she stood there, pitied the bird, and in her unaffected innocence, turned to it like a child and said: 'Crow, my chick, crow, or you will die.' The girl had hardly spoken these words when, before the eyes of all, the fowl suddenly rose to its feet and vigorously flapped its wings and crowed melodiously and merrily. It next proceeded to walk, with high and proud steps, about the whole yard, and crowed readily several times, with extended breast, when Rose bade it. Those who were present laughed at the sentence of death having been suddenly recalled, and the fowl flapped its wings and crowed repeatedly in company with them as they clapped their hands, and strutted about as if magnificently clad. And, with extended neck, the noisy bird started afresh the laughter of the inmates as they applauded. From that time it often by day filled the neighbourhood with its tuneful note. The household counted the number of times, and found it crowed occasionally fifteen times in the short space of a quarter of an hour. Moreover, the lady of the house was not disappointed of her hopes, for shortly afterwards this bird became the sire of some very handsome chickens."

To be sure a good many of these stories have been overlaid with myth and legend, but the spirit remains, and one cannot doubt that the friendship of the saints for animals was a true thing. One is often amused at the old monkish chronicler who transcribes these naïvetés: "Even to the brute beasts our Father showed kindness," is a phrase which frequently occurs and suggests that the narrative was not colored by the transcriber's predilection for animals. In a time of much cruelty and wrong, when the public heart and conscience had not yet been stirred for these poor dependants of ours, the saints alone stand out as the lovers and protectors of the creatures, and in them, not elsewhere, must we look for the very spirit of the Church. One remembers Tennyson's "Becket," a very noble conception in poetry, and the incident of the poor man who brings him his dog its paws cut off by the king's verderers. "Poor beast, poor beast!" says Becket. "Who hurts a dog would hurt a child. They are too bloody."

In the days when men were "too bloody" the saints, the exemplars of men, showed an even exaggerated tenderness for animals, and hence the whole lovely literature of myth and legend.

One cannot conclude better than with Cardinal Newman's prayer to St. Philip Neri who loved animals so much that he could not restrain himself at seeing them unkindly treated.

"Philip, my glorious advocate, teach me to look at all I see around me after thy pattern as the creatures of God. Let me never forget that the same God who made me made the whole world and all men and animals that live in it. Gain me the grace to love all God's works for God's sake; and all men for the sake of my Lord and Saviour who redeemed them on the Cross."

THE TREE OF HELP.

BY CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.

DIANA MARGRAVE leaned back in the Chinese chair before her American writing-table, looking irresolutely at the blank paper under her hand, then rose and pushed aside the panel which obscured the view of the garden. She gazed absently upon the bit of landscape which had decided her choice of residence when she came to Kobe some two months before. The one thousandth view of it was as entrancing as the first: pale green velvet grass-slopes sweeping beguilingly to a little river, over which trembled and billowed in the suave breeze splendid sakura-trees like rosy clouds, so extravagant and aërial their wealth of bloom. Along the softly curved banks of the stream whispered the water plants—blue and white iris; and at one point the courteous and pliant wands of reeds and rushes bowed to permit the royal progress of a fleet of Imperial Pekins that floated downstream like snowy flowers.

The *maisonette*, half foreign, half Japanese, that stood in the middle of this enchanting garden, seemed rather small for its present occupant. In looking at Miss Margrave one expected to behold near her the towering structures of New York, not the pagoda-roofs of Kobe. She realized this, and regretted her five feet eight inches of stature, her pale yellow hair, and her gray eyes; for she had an odd fancy that with fewer inches, different and darker coloring, and vision more oblique, she would be able to see clearly much that would be forever obscure to the round gaze of the West.

Several years before, her interest in Japan had been heightened by the arrival in New York of a number of young Japanese, daughters of nobles, sent by the Imperial government to obtain a knowledge of things barbarian, that is, American.

Meeting some of these noble maidens at college, Miss Margrave fell captive to them and devoted her leisure to making their acquaintance. During the years of their exile she was constantly in the company of one or the other of them, although her favorite was the youngest, a demure creature called Springtime, the Lady Haru-Ko.

There was one subject they did not discuss—religion.

Miss Margrave would have been at a loss to define, or describe, her own religious belief, and therefore never attempted it even to herself. She had the same code of honor that the men of her family had. They were Kentuckians, fine, clean fellows, who rode straight, never lied, never betrayed a confidence, and revered the memory of their distinguished forefathers.

By intuition Miss Margrave discovered that the Lady Haru-Ko had the same code. As unlike externally as it was possible for women to be, they were extremely sympathetic. In a short while Haru-Ko spoke English well, and Miss Margrave had mastered colloquial Japanese. However, the latter finally went to Japan without letting any of her native friends know of her arrival. She wished to test her knowledge of the spoken language and to obtain her first impressions of the country unhampered by the excessively mechanical etiquette of aristocratic society, or the stupid prejudices and personal preferences of long resident foreigners. As for the missioners of all religions, she held them in supreme contempt.

This particular morning in April, about two months after her arrival, she found herself on the point of yielding to an inclination to announce her presence in Japan to the Lady Haru-Ko. She had delayed doing this because her acquaintance in Kobe, strictly limited to the natives, had given her a curious feeling about them and her former friend. The language she had learned to understand, but the people themselves—would she ever understand them? They seemed like reflections in a mirror. She would never be able to see behind their masks. They were as mysterious to her as the other side of the moon. Hence her odd wish for the oblique vision of the East. Nothing, apparently, would ever make the East intelligible to the West—there was no exact meeting-place. The touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin, was epigrammatic only of the white world; the same touch left the brown, yellow, red, and black races unmoved.

After an inward debate and an outward shrug, Diana went back to her writing-table, picked up a camel's hair brush, and began carefully to trace in India ink the first ideogram of a letter to the Lady Haru-Ko, daughter of Baron Tsukumichi, of the ancient nobility. The note written, she drew a delicate scarf of violet crêpe over her fair head, opened a parasol of varnished paper mounted on gilded bamboo, and followed the capricious path through the garden to the entrance gate.

The old *mom-ban* in the miniature lodge promised to keep a sharp lookout for the postman, and hardly had Miss Margrave disappeared in the shrubbery, when a toylike individual in spick and span uniform made a grave appearance, took the letter—leaving others—and passed on at a mechanical trot as if wound up for that especial performance.

A week later Miss Margrave bit her lip and gave up all idea of receiving a reply from the Lady Haru-Ko.

"My instinct told me not to write," she said to herself. But her instinct had done nothing of the kind.

During the week of expectation the writer had employed herself upon the construction of an ode, in the Japanese style of course, carefully modeled upon Yakamochi's New Year's Greeting to the Empress. It was as if a Japanese girl had undertaken a sonnet after the manner of Spenser.

She had successfully accomplished the first line—there were to be five lines in all—and was breathlessly struggling with the second, when a knock upon the woodwork of the partition interrupted her. To her impatient "Come in," the *fusuma* was pushed aside and there entered a chubby one in red and yellow cotton, who fell on all fours and polished her forehead on the mat.

"Well, O-Tissa (Lettuce), what is it?"

"To inquire your honorable desires concerning the honorably insignificant dinner?"

"Oh!" the poetess gazed helplessly at the ends of O-Tissa's gay sash, which were sticking up stiffly as if protesting against the kimono's abject abasement. "Anything you please, O-Tissa; I will be satisfied."

The humble Lettuce crawled out backward, softly closing the panel, which opened again in a few moments to admit—"the honorable wash."

After this interruption Miss Margrave rose in wrath, gathered up her writing materials—a much punished pencil and a pad—and secreted herself in the garden on a rustic bench under the splendid cherry-trees.

The ode celebrated the Return of Spring (Haru) and referred obliquely, like a Japanese eye, to the return of one of the heroes of Port Arthur, General Sasaki.

Now Sasaki means Tree of Help, and these things happened in 1895 when Port Arthur, the impregnable, fell into Japanese hands in ten hours only—fortress and town and ships. General Sasaki was soon to return from Formosa after a winter's campaign, and ardently Miss Margrave desired to meet him.

In the meantime she must compose the ode, and then—if some Japanese critic should pronounce it worthy—she might publish it.

While lost in desperate composition, for every single word in the five lines was of fabulous significance, a timid voice saluted her preoccupied ear. She presently woke to the fact that some one was calling her by name—Diana. She glanced around her in astonishment. Near at hand stood a forlorn figure, a childlike creature, in a soiled and torn common cotton kimono that was short enough to betray naked ankles and bare feet strapped upon rough *geta*. A dingy dark-blue cotton cloth over the head obscured the face—but the voice—

"Can it be that you have forgotten me, Diana?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Miss Margrave. "Why, but a week ago I mailed a letter to you. Did you not get it? What am I saying? Heavens above! Why are you looking like this? My poor Haru-Ko, something terrible has happened—I know it. Tell me what has happened—"

She sprang to her feet, scattering poetic leaves all over the grass, enveloped the small, shrinking figure in an impulsive embrace, tore off the soiled blue scarf, replacing it with the silk one from her own shoulders—exclaiming, protesting, every drop of her southern blood aflame.

"Hide me!" sharply aspirated the sorry little apparition, then fainted and hung on Diana's arm as if dead.

Miss Margrave gathered into her strong arms the limp figure and carried it easily into the house.

Secure in her bedroom, with wooden walls proof against hole-punching by sharp finger-points, she bolted the solid doors and ran for some cold water. The inanimate Haru-Ko lay flat on the floor like a crushed moth. Diana splashed the pale, dirt-streaked face with the iced water, then inserted a spoon between the flaccid lips, and, as the American whisky trickled down her throat, the Japanese girl coughed violently, strangled, struggled to a sitting position, and was clapped smartly on the back.

Then around her shivering wretchedness was folded an ample quilt of wadded silk, she was picked up and placed gently on a foreign bed. She remembered faintly how comfortable those American mattresses and pillows were; her tired feet spread themselves gratefully upon the recognized rubber bag of hot water; she smiled dimly, snuggled down too weary to think any more, and fell into a profound sleep.

She slept all day. Occasionally her friend would slip softly into the room, put a tentative hand upon the hotwater bag, and take an anxious peep at the small face above the flowered quilt, so dark and pathetic on the white pillowslip. Diana smiled through tears when she observed its streaky condition and the dirt on the miniature hands tucked under the cheek. Then she would tiptoe away, consumed with wonder and curiosity.

Toward evening the Lady Haru-Ko awoke, examined her surroundings with no motion except of the eyelids. When Diana came in she accomplished a very faint smile.

"Now, my dear," said the American briskly in English, sitting on the edge of the bed, "you have had a fine sleep and must eat something. Dinner is ready to be served."

"No, please"; murmured Haru-Ko, "I would first take an honorable bath. I cannot eat in your honorable house while I am so dirty."

"You shall have a bath at once"; replied Diana. "I will lend you some clothes. But—dear me—they will swallow you up."

The Lady Haru-Ko smiled again, because her friend was laughing.

"It will make no difference at all," she said in her soft voice. "Just so that the honorable garments are clean. Never in my life was I like this before. I am sick with it. I am ashamed."

She staggered as she attempted to stand. "You must let me help you," said Diana, slipping a firm arm around her. "My darling Springtime, we will just pretend that I am your maid."

"No, my dear and lovely friend"; corrected the little peeress, leaning against her, stroking her arm timidly. "Ah, if I could be brave and big and strong like you." Tears slipped down her face. But they both laughed aloud, after the bath, over the muslin and lace and blue-ribboned garment into which the tiny Haru-Ko melted out of sight.

"Just imagine yourself in America," said Diana, propping her up in a big chair with pillows. "Forget Japan and think of dinner. I shall be gone but a minute."

When she returned the Lady Haru-Ko sat up with gleaming eyes: "It is true," she said decidedly, "that I am almost starved to death."

"If you do not eat every single thing I shall punish you severely," Diana replied gaily; "I shall have to leave you for awhile, as some people have come to call. I will be as uninteresting as possible so they will soon run away. You must not be afraid, for I will lock the door." Some expression in the wan, sallow face made her stoop suddenly and impress an ardent kiss upon it. "I know it isn't Japanese, and therefore not at all nice, but I love you and you will excuse me."

She then ran out leaving the little peeress to literally devour the American dinner, using both fork and fingers in her eagerness to appease her dreadful hunger. She felt empty to the very soles of her feet. When the aching void was filled and the fingers washed, the Lady Haru-Ko fell again upon the bed, buried her face in the pillows, and wept bitterly. A sound of merry conversation and Diana's joyous laughter seeped in through keyholes and crevices.

About eleven o'clock, when the lingering visitors had been almost pushed out by the scandalized *mom-ban*, Diana let herself softly into her room.

"Haru Ko," she exclaimed reproachfully to the eyes on the pillow, "you have been awake all this time. I am sorry we were so noisy, but Mr. Kato kept asking Japanese conundrums with English answers. I was beginning to think I would have to tell them a ghost story and send them home when they decided to say good-night— Would you like to have me sleep with you, my dear?"

"Oh, if you only would," Haru-Ko replied impulsively, wringing her hands. "I am what is called nervous, I believe —I cannot seem to sleep when the honorable dark comes—you are so kind—I will tell you everything."

Diana sat beside her and held her in a warm, capable embrace. "Talk as much as you like," she said, "I'm not sleepy either."

Haru-Ko whispered at her ear: "Last autumn I was married to the illustrious General Sasaki—"

"General Sasaki?—the splendid hero of Port Arthur? How magnificent! I was composing a poem in his honor when you spoke to me in the garden."

"Ah!" breathed the General's wife. "Listen: No sooner were we married than he was obliged to accompany the Imperial army to Corea. I wanted to go with him; but it was not permitted. I am twenty years of age—quite old—"

"Old?" exclaimed Miss Margrave, who was twenty-three, "oh, yes—in Japan."

"But the illustrious General is sixty years of age," murmured Haru-Ko, a sob catching her in the throat. She nestled closer to the American, whose heart began to beat like a metronome. The mournful voice continued:

"Eight long years had I been exiled from my country. I knew nothing about Japan and its customs. I had become an American. You know how many honorable young gentlemen wished to marry me in America. I was sorry to refuse your honorable brother—"

"He will never forget you," murmured Diana.

"Ah! but he must. I expected to be the wife of my cousin, the Marquis Matsudaira Tokimasa—he is young, handsome—very handsome and distinguished, like the Splendid Genji of romance—and, as the Americans would say, we loved each other."

Diana began to cry bitterly, choking in her handkerchief, for this was very pitiful. But Haru-Ko's voice sounded more clearly at her ear:

"You must not think that I objected to being the wife of General Sasaki. It was the desire of the Emperor himself and the ardent wish of my family. I was perfectly willing to sacrifice myself and my insignificant feelings for the honor and advancement of my family, and to cast luster on the shades of my departed ancestors. Any Japanese woman would do as much. My cousin, also, was honorably willing to sacrifice himself."

"Did he marry some one else?"

"No."

"Then what is the trouble?" inquired Diana in amazement, drying her eyes, since she was not to weep over the death of love.

"This—that the illustrious General's mother, my august mother-in-law, hates me. I have to live with her. It is the custom. She either desired another wife for her honorable son, or she did not wish him to marry again. She is very aged, fully seventy-nine, and inconceivably wicked—" Haru-Ko now began to cry and sob and tremble violently.

"My darling, what on earth has this aged, inconceivably wicked old woman done? Do not cry so. No wicked old woman in the world is worth such tears."

"I must first tell you about the illustrious General," sobbed Haru-Ko. "I knew that he was illustrious, and I also knew that he had been married before, but that his wife had changed her world many years ago." A violent shudder communicated its terror to the bosom of the listener, so that she tightened the protecting clasp of her arms. "His children are all married a long time, so that there was no one at his house but my honorable mother-in-law, Madame Azai, and myself. One day the woman who attended me told me about the General's first wife. She was a beautiful woman of distinguished birth, and she had had many admirers. When the General was with the Imperial troops during the Civil War of 1869, she was gossipped about in his absence, until her name became a byword. She, knowing this, would listen to no advice, receive no expostulation. At last the Imperial army was victorious, the war was at an end, General Sasaki was returning home—just as he is doing now." Haru-Ko clung to her friend, and they stared at each other in the dim light of the paper *andon*. "His beautiful wife put on her most magnificent ceremonial robes and met him at the threshold of their house—the house in which I have been living. She performed the salutations according to the ancient etiquette. Then she arose and they entered the house— She was never seen or heard of afterward."

A moment of tense silence; then the American uttered a subdued exclamation of horror and disgust. "My poor Haru-Ko. Did that hideous tale of cruelty frighten you into running away?"

"No, no"; cried Haru-Ko, "not the tale itself. But I know now that the unfortunate woman was not guilty. She thought, of course, her husband would understand. She thought that if she put on her splendid robes and met him as an obedient wife should do, he would know that she was slandered—as I am! Yes, as I am. You will find it almost impossible to believe me, but dreadful reports have been spread abroad about me. Messages have been sent in my name to my honorable cousin, the Marquis Matsudaira, as coming from me. He would accordingly appear at different times—unexpected by me. How can I ever make you understand? I begged him to remain away even if one came saying I was dead. But his absence made no difference. Nothing made any difference. I soon realized that innocence and inexperience have no defense against hatred. My honorable mother-in-law is determined to destroy me, or to make me destroy myself. I am slandered just as the first wife was slandered. My friends have deserted me. I do not know what was told them, but one—an elderly woman—went so far as to ask me if I knew the story of the General's first wife. I was utterly bewildered—I became desperate. My honorable cousin, in his efforts to exonerate me, only succeeded in making matters worse, since he has stubbornly refused to marry, being now the head of his house. My august mother-in-law informed me that she had written to the General concerning the irremediable disgrace of his name, and that he was on his way from Formosa. She then led me to an apartment and pointed significantly to two ancient and illustrious swords upon a table. They were as bright as silver, having been newly cleansed and sharpened. I became insane at sight of them, because standing near them I beheld a figure in blood-stained, ceremonial robes. I fled from the room and from the house, for to have killed myself then would have been to acknowledge myself guilty. That very morning your letter had been given me. I determined to go to you at once. I was afraid to return to the house for anything and went out upon the highway. I had no money, and did not know how to get any, so I joined a band of pilgrims who were coming to Kobe, and wandered with them. I was frightened almost out of my senses and forgot everything of common-sense I had learned in America. But now I am here—Kwannon, goddess of mercy, has compassionated me."

"You are here, you are safe," exclaimed Miss Margrave, whose very soul was aching. "And you shall not leave me until every inch of Japan is as safe for you as this house is.

But now you must try to sleep again, or you will be very ill. To-morrow we will talk things over together and I will have some plan."

They both opened their eyes at dawn and Haru-Ko drew a long, quivering breath like a grieved child.

"What am I to do?" she said mechanically, sitting up, pressing her hands to her head. "I had better commit honorable suicide. Indeed, it is the proper thing for me to do. The General spoke to me in dreams—"

"The General? The devil!" wrathfully exclaimed Miss Margrave, "or your honorable mother-in-law, which, by token, is the same thing. Do not let such a barbarous idea get lodgment for one single moment in your poor little head. Promise me, Haru-Ko, that you will do nothing until I see the illustrious General Sasaki, for I mean to come face to face with him the minute he sets foot on Japanese soil."

"And he will inquire most politely from whom had you the facts of the case," answered poor Haru-Ko, "and when you speak of me he will not say anything—no; but he will listen no more. Not if you stood before him for all eternity." Her soft voice was tragic.

"He shall hear what I have to say," Diana declared, "and if he refuses to listen to justice and reason—why you and I will go away to America."

"No, no"; mourned the small Haru-Ko. "If the illustrious General believes evil of me—I must and will die."

"Not in my house," said Diana hysterically, half laughing, half crying. "I will not bury you in my garden—"

"There is nothing else to do," replied Haru-Ko somberly, "for I cannot live in disgrace."

A knock at the door prevented further discussion. The knock was followed by a vigorous turning of the handle. Diana ran to hold the door on a tiny crack and peep through at O-Tissa.

"Well, Lettuce-leaf?"

"Madame, the honorable morning paper."

On the first page was a headline in large letters announcing that General Sasaki was at the point of death in one of the Kobe military hospitals. He had been seriously wounded in Formosa, and became so desperately ill on the voyage home that the transport destined for Yokohama put in at Kobe to obtain skilled surgical attendance for him. He was not expected to live.

Diana read this aloud breathlessly, then dragged Haru-Ko from bed.

"You must dress immediately. We will go at once to the hospital. Thank heaven we have the start of your mother-in-law."

She flung open the door, called the astonished maid, ordered a *kuruma* and an immediate breakfast. Then clothed the Lady Haru-Ko in the only available Japanese garments—some splendid ceremonial robes bought at the theater—and covered them with a loose, black silk cloak.

She insisted upon Haru-Ko's eating some of the hastily prepared breakfast while she scrambled into her own clothes. Then she put Haru-Ko into the *kuruma*, sprang in beside her, reached out automatically for reins and whip—then fell back with an emphatic "Hurry! Hurry!" to the *kuruma-ya*, who by this time was quite used to the eccentricities of his barbarian employer, and who started off on a run.

In half an hour after reading the paper they were at the hospital; and a little later were interviewing one of the surgeons:

"This lady is General Sasaki's wife," said Miss Margrave. The surgeon's face was inscrutable; he bowed profoundly. "Naturally she wishes to see her husband. Is he living?" She held her breath.

"He is living," said the surgeon, "you are in time," and led the way to the room.

As they entered Miss Margrave looked in astonishment at the man at the bedside—then at the General himself. Sasaki, in appearance already a corpse, was lying at full length upon the cot, his body stiff with bandages. His yellow, bloodless hands, those powerful hands with knotted joints, were folded over something upon his chest. His lips and eyes seemed inexorably closed, but at the slight creak of the opening door his narrow lids slid upward like porcelain shutters, and his soul looked forth.

Its clear, comprehending ray fell upon the face of his wife—Springtime, with her slender April face gleaming with tears, a black cloak slipping from her shoulders that supported the weight of ceremonial robes heavy with embroidery.

"O-Haru!" murmured the General, and stretched a hand toward her. At this gesture, and the look that leaped into his rigid face, the tall American would have turned away, but he bade her remain where she was. Haru-Ko glided to the cot and bowed herself at its side. The General placed a hand on her head and the ice of it sank through her brain to her heart. She shuddered violently.

"Forgive me, my honorable husband."

"For what, my Springtime?" he asked gently.

She lifted her head bravely, took his icy hand between her trembling palms, and eyed him piteously:

"I ran away from your honorable house?"

"Why?"

"Because I did not know what else to do. . . . I went to stay with my honorable friend who is here with me."

"You did wrong," replied the General calmly, "a soldier—and a soldier's wife—must not desert a post."

"I am ready to die," she said firmly. "I have come to tell you so."

A dark shadow masked the dying face. "God forbid," said the General, "I command you to live. To live and be happy. I must die—"

He slowly lifted the hand on his breast and Haru-Ko's eyes followed it to his lips with a petrifaction of astonishment. With it he grasped a crucifix.

"I die," he reiterated, "but I die a Christian."

He closed his eyes and was again motionless. No one stirred in the room, though to Miss Margrave's imaginative vision the priest at the bedside—a member of that terribly proscribed band, held up to infamous obloquy on the public notice-boards at every turning—wore an expression of exalted triumph, as he in turn gazed upon the dying man.

All began to fear that Sasaki was dead, when he spoke again, slowly: "I have written to my honorable mother. I wrote also to you, Haru-Ko. Had you remained at home you would have been justified—sooner. I understand—I forgive—Sayonara, my Springtime."

Then he turned his rigid face toward the other side of the bed, and as if addressing a viewless attendant with eyes of judgment, said loudly: "I have expiated—God be merciful to me, a sinner—forgive—" made the Sign of the Cross, and so changed his world.

New Books.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. Persons unfamiliar with philosophy who wish to understand the Encyclical against Modernism will derive much help from an unpretentious little book, the joint work of two scholars who have already contributed greatly to the diffusion of a popular knowledge of Catholic philosophy. The philosophic errors of agnosticism and immanentism are denounced by Pius X. as the root of modernistic extravagance; and the antidote for the evil the Pope declares to be the scholastic philosophy. Hence some knowledge of the bearing of the rival systems upon each other would seem to be indispensable to any intelligent comprehension of the *Pascendi Dominici Gregis*, although many eloquent eulogists and commentators of that document seem to have overlooked the fact. In *The Spectrum of Truth* * a comparison between the scholastic system and its modern antagonists is made with regard to the great fundamental principles and problems of metaphysical speculation. The comparison is carried out in a spirit of sobriety and moderation. The writers, while insisting on the preeminent value of scholasticism, as "in principle and, so far as it goes, the safest guide to truth," recognize that there is to be found also some value in other systems; and they take care, where the occasion offers, "to harmonize rather than to accentuate differences." The basic questions of ontology, cosmology, psychology, natural theology, and moral philosophy are taken up in succession and treated as lucidly as is possible within the brief limits of what is not much longer than an ordinary lecture. A good deal of attention is paid to Kant, whose doctrine of the relativity of knowledge is explained in a manner which even those uninitiated in philosophy may grasp. Pragmatism, too, is characterized neatly, while immanence and immanentism, materialism in its Haeckelian disguise of monism, have their weak spots laid bare. Only one drawback can we find to set down against the merits of this admirable little book; it is that in it hardly enough recognition is given to ethical truth. The scant space and rather perfunctory treatment awarded to moral philosophy is, indeed, in proportion to the place it occupies in the traditional scale; but, in the world of to-day, as compared with that of, we might almost say, yesterday, the relative importance of metaphysics and ethics, as far as the defense of religious truth is concerned, has altered enormously.

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* *The Spectrum of Truth.* By A. B. Sharpe, M.A., and F. Aveling, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder.

The apostolic benediction conferred, some time ago, upon Dr. Walsh, has, like that of the patriarch, conferred fecundity on its recipient. Two large volumes following closely on the heels of the one devoted to celebrating the glories of the thirteenth century are further proof of the Doctor's encyclopedic stores of information, of the rapidity with which he works, and of his zeal in the apologetic campaign which he has made his special province. That campaign may be described as the refutation, by concrete fact, of the baseless allegation that science and religious faith are incompatible. This claim Dr. Walsh overthrows by the very effective method of drawing out a goodly array of names of men who have been, at once, firm believers in religion and illustrious leaders or promoters of scientific progress. His latest work, *The Popes and Science*,* is engaged, chiefly, in recounting the attitude of the popes towards medicine, surgery, and chemistry; and it may be considered an answer to the charges made against the papacy in this respect, by Dr. White in his *Warfare of Science and Theology*, especially in the chapter "From Miracles to Medicine." The point on which Dr. Walsh scores most decisively over his adversary is on the Bull of Boniface VIII., which has been interpreted as an absolute prohibition of scientific dissection of the human body. The text of the Bull is reproduced; and it patently declares that the Pope's object was, not to interfere with surgical investigation, but to put a stop to the barbarous practice then in vogue of boiling and cutting up bodies, in order that the remains of persons who had died in foreign lands might, in compliance with their dying wishes, be interred in their own country. Other papal prohibitions, which opponents of the Church have cited as instances of her opposition to the science of chemistry, the Doctor shows to have been aimed at the practice of magic, sorcery, and other frauds. Another charge which the Doctor triumphantly refutes is that the Church neglected the care of the insane in the Middle Ages. The evidence which he adduces amply supports the Doctor's conclusion:

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* *The Popes and Science.* The History of the Papal Relations to Science during the Middle Ages and down to our own time. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D. New York: Fordham University Press.

> An examination of the methods for the care of the insane in the Middle Ages brings out clearly the fact that the modern generation may learn from these old Catholic humanitarians, whose hearts and whose charity served so well to make up for any deficiencies of intellect or of science the moderns would presume them to have labored under.

It will not, we trust, be taken as an indication of a desire to find fault with the Doctor's meritorious work, in this as in his other volumes of cognate character, but rather as indicating a desire to see what is good become still better, if we indicate a tendency which sometimes weakens the Doctor's case. It is that he is occasionally tempted to push the claims of his clients beyond bounds. We all remember how Mivart delivered himself into the hands of his enemy by citing an irrelevant passage of Suarez to prove that the latter had anticipated the doctrine of evolution. Now the Doctor is sometimes tempted to make similar mistakes. From the present volume we may cite an instance which is a close parallel to that of Mivart. In his chapter on "Churchmen and Science," the Doctor claims that St. Thomas taught the principle of the conservation of energy:

> When St. Thomas used the aphorism, "Nothing at all will ever be reduced to nothingness," there was another signification that he attached to the words quite as clearly as that by which they expressed the indestructibility of matter. For him *nihil* or nothing meant neither matter nor form, that is, neither material substance nor the energy which is contained in it. He meant, then, that no energy would ever be destroyed as well as no matter would ever be annihilated.

We shall pass over the inaccuracy involved here in making the English word, matter, equivalent to the scholastic term, *materia prima*, which stands for a very different concept from that represented by our word. Is it true, however, that St. Thomas taught that the form is not destroyed? Quite the reverse. His doctrine, and the approved scholastic doctrine, is that in every substantial change, the *forma*, which is the source of all the activities, or energy, perishes. The full significance of this theory is most brought out in its application to the principle of life in the lower animals. In them the vital principle, the source of all the vital energy, utterly perishes *per accidens* on the death of the animal; consequently, according to scholastic philosophy, this vital energy is not conserved, but, on the contrary, perishes with the principle to which it belongs. St. Thomas and his fellows have ample titles to glory as intellectual giants—nobody has demonstrated this more brilliantly than Dr. Walsh—without claiming for them the credit of having forestalled modern scientific theories—which, by the way, may yet be relegated to the scrap-heap of rejected hypotheses.

Another volume from the Doctor's pen is *Makers of Modern Medicine*,* consisting of a number of articles published in various magazines, which some of the Doctor's friends judged worthy of preservation in more permanent form. These papers are short biographies of men eminent for their contributions to the advance of medical science. The book, consequently, appeals more to the medical student and others interested in medical science, than to the general reader. Nevertheless, the biographies have also a general interest, inasmuch as the author depicts the man as well as the scientist, and, true to his rôle, emphasizes the fact that each of them was a believer in God, though they were not all Catholics.

When Dr. Walsh will have closed his series of popular apologetics, we trust that he will turn his talents to a still more fruitful employ, by producing a work of scientific form, replete with the necessary references to sources and authorities, methodical in arrangement, and on the academic plane rather than on that of the popular lecture platform. Only a book of this type can combat that of scholars like White—and such a work the Doctor can write, if he is willing to devote to it the necessary time and labor.

PIONEER PRIESTS OF NORTH AMERICA.
By Fr. Campbell.

The priests, eighteen in number, whose apostolic labors are recorded, in a pleasing, lively vein by Father Campbell, S.J.,† were all members of his order, who labored among the Indians of the great Iroquois nation. The reason of his selection, the author tells us, is that, although nearly all of these missionaries were great and remarkable men, conspicuous for holiness as well as through the part they played in the political events of the colonies, yet most of them are unknown. The history, for it may be considered a history, of the period covered by the lives of these men who, roughly speaking, followed one another in chronological succession, begins with Father Jogues, and ends with the departure to Canada of Julien Garnier, the last missionary to the Senecas. In producing this volume Father Campbell has, at once, furnished in lasting popular form, a splendid story of heroic apostolic zeal, and a valuable contribution to American ecclesiastical history.

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* *Makers of Modern Medicine.* By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D. New York: Fordham University Press.

† *Pioneer Priests of North America—1642–1710.* By Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J. New York: Fordham University Press.

MARRIAGE LAWS. The latest commentary on the Decree, *Ne Temere*, to appear in book form is that of Dr. Cronin,[*] of the English College in Rome. It opens with an interesting historical account of the new legislation which owes its inception to a petition addressed by Cardinal Kopp, of Breslau, begging that certain dispensations granted to the Archbishop of Paris, regarding the laws relating to domicile and quasi-domicile, might be extended to Breslau. The deliberations of the Roman authorities over this request led to the decision that the time had arrived for a modification of existing discipline. The recent decree was not formulated in haste. Dr. Cronin tells us that

> Every clause, every section, every phrase, every word has been microscopically examined. The search-light of expert knowledge had so illuminated the whole decree, and each of its parts, that no defect could escape detection. . . . A great part of the time, labor, and thought of the most learned cardinals and of the finest canonists of the Church, during nearly two years and a half, has been devoted to this work, and the Sovereign Pontiff has given his approval to the result, "ex certa scientia et matura deliberatione."

Notwithstanding this exceeding care, the divergences to be found in the interpretation of certain points of the law by various commentators testify that the proverbial difficulty of formulating legislative language so precisely that no mistake can be made about its import has not been completely overcome. As an instance, one may mention the important question as to whether a private promise of marriage, made between two parties, and, because private, of no value in *foro externo*, will, nevertheless, impose an obligation of justice on the conscience of each party. On this serious question conflicting opinions exist.

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[*] *The New Matrimonial Legislation*. A Commentary on the Decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Council *Ne Temere*. By Charles J. Cronin, D.D., Vice-Rector of the English College, Rome. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The author's solution is that, under the operation of the new decree, no obligation in conscience can arise from such a promise! For the arguments offered to sustain this view we must refer our readers to the text. Suffice it here to say that Dr. Cronin holds that by the present legislation the Pope has withdrawn the contract of *sponsalia* from the domain of the natural law, which itself is left untouched. "The contract, because it is invalid, is not fit matter for the operation of the natural law."

On one provision of the new legislation Dr. Cronin very rightly dwells at considerable length. The discipline just abrogated so strongly insisted that in the law regulating matrimony, the word "parochus" meant the parish priest, or pastor, of one of the contracting parties, that many, including some who have undertaken to publish their views, have taken for granted that in the *Ne Temere* the same interpretation holds good. Obviously the entire body of complicated regulations of domicile and quasi-domicile hangs upon the supposition that the "parochus" must be the "parochus" of one or other of the contracting parties. The new decree wipes out at one stroke, Dr. Cronin insists, all the existing jurisprudence involved in this troublesome tangle. The effect of *Ne Temere*, teaches Dr. Cronin, is that any "parochus," or pastor, or priest who is properly qualified to represent the pastor, can validly marry two properly qualified Catholics in his own parish, irrespective of whether they are or are not residents of his parish. "Whether the persons to be married are his subjects or not, his presence at the marriage, either in person, or by his delegate, is not only sufficient (provided no diriment impediment exists) but even necessary for its validity."

Having expounded the sweeping effect of the *Ne Temere* regarding domicile, Dr. Cronin proceeds to discuss another question which he treats very ably, though its practical importance is slight. Is the new decree a departure, on this particular point, from the discipline of Trent?

According to the canonical jurisprudence that has grown up since the Council of Trent, Christian marriage, in those localities where the decree *Tametsi* was in force, has been valid only when contracted in presence of the pastor or ordinary (or their delegate) of one of the contracting parties. This discipline, contends Dr. Cronin, in a protracted disquisition, grew up through erroneous views and opinions of canonists and theologians regarding the Tridentine decrees. The *Tametsi*, he argues, with an imposing parade of reasons and authority, intended that any "parochus" or his delegate, should possess, within the limits of his parish, the authority to validate by his presence the marriage, not alone of his own subject but of any persons, provided these, in every other respect, were qualified to contract Christian marriage. Hence, the Doctor maintains, the new decree, in brushing aside the recent discipline on this head, does not really introduce an innovation, but merely returns to and establishes the discipline intended by Trent. The authorities on the side to which the Doctor adheres are chiefly, Father Pius de Langogne and Mgr. Sili, two of the Consultors of the Congregation of the Council. The contradictory view, that the discipline just abrogated was intended by the Council, has in its favor Professor Lombardi, the third Consultor, and Father Wernz, Superior-General of the Jesuits. Dr. Cronin's volume is a welcome contribution to the *Ne Temere* discussion, though, obviously, it cannot be accepted as the last word on the disputed points.

PRAGMATISM.

A conclusion that might be taken as the common factor of the host of criticisms that have appeared on Professor James' exposition of Pragmatism is that the exposition is far from clear; it is particularly vague and hazy on the pivotal point, whether in that system utility constitutes truth or is merely an index of it; and the associates of the Professor in other lands, Papini, Schiller, and Bergson, have not spoken much more clearly than the Harvard professor. The elusive and wavering outline of pragmatism has proved a protection to it; for most of its assailants have been so uncertain as to the whereabouts of the doctrine which they attacked that their fire has been delivered at random and with no decisive effect. The most successful attempt to compel pragmatism to declare itself with precision, is that of M. Hébert.* With French incisiveness he cuts through the perplexing envelope of vague, and sometimes incompatible, statements, till he reaches a point where he can say just precisely what the pragmatist principles mean if they mean anything at all. Then he proceeds to show that the theory is the deduction of truth to the baldest subjectivism. Coming from one seldom in agreement with Catholie thought, M. Hébert's vigorous assertion of the scholastic doctrine on the objectivity of truth and of the worthlessness of religious pragmatism is strong, impartial testimony in favor of the Catholic position. The last paragraph of M. Hébert's summary expresses a truth which he has brought out forcibly in this keen dissertation: "It is indispensable, when one employs the word *pragmatism*, to explain with precision in what sense and within what limits it is employed. Henceforth it is an equivocal term."

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* *Le Pragmatisme.* Etude sur ses diverses formes Anglo-Américaines, Françaises, et Italiennes et de sa valeur religieuse. Par Marcel Hébert. Paris: Nourry.

AMONG THE POETS.

It sometimes happens that two unrelated volumes, falling simultaneously into the reviewer's hand, provide a very suggestive if arbitrary study in contrasts. Lady Gilbert's newest poems* and *Quivira*,† a collection from the hand of a scarcely-known American, furnish such material. There could be little excuse for coupling books so radically dissimilar, were they not admirable examples of temperament in poetry—and of the part played by racial tendencies in building this mystery of temperament. It is more than twenty years since Rosa Mulholland's early verses charmed Ruskin and won recognition from the literary world; her craftsmanship and her Celtic affinities are long ago established. Mr. Conrard, on the other hand, is all to be discovered. In subject-matter he stands somewhat as a pioneer; for, while his verses touch upon many themes, his most distinctive work finds its inspiration in the Far West. There is a real and elemental poetry in desert and cañon; in ruined Spanish missions with their mute witness to the "subtile skill of sainted hands"; in deserted cliff-dwelling and drought-parched fields; in the brown Navajo's life and love; in coyote and stampeding cattle, and stream and "mother pine." It is not merely a novel field, it is a fascinating and colorful one; and Harrison Conrard has treated it with understanding and ability.

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* *Spirit and Dust.* By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). London: Elkin Mathews.

† *Quivira.* By Harrison Conrard. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

But the difference between our two poets is far more fundamental than this matter of local inspiration. Mr. Conrard's besetting sin is one of heaviness; and if Rosa Mulholland has one surpassing excellence it is delicacy and lightness of touch. There is an almost unreal fragility in her work at moments which suggests lovely trifling; and then we come upon a passage of such poignancy and pathos that the quick tear springs in response. It is a very feminine poetry, no doubt, but *style* it never lacks. Mr. Conrard does—more particularly in the quiet and meditative poems; yet his seriousness now and again touches upon the sublime. The *force*, the grandeur of Nature, are ever present to him—the mighty hewing and carving by which chaotic matter grew into a votive offering to Almighty God. But our Celtic artist is musing on the tremulous *beauty* of Nature, personifying her moods with a graceful and Grecian felicity; there is the sweet and virginal figure of spring, the motherhood of autumn—and in the first stars of eventide, lo, a suggestion of Mother Mary's eyes! Lady Gilbert does not mourn (as does Mr. Conrard) the "foul infection of the time," the degeneracy of art, or the blight of materialism; because, like all true Celts, she is sweetly oblivious of these unlovely things.

Toward religion and toward love our poets are equally diverse. In one we meet the worship of the will—the intensity without the rapture of Catholicity; in the other, the worship of emotion and imagination—a sweet, idyllic music circling about "Mary and her angels." It is, perhaps, in the final poems of love and loss that Lady Gilbert's volume reaches its greatest power; in the brief memories of "many a sweet word," spoken and unspoken, in those seven lily years which have left only their seed; and in the long waiting, hopeful-eyed, for God's call in the morning light!

It is not only artistic finish and grace that have kept Rosa Mulholland's work fresh and welcome in the presence of much greater poetry, it is her delicate intuition of beauty and of mystery—the "magic" of her Celtic temperament. It is early to talk about the endurance of Mr. Conrard's poems. The best of those in the present volume (which might have profited by judicious pruning!) have much reality and intensity. He is no dabbler in verse; and should deftness and lightness of touch be added to his natural vigor, we are likely to hear more of him.

REDEMPTION.
By Rene Bazin.

While the title affixed to the English translation of M. René Bazin's *De Toute Son Âme,*[*] is flat and inexpressive, yet the translator, or whoever is responsible for it, would probably reduce any grumbling critic to silence by simply asking: "Can you suggest a better one?"

There is, perhaps, some exaggeration in the report which circulated a few months ago, that all the factory hands and shop girls were devouring M. Bazin's story, while at the same time it was receiving the highest praise from the literary world. Certain it is, however, that the novel has met with phenomenal success. Even in English, after much of its exquisite aroma has, notwithstanding the high quality of the translator's work, been, necessarily, lost, it is a fascinating story. Simple in construction, commonplace in incident, it is a superb delineation of the glory of consecration and sacrifice exemplified in the life of a young girl of the people. Here she is:

> She was one of the slender, lithe young working girls whom one meets hurrying along every morning at eight o'clock two or three at a time, making their way to the workrooms of some dressmaker or milliner. They look dressed in any scrap of clothing, for they are young—what becomes of the old women of that class? But this scrap has been delightfully made up, for they have the fingers of artistes and twenty models to copy from. They lend a charm to the street which it misses when they pass away. Among them are girls who cough and laugh. They are of the people—occasionally by their gestures, and always by their pricked fingers, by the feverish excitement and strenuousness of their life; but not by their trade, nor by the dreams awakened in them by their contact with a world with which they grow familiar in spirit. Poor girls! whose tastes are refined, and whose imaginations are quickened by the fashion they serve; who, in order to become good workwomen, must have a taste for luxury, and are thereby rendered less capable of resisting its temptation; for whom men lie in wait as they leave their workrooms, and look upon as an easy prey on account of their poverty and enforced liberty; who hear everything, who see the evil among the lower classes and divine that of the upper; who

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[*] *Redemption. (De Toute Son Âme.)* By René Bazin. Translated by Dr. S. A. Rapoport. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

> return at night to face afresh the poverty of their condition; and who, whether they will or no, are continually comparing the world they clothe with the world to which they belong. The trial is hard, almost too hard, for they are young, delicate, affectionate, and more sensitive than others to the caresses of soft words. Those who resist soon acquire a dignity of their own, and put on an air of studied indifference which is a protection to them, as is also their quick manner of walking. Henriette Madiot was one of these. She had been the object of considerable homage, and had grown mistrustful of it.

M. Bazin introduces us to all the secrets of the milliner's workshop, where Henriette plays the part of good angel to all, especially to Marie Schwartz, who is by no means as indifferent to homage as is Henriette. Henriette's home circle consists of a brother and an old uncle—a veteran soldier, a humble brother of our own Uncle Toby. The former is a grumbling, talking braggart, with a grudge against the world, especially against the capitalist and the employer. He sneers at his sister—Is she his sister?—but is not ashamed to draw perpetually on her earnings. As the story develops, a concealed connection between the Madiot family and that of Lemarié, the employer of Henriette's brother and uncle, is disclosed, which is the only element of plot in the piece. Henriette is devotedly beloved by a young fisherman of the Loire. A crisis in her growth in renunciation is reached when, hopeless and forlorn, he bids farewell to home and steers his little sloop towards the ocean. But before this point has been reached, Henriette has become the indispensable providence to all sorts of suffering and abandoned people. So when she goes to the priest for consolation, after she has sent her lover away, the priest tells her that now she is the better prepared for her mission, and he gives utterance to M. Bazin's didactic message:

> There is no need to go searching for a remedy for the evils of the times. The remedy already exists—it is the gift of oneself to those who have fallen so low that even hope fails them. Open wide your heart. Love them whatever their sins; forgive them however ignorant they may be. There is less kinship among the poor than formerly. With the factory, the long distances, the tavern, and the drunkenness that

> follows, there are many among the men who hardly know their children, and many children who have both father and mother and yet are orphans. Mademoiselle Henriette, it is for you to become a mother to these little ones. Bring joy, bring union into this immense separated family. Do not speak to them of duty before they have known consolation. Hold out your arms to them, that they may know what comfort is. God never reviles. His reproaches spring from pity. He forgave the sins of the spirit; and, remember! more often still, He forgave those of the heart and the flesh; the Magdalen, the Samaritan woman, the woman taken in adultery, and many others, I feel sure, of whom we have no record. You will tremble with joy at the happiness which is for others only. You will know the sweetness of commiserating tears.

Henriette's love finds one of its conquests in Marie Schwartz, who had become the victim of Henriette's brother. One of the most vivid scenes of the story is that of the court-martial where the brother, who when on trial for having struck his officer, a son of Lemarié, displays, on his sister's account, a courageous reticence that, to some extent, redeems his former viciousness. Suffering and sorrow throw their pall over the entire drama. But the gloom is lightened by a light from beyond. And many readers of *The Nun* will be pleased to learn that nowhere is the note of tragedy carried to the extreme intensity that it is in the case of Sister Paschale.

A FRENCH STORY ON MARRIAGE.

The French *mariage de convenance*,* in which the two people most interested have very little to say in he selection of parties, which is conducted by their relatives, does not meet with the approbation of Americans. No American could express more pronounced aversion to it than did Mademoiselle Germaine-Etiennette-Françoise Mançeau, when her father informed her that he and her aunt had selected a very desirable young gentleman as a husband for her. No, she knew what love and affection are, for had she not read loads of romances? and she knew that marriage without love is but a vile form of slavery. She consented to attend the dinner where she was to be submitted to the inspection of her prospective mother-in-law and husband. Affection for her father was just strong enough to induce her to avoid smashing all the proprieties with her witty tongue, directed against her future mother-in-law and the whole exhibition. Yet she accepted M. Langlois, whom she describes as a fine looking fellow, who treated her with irreproachable politeness without the slightest affectation of tenderness or interest, and who evidently thought a great deal more of the good things on the table than of the attractive young lady by his side. In due time they were mareied and then the young Madame Langlois starts upon the arduous task of inspiring a little sentiment into the glacial breast of her husband. Besides the obstacles she meets with in his phlegmatic character, she finds another equally formidable in her mother-in-law. Her husband is still a "mama's darling." His mother dotes upon him, regulates his every movement, and cannot conceive anything more absurd and impudent than that the girl whom she accepted as his wife should presume to claim any share with her in his affections.

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* *Mon Mari.* Par Jules Pravieux. Paris: Librairie Plon-Nourret et Cie.

Madame Germaine relates with amusing vivacity the course of her warfare, and as we follow her we enjoy many ludicrous situations and witty conversations, and meet several distinctively French characters. But what about the *mariage de convenance?* how does it turn out? Well, it turns out very unfavorably for the defenders of the romantic. Germaine elicits a very strong love from her husband, who proves himself to be a first-rate fellow; she has had occasion to compare some love marriages with her own, and the conclusion she has drawn is not in harmony with the views of life inculcated by the romances; finally, she triumphs signally over her mother-in-law, who is compelled to be content with second place. The materials of the story are almost trivial, but they are put together with art and that delicacy of touch which one finds so seldom in English writers. The increase in the number of talented French writers who do not allow their pages to be soiled by eroticism or indecency is one encouraging sign amid the encircling gloom of French social and moral conditions.

A MISSIONARY'S NOTE-BOOK.

By Rev. R. W. Alexander.

This is a collection * of stories of conversions from infidelity or the paths of sin, and other signal visitations of grace, which have been drawn from the personal experience of priests engaged in parochial or missionary work in some of our own cities and towns. They are, the author assures us, not fiction but fact. Many of them illustrate the truth that it is not the priest alone, but the good Catholic layman or woman, boy or girl, who may be the instrument chosen by God to convey His mercy to the erring. Although the writer may not have intended to point the moral, the stories, as a whole, teach the lesson that conversion comes through an appeal to the affections and emotions more frequently than by dialectic methods. The narrator has the story-teller's gift in a high degree, along with an exceptionally good style. The command which he has of the delicately sentimental and pathetic leads one to question, notwithstanding the pseudonym under which he modestly veils his identity, whether the masculine pronoun is really the proper one to employ in this reference.

LOUIS VEUILLOT.

From the seven large volumes of the general correspondence of Louis Veuillot, a friend has selected a quantity of those which more particularly exhibit the great spirit of faith and piety that characterized one who, though he was not without fault, and sometimes served not wisely but too well the cause which he championed, deserves to rank among the greatest Catholic laymen of the nineteenth century. The letters of the present collection † are, for the greater part, intimately personal, written to members of his domestic circle, or to very close friends. True revelations of character, as familiar and unstudied correspondence of this kind always is, these letters are a convincing picture of the writer's lofty Christian soul.

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* *A Missionary's Notebook.* By Rev. Richard W. Alexander. Philadelphia: Catholic Standard and Times Publishing Company.

†*L'Âme d'un Grand Chrêtien Esprit de Foi de Louis Veuillot, d'après sa Correspondance.* Par G. Cerceau. Paris: Lethellieux.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (27 June): Deals with the latest schism in England. Its originator is an unfaithful Catholic priest named Mathew, who was recently consecrated, strange to say, not by the Archbishop of Canterbury, but by the Jansenist Bishop of Utrecht.——The Resolutions of the Manchester Conference on the Education question seem to offer some solution of a difficult problem and establish a platform on which men holding different views may stand.

(4 July): A clash has occurred between the Established Church and the State under the Deceased Wife's Sister Act. The State claiming that as the Church of England is by law established she is bound to obey the secular law.——The Pope has been pleased to appoint Cardinal Vannutelli as his representative to preside at the approaching Eucharistic Congress.

(11 July): At the American banquet in London Mr. Henniker-Heaton startled his hearers by informing them of his plans for penny-a-word telegrams throughout the civilized world.——The full text of the Pontifical decree, by virtue of which the United Kingdom and the United States cease to be "missionary countries," shows that no drastic changes are likely to be affected by the new legislation.

(18 July): Speaks of the recent "Pan-Anglican Congress" as a notable meeting. It carefully abstained from any attempt to defend or define the Faith, occupying itself chiefly with philanthropic measures.——"The English Martyrs," gives an account of those who suffered for the Faith in the sixteenth century.——The game of bluff in regard to the Education Bill still continues. Its future is at least doubtful. English churchmen seem ready to adopt a "strategic movement to the rear" and accept a compromise. Catholics, on the other hand, must, on principle, stand outside any such settlement.

The Month (July): "Catholics and Athleticism in Italy," shows the prominent place which athletics occupy in the Catholic education of Italian boys. An International *Concorso* is to be held this coming September, in honor of the Holy Father's Jubilee.——"A Rationalized Joan of Arc," by Fr. Thurston, S.J., is a criticism of an article by

Anatole France on Joan of Arc. "A Study in Bigotry," by Fr. Keating, S.J., reveals the animus still entertained by many Protestants towards the Catholic Church.

The National Review (August): In his article "A Bolt from the Blue," Lieut. Colonel Pollock speculates as to England's readiness to resist a possible invasion by Germany.——"Austria's Next Movement in the Balkans," by "An Inquirer," states that it is Austria's aim and object to secure economic preponderance in Macedonia.——An appreciation of Lord Charles Beresford's service to the British Navy is given by H. W. Wilson.——A plea for maintaining the purity of the English language and the lucidity of the English style is made by "Academius."——"The Burden of the Family," by Reginald A. Bray, L.C.C., discusses the urgent problem of the State in relation to the families of the working classes.——"Fair Play for Japan," by W. T. R. Preston, is a candid review of the general conditions and outlook of Japan.

The Hibbert Journal (July): Professor Wm. James, of Harvard, writes on "Pluralism and Religion." He speaks of the realm of thought and mental experience that may lie beyond "our natural experiences."——"Civilization in Danger," is from the pen of René Gerard. He points out that the process of social levelling may have for its result a state of universal mediocrity.——In "Science and the Purpose of Life," Dr. Nansen, of Norway, states that science gives no answer to the question. It belongs to the realm of faith.——"The Right to Constrain Men for Their Own Good," by Prof. Flinders Petrie, reviews the methods and extent of personal restraint.——In "Religion and Our Schools," Prof. Dewey, of Columbia, has a word to say that may well command the attention of thinking Americans.——"Enlightened Action the True Basis of Morality," by Prof. Lloyd, of Michigan, makes plain the real ground on which conduct should be based.——"The Problem of Immortality," by Rudolph Eucken, is a continuation of a discussion on this subject opened by Sir Oliver Lodge in the last two issues of the *Hibbert.*——President Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, writes on "The Religion of the Sensible American," which he says tends in the direction ticketed by philosophers as pragmatism.——"The Church of Scotland and its Formula," deals with a legal doctrinal document which the Presbyterian clergy are obliged to sign and which has recently been altered by the general assembly.——"The Burden of Language in Religion, and Authority as the Means of Release," shows that as authority of tradition is necessary to man in language so authority is necessary in religion that man may put himself into relation with what is called God and worshipped.

The International (July): In "The Federation of Mankind," Dr. Broda points out several influences which are at work assimilating and harmonizing national civilizations with one another.——"American Canal Schemes," gives an account of the various plans suggested for improving these water-ways.——"The Government of London," reveals a curious state of affairs, giving a picture of the chaotic condition of the greatest city in the world, for lack of a properly organized system.——"Religious Values in the Doctrine of Evolution," distinguishes an intellectual, an ethical, and an esthetic side to our religious cravings, and shows how the doctrine of evolution regulates these, enabling us to give to each of them its true and lasting value.

International Journal of Ethics (July): "The Treatment of Homicidal Criminals," protests against the punishment-for-crime theory.——"Mr. Bernard Shaw as a Social Critic." It may be admitted, says the writer of this article, that Mr. Shaw is a somewhat questionable subject. Before all else he is a Socialst, and when we come to understand him we find that he is not at all a pessimist, but rather an audacious optimist.——"A Note on the English Character," by George Unwin, comments upon the commonly accepted verdict of the foreigner, that the central feature of the English character is hypocrisy. ——"Is America Morally Decadent?" is answered by the verdict not proven.

The Church Quarterly Review (July): opens with "The Lambeth Conference and the Union of the Churches," in which stress is laid upon the value of the Establishment.——"Socialism and an Alternative." Why, the writer asks, has Socialism become so strong? Because it has established itself upon a philosophical basis. To defeat it we must begin to *think* and to *work*. Ethical Individualism is pointed out as the true alternative.——"Simon Langham, Abbot of Westminster," is spoken of as one of the great churchmen of the fourteenth century, a princely benefactor and a good servant of two good popes.

The Expository Times (Aug.): "Notes of Recent Exposition," deals with the fifty-third chapter of Isaias.——"The Results of the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament" are set before us. On the one hand, a Dr. Astley says there is nothing to do but accept them; while on the other, the Dean of Canterbury insists on the external authority of the Old Testament, because it was an authority to Christ.——"Recent Oriental Archæology," by Professor Sayce. A review of the material which has been brought to light by the expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, with special reference to the boundary stones of Babylonia.

The Dublin Review (July): Francis Thompson's posthumous essay on Shelley is a true critical appreciation of the poet. In setting forth his virtues his errors are not passed over in silence. "We see clearly," the writer says, "that he (Shelley) committed grave sins, and one cruel crime; but we remember also that he was an atheist from his boyhood; and we decline to judge so unhappy a being by the rules which we should apply to a Catholic."——Among other articles is a comprehensive review of "Recent Works on the New Testament," from the pen of Dom Chapman, O.S.B.——Mr. Lilly furnishes us with an admirable synopsis of "The Coming Eucharistic Congress."——Christian Science is discussed at some length by Father Hugh Benson.——Mr. Ward's own article on "Three Notable Editors: Delane, Hutton, Knowles," forms an interesting chapter in the history of modern journalism.

Le Correspondant (10 July): "France in Canada," recalls the tercentenary of the founding of Quebec, pointing out the filial affection still existing between the France of the Old World and the New.——"The Reformation Movement in Catholicism before Luther," shows how the reforming spirit was at work in the Church during the fifteenth century.——In "The Argentine" we are given much information about that little-known Republic. It is bound to prove of much interest in international politics, by reason of the ambition of its inhabitants.

(25 July): "The Drama of The Alsatian Struggle in the Seventeenth Century," by Léon Lefébure, gives a vivid picture of a people's struggle to preserve their autonomy.——"The Question of the Baltic," is one of politics, traced back through the various struggles of European countries for supremacy.——"The Diary of Lamartine's Journey," an itinerary of his trip through Italy, including his description of the places visited, with his reflections thereon, by René Doumie.——Other articles are: "A Visit of the French Fleet to Cronstadt in 1824." ——"Ruskin and Young Girls," shows his influence on them, and how during his life he found among them his most ardent disciples.

Études (5 July): "The 16th of July at Lourdes in 1858," takes us back to the year 1654, and shows that before that date there were a church and college at Lourdes.—— "Ten Years in Madagascar," is brought to a close. It shows the disinterested work of the Jesuits and how it helped in the maintenance of French influence and prestige on the island.——"The Sanctity of Joan of Arc." In view of the beatification of the Maid of Orleans this article reproduces a document, written in 1628 by a certain doctor of the University of Paris, being a dissertation on the mission, apparitions, and revelations of the Maid.——"The Suppression of the Jesuits," is a continued article, tracing the history of the order from its foundation, in 1540, up to the time of its suppression, in 1773, by Clement XIV.

(20 July): "A Conversion in England in 1850," is the life story of a young woman in quest of the true Church. ——The obligation resting upon Catholics of taking their part in public affairs for the defence of their faith is insisted on by Maurice de la Taille in "The Action of Catholics in Public Life."——"Albert de Lapparent, His Life and His Work." The death of this eminent physicist and geologist is deplored.——Other articles are: "The Suppression of the Jesuits," brought to a close in this number.——"The Work of St. Luke," reviews Prof. Harnack's book, *Luke the Physician.*

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (July): Ch. Dunan writes of

Felix Ravaisson, whose death is of recent date. He describes him as a metaphysician, an esthete, and a learned man of the first order.——"The Physical Theory from Plato to Galileo" is continued. Opens with the school of Averroes, which condemned Ptolemy's two hypotheses as not being in accordance with the laws of physics. ——"Platonism in France in the Eighteenth Century." Begins with a comparison of Plato and Voltaire, the one for whom speculation in great things had a passionate interest, the other caring nothing for high philosophy, yet writing of Plato as the divine Plato.——"Religious Experience in Contemporaneous Protestantism," by P. Sabatier, deals with the Protestant conception of personal certitude of salvation.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (July): What constitutes Christian Democracy is answered in a conversational article between a priest, a doctor, and a student.——Under the heading "Social Movement," reference is made to an International Congress of Christian Labor Unions, to be held in Zurich during August. Mention is also made of the success of the Catholic party at the recent elections in the great industrial centers of Prussia, likewise in Belgium, largely due to the fact that the Catholic party has taken an interest in all that tends to the welfare of the working people.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (15 July): "The Secular Court a Judge and not a Butcher," a reply by the Bishop of Beauvais to a correspondent who claims that in the Inquisition the Church pronounced sentence and the secular court merely put it into execution. This the bishop denies, and cites several Bulls to prove his position. The secular court was not obliged to condemn a heretic to the penalty of fire.——"The Experimental Method before Bacon." It is often claimed that Bacon was the father of inductive reasoning; this the writer, Clodius Piat, denies.——Eugene Tissérant, in "A Jewish Colony in Egypt," tells that at the time of the Persian domination there was a settlement of Jews in Elephantine, an island of the Nile.

La Revue Apologétique (June): "The Collectivist's Ideas in France." Collectivism, says the writer, J. Fontaine, is nothing else than the monopoly of all social wealth and its concentration in the hands of those who govern. That it is growing in France is beyond question.——"Rational Intelligence and Sensible Knowledge of Intelligence and Instinct." Instances are given by the writer, C. de Kirwan, of the high development of instinct in some animals, notably dogs. This proves that the beast is not a machine, but it does not prove that it is possessed of the faculty of intelligence, which is reserved alone for man.——"Luther and the Sacrament of Marriage." As a monk Luther believed in the sacramental character of marriage, afterwards he declared it was but a means to satisfy the untamed flesh. In this respect he was a pagan, a disciple of those Manicheans who, under pretence of returning to primitive purity, violated the laws of common decency.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 July): "French Canadian Causeries," is a conversational discourse on the disabilities of the French in Canada, *an inferior race*, as the English Protestants amiably call them.——"Modernism," is the first part of an article dealing with the divinity of our Lord, as it finds expression in the Gospels.

(15 July): "Studies on the Revolution," is a continued article dealing with the Restoration period.——"Architectural Work in the Catacombs," is an illustrated article describing what the early Christians accomplished in the structure of tombs.——M. J. D'Orligé, in "Science or Romance," continues his objections to Darwinism, which has, he says, in many of its teachings, gone much further than Darwin himself.——The second part of "Modernism" deals with its erroneous treatment of the sacraments, which it has emptied of all meaning, leaving nothing but a shadow without the substance.

Revue Bénédictine (July): "Ancient Topography of Mount Cassino." D. G. Morin tells of the finding of the ruins of an ancient basilica, in the Tower, dedicated to S. Martin.——"The Eclogæ of the Mass by Amalaire." E. Flicoteaux claims that the Eclogæ did not come from the hands of Amalaire as we have them to-day, but that they are a compilation made after his death, composed of extracts from the *Expositio Missæ*, written about 814——"Inventory of the Irish Monastic Rules."

Some of the Irish saints, for example St. Kevin, drew up no rule for observance by their monks. One rule drawn up for nuns in the eighth century savors largely of that of St. Benedict, and approaches even more nearly to that of St. Columba.——"Three Unpublished Treatises in Connection with the Flagellants in 1349." These the writer, D. U. Berlière, enumerates. The first, he says, accounts for the rapid extension of the movement at the time of the terrible black death. The second, given by the provost of Ypres, while not approving, does not condemn, but merely permits their practices; whilst the third treatise, which is anonymous, is directed against them.

La Papaute et les Peuples (April–May): "Is the Papacy an Obstacle to the Reunion of Christendom?" is answered in the negative by Archbishop Ireland.——"The Oneness of Catholic Dogma" is shown in the variety of Rites in the Vatican on the anniversary of St. John Chrysostom, when ecclesiastics of the several Eastern churches assisted at a solemn ceremony in which the Pope himself took an active part.——"The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Apparition of Lourdes," contrasts the condition of things when the investigating committee was appointed in 1858 with the splendid commemoration of February last, when the Archbishop of Bordeaux, acting as the Pope's legate, went in solemn procession to the Grotto amid the acclamations of the assembled thousands.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (1 July): Cl. Blume, S.J., takes advantage of the publication of the new Vatican Gradual to give a survey of the most important marking stones in the history of hymnody.——A. Breitung, S.J., in an article on the "Theory of Evolution and Monism," directs attention to the prevailing misconceptions about the meaning of "evolution," and compares the solid results of science on that question, as given by Wasmann, S.J., with the pretentious hypotheses maintained by Dr. Plate.——K. Schlitz, S.J., has an essay on "The Panama Canal," based on President Roosevelt's speech to Congress on December 17, 1906.

La Scuola Cattolica (June): "The Point of Parting with The Higher Criticism." This comes, Dr. Cannella says, when agnostic speculations are offered us in exchange for the truths handed down by tradition.——"Reasons for the Prohibition of Certain Foods to the Hebrews." The writer, Edoardo Love, quotes the prohibitions of the Old Testament against the using of the flesh of certain animals as food, because they were unclean in their habits, also because of their connection with nature worship in Egypt.——"Biblical Criticism," deals with the affirmation that Baptism is valid if conferred in the name of Christ.——This number brings to a close the article by Can. B. Ricci, entitled "Jove, Javeh, Christ." That Christianity is not merely a system of morals, but rests upon the claim to Divinity insisted upon by our Lord, is clearly brought out.

Rivista Internazionale (June): "The Procurator General of the Synod of the Russian Church," by P. A. Palmiéri, shows how that church has passed through a period not unlike the captivity of Babylon, at the hands of Peter the Great.——"The Religious Question at the First National Congress of Italian Women," by Vincenzo Bianchi-Cagliesi, tells of the prominent place assigned this subject and of the value of religion as affecting the purity, safety, and freedom of woman.

La Civiltà Cattolica (4 July): "The Liberty of Instruction," traces the history of education in various countries and the efforts on the part of the State to monopolize the duty.——"M. Loisy's Criticism of the Gospels," touches on his denial of the Divinity of Christ and his radical views on the Gospels.——"The Testimony of St. Irenæus Concerning the Roman Church and the Authority of the Roman Pontiff," is continued.——As is also the article "On the Progress of Morals."

(18 July): Opens with "Pope Pius X.'s Apostolic Constitution of the Roman Curia."——"New Study in the Matter of Pope Liberius," by Fedele Savio, S.J., in which he defends the character and actions of the Pope, by a study not only of the four letters which pass current under the name of Liberius, but also by the witness of St. Athanasius, St. Jerome, and Sozomen.

Razón y Fe (July): L. Murillo sets himself a two-fold task in his article on "Modernism and the Pentateuch"; the vindication of the Pope's charge that Modernism is the offspring of Agnosticism, and the refutation of arguments advanced by learned biblical scholars, Catholic and Protestant alike, to prove the manifold authorship of the

Pentateuch.——Other articles are: "The Transcendental Value of Ideas," by Ugarte de Ercilla.——"Freedom in the Schools," by R. Ruiz Amada.——"The Royal Patronage in the Eighteenth Century," by E. Portillo. ——"Labor Legislation in 1906," by E. Noguer.

España y America (1 July): In answer to Loisy's theory concerning our ability to prove the Resurrection an historical fact, Father Coco dwells at length on St. Thomas' five reasons why Christ should rise from the dead; and likewise develops the argument from the prophecies of the Old and the assertions of the New Testament.——Other articles are: "Technical Studies," by E. C. de Latours.——"The Centenary of South American Independence," by Father M. Rodriguez.——"Fernandez Shaw's Mountain Poetry," by Father Negrete.

Theologisch-Praktische Quartalschrift (III.): P. Albert M. Weiss, O.Pr., "The Christian Basis," exposes the endeavors made by certain Catholic reformers, as Fogazzaro and Gioberti, towards a common basis with enemies of the Church.——Dr. Jos. Bl. Becker shows that the liberty of personal conviction is not opposed to the duty of belief in revealed dogmas.——Jos. Franz, S.J., writes on "Real and Apparent Death." He considers the assertions of Ferreres, who, from successful cases of reanimation after several hours of apparent death, concludes that the soul does not leave the body for some hours after the seeming moment of death. He then considers the consequences arising from these conclusions for priests administering to the dying.

Biblische Zeitschrift (III.): Joseph Denk refutes Burkitt's thesis that the Itala of St. Augustine is identical with the Vulgate as against all text-criticism.——P. J. Hontheim, S.J., discusses the three new papyri found in Elephantine by Dr. Rubensohn. There existed as early as 530 B. C. in Elephantine, the southern city of Egypt, a Jewish temple with an altar of sacrifice.——Dr. A. Schulte argues from a critical comparison of the texts of the book of Tobias in the Alexandrine and the Vatican Codex that the text of this latter is the more correct.——Dr. Hugo Koch examines the amplified end of the Gospel of St. Mark, as contained in a manuscript recently found.

Current Events.

France.

The ever-recurring question of the depopulation of France has been again brought to the front by the proceedings of a Commission which has been appointed by the Senate to suggest remedies. About the fact there is no question, still less about its serious import. The inevitable war with Germany, if inevitable it is, will have to be fought with continually increasing odds against France. At present there are more than three Germans for every two Frenchmen; but the population is diminishing. Last year there were 19,920 more deaths than births. During the nineteenth century the phenomenon of more deaths than births occurred ten times; and when the births exceed the deaths, the excess is small. No wonder the prospect of depopulation is causing anxiety to all well-wishers of their country.

The Commission has not yet come to the end of its labors, but, as a remedy, one proposal has met with unanimous acceptance. Citizens without children are to have a special tax imposed upon them, while the taxes to be paid by fathers of families are to be lowered in proportion to the number of children, giving thereby an indirect premium to the heads of large families. This proposal is so far only academic, as it has to be accepted by both branches of the Legislature. It is time for Frenchmen to wake up, for all the nations by whom they are surrounded are rapidly increasing. This increase in Italy was, for the period 1901 to 1905, at the rate of 106 for every 10,000; in Holland, 155; in Austria, 113; in England, 121; while in Germany it was 149.

In another way the country is being put upon its trial. Crimes of the most brutal and loathsome character are becoming more and more frequent. This is due in part to so-called humanitarian sentiment, which has prevented, for years past, the infliction of adequate punishment upon offenders, so that they now calculate upon impunity. Another cause of the evil, however, is the publicity given by the newspapers to the details of crimes, thus spreading the poison far and wide. And it is said that for this it is not merely the editors and writers in the papers who are responsible, but even that the magistrates and police have contributed to the extension of the evil by facilitating the collection of the most repulsive details. Public opinion, however, which has made its voice heard independently of the press and even of the government, is forcing on a reaction. The Bill which the government had introduced to abolish capital punishment it has been forced to withdraw. Juries all over France are calling upon the authorities strictly to enforce the law as it stands.

A curious result of the recent action which has been taken against the Church is found in an exhibition which has been recently held near Saumur of the work which the priests of the district have been doing to secure independent means of living. They have entered into an association called *L'Alliance des Prêtres-Ouvriers*. The work which they have been doing ranges from painting, sculptures, and wood-carvings, to the making of different kinds of preserves, a patent bee-hive, and a hatching apparatus. St. Paul made tents, and there was at least one Spanish bishop of the sixteenth century who required of his clergy that they should be skilled artisans in case of an emergency. These French clergy, therefore, are not acting without precedent.

France has not been spared the agitation of women for the suffrage with which England has been afflicted. It has not, however, taken so obnoxious a form as it has in England, nor, so far as can be judged, is it so serious. And yet in one sense it is more so, for the women who wish to get votes have been holding a Congress in which such subjects as divorce, rights of property, the *status* of women before the law, were discussed for three days. A resolution was passed that unmarried and childless women should be obliged by law to serve for a year in the army in the auxiliary services. This seems to involve a recognition, for the first time, so far as we are aware, of the willingness not merely to claim the privileges, but also to bear the burdens of men.

The extension of the income tax is still being supported by the ministry, but is calling forth opposition greater than ever in the country. M. Poincaré, who we believe is one of the greatest of living mathematicians, is also, strange to say, an active politician, and has recently been Minister of Finance. He has stirred up the storekeepers of France, of whom there are nearly two millions, to oppose the proposed income tax, by making them believe that the levying of the tax will involve the production of their books and papers to the tax gatherers, in order that their "normal productivity" might be judged, and their commercial difficulties revealed. This they did not like; and the opposition has proved strong enough to force the government to modify its proposals.

The French Assembly adjourned without having passed into law many of the measures of social reform which have been so long promised. In fact, the only Bill of any importance passed is that for purchase of almost the last railway privately owned. This all but completes that nationalization of railways, which is looked upon by some as a Socialist measure. The Income Tax Bill is still under discussion. The Old Age Pensions Bill still awaits the assent of the Senate. This action, or want of action, is taken as an indication that the tendency exists among the Republicans to repudiate all association with the Collectivists, and that that kind of Socialism is losing ground in all the constituencies.

Germany.

The recess of Parliament is being devoted by the Chancellor and the Minister of Finance to the difficult problem which lies before them of providing that increase of taxes which has been made necessary by the frequently recurring deficits. Perhaps a still more painful subject is the trial which has been taking place of Prince Eulenberg for perjury. The Prince is the possessor of one of the oldest names in the country and of numerous orders and distinctions, has held the rank of ambassador, and was for a long time the intimate friend and counsellor of the Kaiser. The trial had to be held in a hospital, on account of the severe illness of the accused, and in the end it had to be abandoned on account of his being unable to plead. This was against his vehement protest that he was an innocent man, who wished at any cost to prove his innocence. We have every wish to believe that he was not guilty, but the defence which has been set up rather militates against this issue. The chief witnesses against him have been Bavarians, and the Prince has suggested that the Bavarian Court is urging on the prosecution on account of his having been the life-long champion, both while he was at Munich as Prussian minister and elsewhere, of the idea of a Protestant Empire, and that he is the victim of a Catholic and Particularist intrigue. The suggestion is too absurd to be entertained, and has been scouted by even the Protestant Press of Germany.

An attempt has been made by journals of the Pan-Germans to excite distrust of the good faith of France, and to lead to the belief that a violation was contemplated of the assurances which she has given that the occupation of Morocco would not be permanent. Some little success attended this effort at first, but confidence, at least in more judicious minds, was restored. A leading Professor of History has descended from his chair to the public platform for the purpose of exciting distrust in the minds of his countrymen. The designs of France and England he declares to be the prevention of the legitimate expansion of the German Empire. The destinies of Germany, he declared, were involved in the Macedonian and Moroccan questions. The next few years will be extremely critical for Germany. "We do not want to take anything from anybody, but may the devil take anybody who would take anything from us." Sentiments of this kind, well-informed authorities affirm, meet with widespread applause and approbation. That this should be the case justifies the apprehensions which are widely felt that Germany cannot be looked upon with confidence as a friend of the maintenance of peace.

Italy.

After a long and severe struggle, the strike in the district of Parma has come to an end. The men have been defeated. They are much to be pitied, for the struggle was forced upon them by the Socialist organization, which used them as tools for the attainment of ends of its own. The importation of free labor, and the unwonted firmness of the government, led to the defeat of the strikers.

The archbishops and bishops of the district in which the strike took place have issued a collective letter upon the dispute, in which they state that while the very nature of their office obliges them to stand outside the purely economic conflicts which arise between different classes of the community, yet Christian charity and considerations of morality forced them anxiously to concern themselves with the results of such conflicts. The Church, they declare, deprecates immoderate greed, but fully recognizes the right of all classes to pursue material prosperity. Men ought to be free to organize themselves and their forces to take part in the conflicts of interest which must perhaps arise between different classes of the community, but care must be taken not to encourage conflicts or organizations the object of which is to stir up social hatred, to excite one class against another.

Advocates of the nationalization of railways will do well to study how the system works in the countries in which it has been already adopted. Italy is one of those countries; and so far cannot but serve as a warning. The state inherited many evils which were the results of bad private management in the past, but by this time an end ought to have been put to those evils. One of them was the huge distribution of free passes. Great and little officers of state, senators, deputies, and others almost without number, have had the privilege of free travel, and have grossly abused it. They valued this privilege so highly, that no government hitherto has ventured to deal with the matter. The present government, however, has had more courage, and has brought in a Bill not to abolish the custom, but to place restrictions upon it, putting a limit upon the number of tickets to be given.

Russia.

The Third *Duma* has not, like its predecessors, been killed; it has lived through one session, and has been peacefully prorogued to meet again in October. The large number of 591 Bills have been submitted to it by the government, upon 143 of which it has reported, and has passed 137. It has exercised control over finance by cutting down the estimates by some millions and by authorizing a loan. The general feeling among all parties is that the *Duma's* position is well assured. One of the Bills introduced into the *Duma* was for the abolition of capital punishment. A Bill with the same object was, as has been said, introduced into the French Assembly.

The difference between the spirit in which an autocratic and a democratic government are carried on, is well seen from the following facts. In France no capital sentence has been carried out for many years. The results, indeed, have not been in every respect satisfactory; but have they been more satisfactory in Russia? In the last-named country, from 1842 to 1904, the executions averaged 15. From August, 1906, to February, 1907, there were 950 executions, while the total for 1906 was 1,642. In 1907, 748 persons were executed. The sentences for the current year are on a similar scale. One evening paper recently announced no fewer than 11 death sentences or executions in one day. Although it may not be desirable in France that the capital penalty should be altogether abolished, its effect in Russia does not seem to have been entirely beneficent.

The death of Count Ignatieff, just as a new Pan-Slav movement is being inaugurated, removes from the scene almost the last of the statesmen who have taken a leading part in European politics, especially by his activity in support of the former movement of the Slavs. He was a type of a series of diplomatists who were not so scrupulous as the present are supposed to be, and was indirectly the cause of Russia's recent reverses, for it was he who, by means which cannot be praised, secured for Russia those possessions in the Far East which led to the conflict with Japan. One point in his favor, however, is that he advocated, in 1882, the convocation of a "Zemsky Sobor," or National Assembly of the Old Russian type. Neither Alexander III. nor M. Pobiedonostzeff would listen to Count Ignatieff's advice; if they had, much trouble might have been saved; and a *Duma* might have been called which would have prevented this recent revolutionary outbreak.

A fatal duel, which has recently been fought in St. Petersburg between two members of the Russian aristocracy, shows how little it is permeated by the principles of Christian civilization. But the representatives of the people have little more reason to boast, for two members of the *Duma* were on the point of fighting, although this was averted by the police.

The Press condemned this method of settling Parliamentary difficulties. Duelling, it would seem, is lawful in Russia, for it is only within the last few weeks that a Bill has been introduced prohibiting it.

Loans are again the order of the day. An external one of one hundred millions has been issued in France, an internal one of the same amount is on the point of being issued, and a third loan is expected in the autumn. Bad as these loans are in some respects, yet the fact that they can be issued shows that confidence has been restored in the stability of the country's institutions.

Morocco.

The question of Morocco threatened at one time to become acute on account of the occupation by General d'Amade of the port of Asemmur. Some German journals treated this as exceeding the limits which France had placed upon herself, and within which she had pledged herself to the Powers to keep. The French government seems itself to have been frightened, for it hastily telegraphed to the General for an explanation. This explanation has proved quite satisfactory, and the confidence in the good faith of the ministry remains unshaken both at home and abroad. The manœuvres of the rival sultans still continue, and for all that can be seen, seem likely to do so indefinitely.

The Near East.

The saying that it is the unexpected that always happens seems to be verified by the proclamation of the grant of a Constitution by the Sultan and by the general amnesty which has followed it. It was not, however, altogether a surprise to those who were behind the scenes. For some time past it has been known that a revolutionary propaganda and organization has been conducted in Turkey. In December last a secret assembly was held in Paris of those who wished to take positive steps to bring to an end the tryanny of Abdul Hamid. Representatives of various bodies, one of whom was a nephew of the Sultan, and of various nationalities, Swiss, Arab, Albanian, Bulgarian, took part in the proceedings. Resolutions were passed in favor of the ultimate establishment of a parliamentary system and for the deposition of the Sultan; and numerous methods for securing those ends were adopted. One of these was the winning over of the army to co-operation with their plans; and in this, strange to say, they succeeded. The army is in general the mainstay of the tyrant. But in this case it was the soldiers, both officers and privates, who led the way to the attainment of the measure of liberty that has so far been granted. Resnia ought to be a name dear to the hearts of future generations of Turks, if, that is, present hopes are realized. For it was at Resnia that the movement began. The soldiers with their officers refused any longer to be instruments of oppression, and fled to the hills "in order to combat the atrocities of an absolutist *régime* and to open a nationalist Assembly as a means of putting an end to the fratricidal murders hitherto occurring in their beloved fatherland." The movement spread quickly from one part of the army to another. The Sultan lost confidence in the only arm upon which he could lean. The grant of the Constitution is the result.

The changes which have taken place, or which are to take place, at the center are so great as to alter the whole aspect of the Macedonian question. Progress, however, to a certain extent had been made in the taking of measures to put an end to a reign of terror which had become chronic. The whole of the joint proposals, indeed, of Russia and Great Britain, have not been published. Those of Russia being reserved until the autumn. But general acceptance seems to have been given to England's plan for the formation of a mobile force to co-operate with the *gendarmerie* in coercing the bands of rival nationalities which of late have worked so much mischief. This force is, it is proposed, to be under the command of a Turkish officer; and every precaution is to be taken to safeguard that root of all evil—the Sultan's sovereignty. But if his own subjects have limited this, there is, at last, reason for hope.

The Middle East.

The period during which constitutional government has existed in Persia has proved very brief. The Shah has scattered to the winds, with the strong arm of the soldiery, the elected of the people. Every form of barbarity was practised in doing this. A new election, it is promised, will take place in three months, but how is it possible to believe in the word, already violated three times, of an irresponsible autocrat? That he had some excuse for his action cannot be denied. The Parliament did not know its own province, and usurped the rights of the executives. It was ineffective in both spheres; and there is reason to think that it was falling into the hands of an aspirant to the place occupied by the Shah. It is also said that some of the chief of the reformers were not free from corruption. One of the worst effects of every despotism is that it demoralizes all who are subjected to its malignant influence, and renders them unfit to govern themselves. It thrives on its very vices. With the exception of the town of Tabriz the whole of Persia seems to have submitted, and the Shah seems definitely to have thrown off the yoke of the constitution. Reactionary officials have been appointed all over Persia. But in Persia, as everywhere else, public opinion must rule. The faults of the recent Parliament have made the people for the present acquiesce in its downfall, but have also rendered it impossible for an unmitigated despotism to be permanently established.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE American Library Association held a recent gathering at Minnetonka, Minn., this being the thirtieth annual meeting of that progressive body. The discussions were led by men and women who have made a life work of library keeping, library building, and education in general, as exemplified in library work, which grows broader and more comprehensive every year. To secure the full realization of this aim its activities include state library commissions, library schools, and training classes, library advertising, rooms for children and for the blind, co-operation with teachers, inter-library loans, library architecture, and various other like interests pertaining to the development of the work.

Affiliated with the association in its active life are the League of Library Commissions, the National Association of State libraries, and the American Association of Law Libraries. Two other associations that may become affiliated with it soon are the Bibliographical Society of America and the American Association of medical libraries. Membership is open to library workers and to others interested in the work, the latest roster of members showing a little over 2,000, of whom twenty-three are not connected directly with libraries in any way. Permanent headquarters for the association were established in Boston in September, 1906.

Public libraries have become one of the most important factors in the general educational movement of the country. Professor William P. Trent, of Columbia, recently stated that four things support the nation—the church, the court of law, the school, and the library. In the thirty-two years of its existence the American Library Association has done much to raise the educational standard of the nation. The association was one of the many progressive movements that found its beginning in the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. It came as a result of a three days' conference of librarians. It stated its purpose to be the promotion of library interests, the interchange of experience and opinion, the obtaining of best results with the least expenditure of money and labor, and the advancement of the profession of librarian. Since the centennial the association has, with the exception of two years, held annual meetings in various cities.

The earliest libraries were those connected with educational institutions, Harvard establishing the first in 1678. Charleston had a public library in 1700. It was not long after the opening of this one that a public library began its existence in North Carolina. The North Carolina General Assembly, sitting in biennial session at the home of Captain Richard Saunders, at Little River, in the winter of 1715-16, passed an act for securing the public library belonging to St. Thomas' parish in Pamlico. The first Harvard library was not especially rich in books, the number in the Pamlico library or the Charleston one is unknown. These were the small beginnings, but from such and from the private libraries of early Americans has grown up the comprehensive free library of to-day.

There are now about 7,000 public, society, and school libraries of 1,000 volumes and over. These have more than 55,000,000 volumes. This allows a library to about 12,000 people, even when the village and traveling libraries are not included, and every group of eighteen people may have, free, eleven books to read as they please. In the North Atlantic states there are 126 books to every 100 persons, and the proportion varies with the population, the wealth of the standard of literacy in each state. In the District of Columbia there are 925 books to every 100 persons; in Massachusetts 250; in California 137; and in Florida and West Virginia only 15. The number of libraries show as great a diversity of figures, the states being led by New York, which has nearly 1,000 libraries, one-seventh of all in the United States, and about 10,000,000 volumes, more than one-fifth of all the library books. Massachusetts ranks next with approximately 650 libraries, and 8,000,000 volumes.

The aim of the libraries is to reach and uplift all people. One-third of the books issued are for children, so there arises the need of placing before them the right material, seeing that the reading may supplement the school work, that it may be elevating to home life, that picture books capable of awakening an interest in art are given, that fairy tales keep alive the dream world, and that nature books and hero tales are plentiful. The modern library that has not its children's room is rare.

* * *

Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, Emeritus Professor of English at Yale, has just made into a book all his various essays under the title: *The Standard of Usage in English.*

He affirms that there is no such thing as a language becoming corrupt. And to his encouraging book on the subject of our mother tongue in general, Professor Lounsbury added, to a reporter, who went up to New Haven, a number of encouraging remarks for the benefit of Americans in particular. Our terrible slang—in which so many see an insidious foe to good English—is treated with good-natured tolerance by Professor Lounsbury. He has a profound belief in the wisdom of the English language. What it needs it will take; what it does not, it will discard. To-day's American slang may be to-morrow's King's English. The truth underlying such a statement has been shown over and over again in the history of the language. Dean Swift, convinced that English was about to succumb to the attacks of the slang of his day, once wrote a vehement letter, urging that something be done at once against the new words, just as if they were mad dogs or undesirable immigrants. With a few unimportant exceptions, all the words against which the great Dean inveighed so mightily have, since his time, won honorable positions in the language. His principal abomination was the word mob. Did you ever know that that innocent word, in its day, was the lowest, vilest kind of slang? Probably not. Such is the forward march of language.

People do not realize what a safeguard a language has in a solid body of literature. Language may be said to revolve around its literature. It never travels far away from it. Those who grow alarmed about its future seem to have an idea that language, if left to itself, will show a tendency to depart from its literature in a straight line. But it doesn't.

No more curious chapter in the history of our tongue could be furnished than one giving a complete account of the words in common use to which on their first appearance exception has been taken, ranging all the way from mere disapproval to severest condemnation. There can be no question as to the fact that during its history the language has absorbed very many locutions and constructions which, according to the purists of the past, were destined to prove its bane. There is not, however, any evidence that its health has suffered the slightest in consequence. This condition of things naturally suggests the suspicion that there may be some flaw in the reasoning which leads man to look with ceaseless anxiety upon the future of the tongue. It awakens the hope that, after all, English may escape the ruin to which it is logically doomed, in the opinion of particular persons, if they fail to have their own way as to what it should accept or reject. The hope may be converted into certainty if it can be shown that all the alarm about the language is based upon utter misconception of what the real agencies are which impair the efficiency and purity of speech.

Persons given up to slang, remarked Professor Lounsbury solemnly, eventually lose all sense of language. Used occasionally, it becomes very expressive; used constantly, it is a mark of intellectual flabbiness.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The New Matrimonial Legislation. A Commentary on the Decree *Ne Temere.* By Charles J. Cronin, D.D. Price $1.90. *The Dark Night of the Soul.* By St. John of the Cross. Translated by Davis Lewis, with Corrections and Introductory Essay by B. Zimmerman, O.C.D. Pp. 187. Price $1.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Marotz. By John Ayscough. Pp. 415. Price $1.50.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:
How to Get a Position and How to Keep It. By S. Roland Hall. Pp. 140. Price 50 cents.

FRANCISCAN FATHERS, Paterson, N. J.:
St. Anthony's Almanac for 1909. Pp. 100. Price 25 cents.

R. E. LEE COMPANY, Boston:
The Power Supreme. By Francis C. Nichols. Illustrated. Pp. 347.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
Bibliotheca Ascetica—Mystica. Meditations: Vol. II. By De Ponte, S.J. Price 95 cents net.

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, Techny, Ill.:
St. Michael's Almanac for 1909. Pp. 125. Price 25 cents.

ART & BOOK COMPANY, Westminster, Eng.:
A Conversion and a Vocatian. Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart—Sophia Ryder. Pp. 226. Price 2*s*.

M. H. GILL & SONS, Dublin:
A Short Defence of Religion. By Rev. J. Ballerini. Translated from the Italian by Rev. W. McLaughlin. Pp. 184. Price $1.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE ET CIE, Paris, France:
Le Besoin et le Devoir Religieux. Par Maurice Serol. Pp. 213. Price 2 *fr.* 7.

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